TRUE STORIES OF THE AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

10th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

APRIL 1972 PDC 50¢

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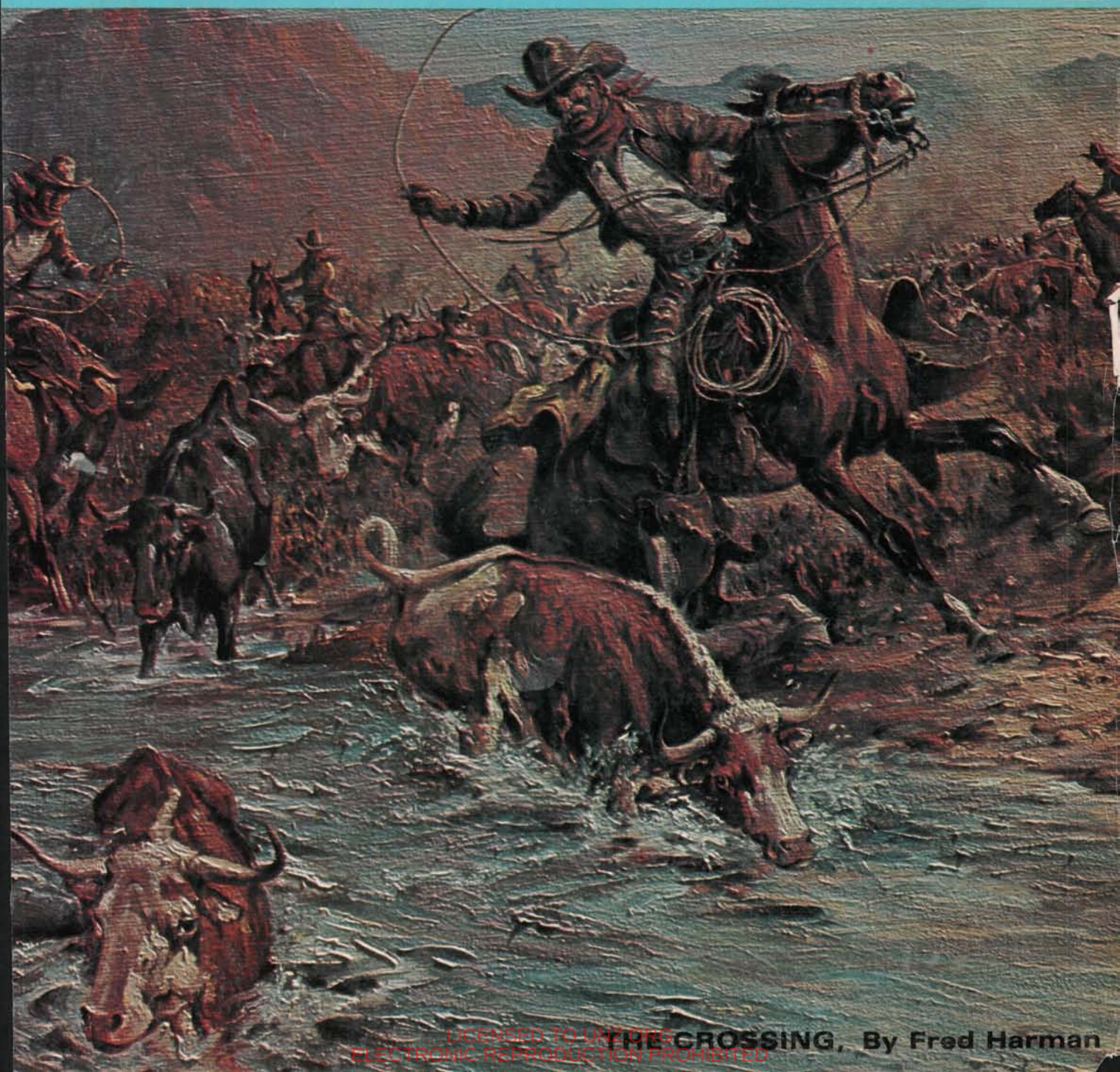
SAGA OF SHERIFF BUCK GARRETT

SECRETS OF INDIAN MEDICINE

THE LAST INDIAN WAR

THE TRAIL THAT LED TO KANSAS



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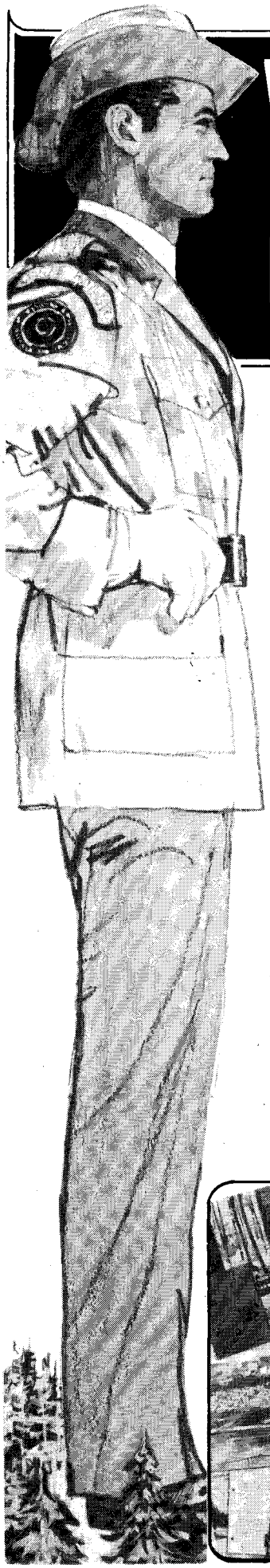

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TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

APRIL 1972 VOLUME 15, NUMBER 11

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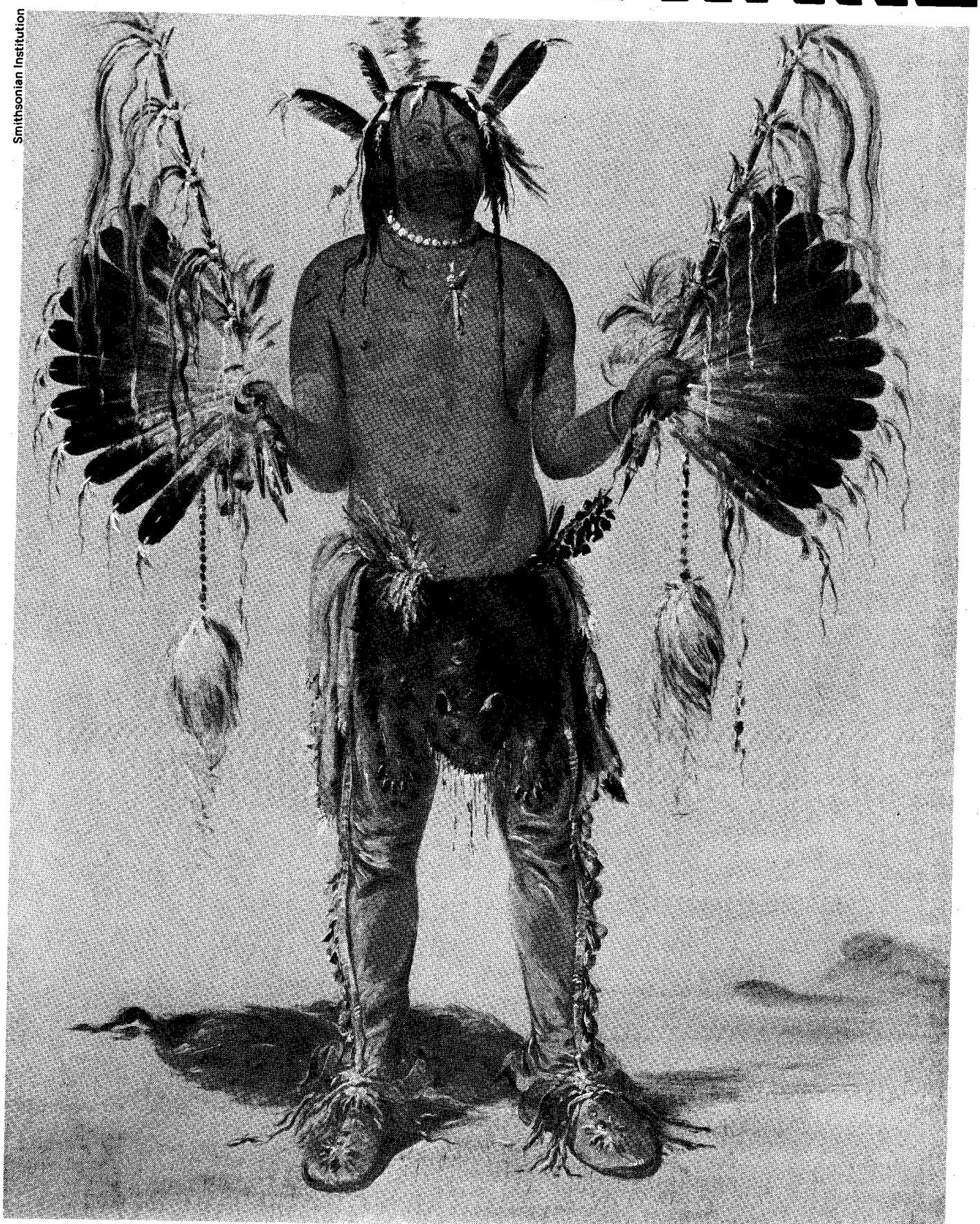
by Doris Cerveri

FROM SNAKE



Smithsonian Institution

Mah-to-he-ha, (Old Bear), medicine man with "mystery pipes," wearing fox tails tied to his heels.

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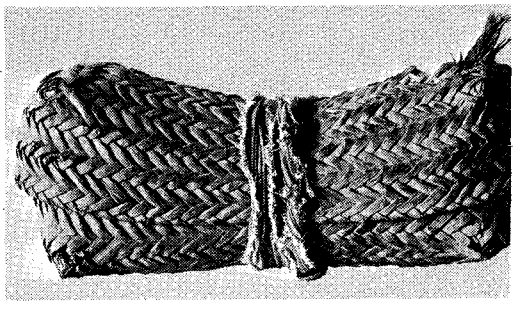
BITE TO COLIC

MEDICAL PRACTICES OF THE INDIANS

No one can question the scientific advantage today's doctors possess with X-ray machines, synthetic drugs and antibiotics; Indians could turn to none of these for assistance, but in their own way they sometimes accomplished miracles



Medicine man basket, or bag.

In any culture or among the various races of people it has always taken more "than an apple a day to keep the doctor away." The American Indian was no exception. The medicine man of each tribe was a very important personage, usually a chief or ranking next in importance to the chief. Because of his superior knowledge and extraordinary influence with good and evil spirits he was held in great awe and esteem by fellow tribesmen. He cured the sick, conducted birth, wedding, and burial rites, used hypnosis to a certain extent, and often went into trances lasting several days in order to impress his audiences.

A medicine man adhered to no special creed or theory, but conducted his magic and healing according to messages supposedly received from spirits and from a vast knowledge of the therapeutic value of roots and leaves of plants and herbs. His experience concerning the use of such plants for healing, for narcotic purposes, or for supernatural rituals, was carefully and jealously guarded from other tribal members. Many nocturnal, solitary visits had to be made to his desert dispensary to examine, evaluate, and study the various species of plants.

Especially in remote areas of the west and southwest many varieties of plants were used to treat numerous disorders. The most widely used for the treatment of malaria, asthma, kidney and bladder ailments, gastritis and typhoid fever, were white eucalyptus leaves. When boiled as tea these also served as an adequate disinfectant to bathe open wounds. An effective cough syrup with sugar added, if available, was brewed from little pods growing at the tips of eucalyptus branches.

A stronger tea made from new growth on the ends of the branches was often used for diabetes. Another powerful disinfectant and moist healing agent was obtained from the melon (prounced may-lone) plant, which grows in clumps approximately six to eight inches in height and diameter. Pale green in color, it is easily recognized by fine thistledown which lines its stalk and covers the top and bottom surfaces of its rounded leaves. The bathing of chronic ulcers in melon tea for long periods was helpful in effecting a cure.

Common juniper was used as a laxative, and when boiled with sand sagebrush, the tea was a good remedy for indigestion. Another variety of sage boiled for tea proved valuable as an emetic. Green shoots chewed from a shrub called Mormon tea, common in the Great Basin area, was known to make gums shrink, and Nevada Indians used pitch from the pinon pine to aid healing of cuts.

Such secret herb concoctions and weird ministrations, as well as dozens of supernatural fetishes practiced by medicine men, would no doubt be frowned on today by astute members of the American Medical Association, in spite of the fact that approximately fifty-nine drugs derived from native plants with which Indians were familiar, have been added to our modern pharmacopeia.

Before an Indian's medical practices can be fully understood, however, it is

(Continued on page 62)

Smithsonian Institution

Jose Panco (1920) treating sick man with rattle and deer tail.

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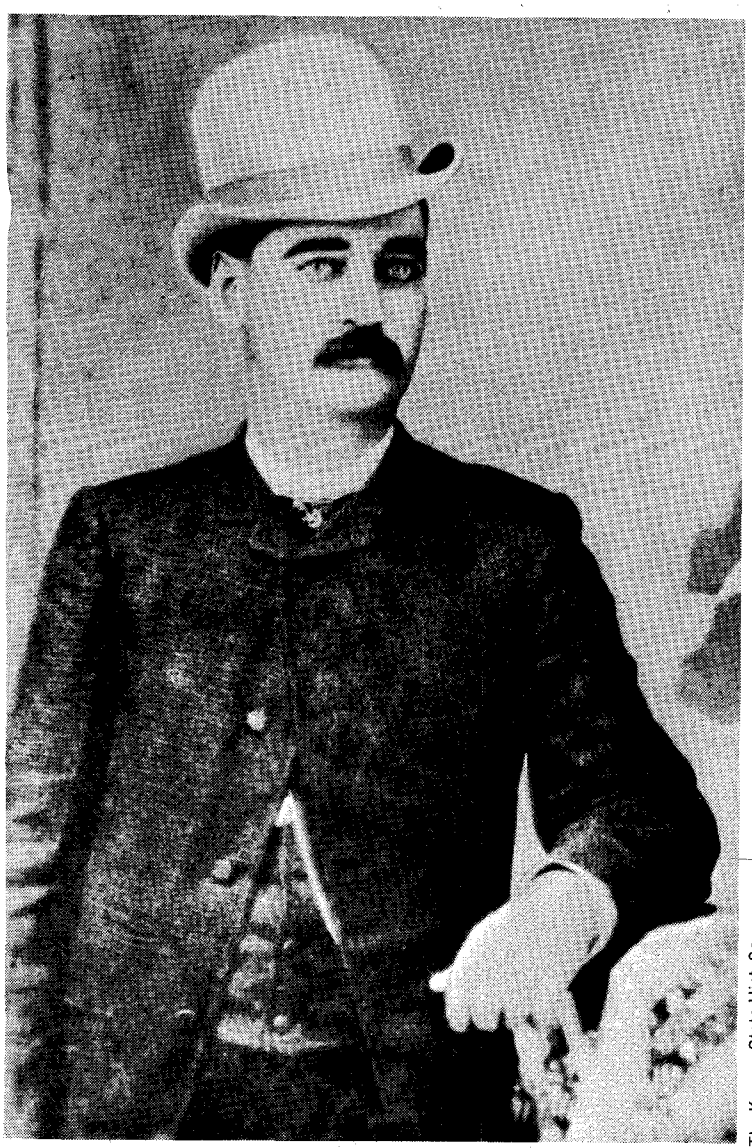
THE LAW vs. DUTCH HENRY

He led a charmed life, did Dutch Henry Born, that debonair judge and lover of horseflesh, that clever appropriator of whole remudas without even a by-your-leave — until Bat Masterson got after him

The Kansas State Hist. Soc.



The Kansas State Hist. Soc.

Sheriff Masterson brought Dutch Henry to trial.

by Wayne T. Walker

Tall and proud, usually dressed in a black broadcloth suit and fancy white shirt complete with shoestring tie and polished boots, Dutch Henry Born looked more like a professional gambler than the slickest horse thief to ever swing a wide loop. He was a handsome, educated American of German extraction who spoke with a slight accent. Because his was of an adventuresome nature, the cities of the east were to him too boring after the Civil War and so, like many others, he drifted west to the raw and turbulent frontier.

Ideas along the horse stealing line began forming in Henry Born's active mind when he was pitching manure as a trooper with Custer's Seventh in the late sixties. It seemed to him that this occupation might be an exciting and profitable way of life, since horses were so necessary in this land of great distances. A man could walk himself to death and get nowhere. Throughout the west, a horse sale was usually made without benefit of a bill of sale and no pertinent questions asked--before and especially after.

The fancy-pants adventurer first broke over and began his horse-stealing career in the early seventies, but was hastily brought to trial at Fort Smith, Arkansas, accused of running off with some twenty government mules. He was found guilty and the hard-nosed judge sentenced him to a long term of hard labor. However, about three months later, Dutch Henry disappeared from the road gang and made his way out west.

It wasn't long before his daring exploits at stealing horseflesh became legendary. The dude horse thief soon became a thorn in the hide of every rancher west of Missouri and east of the Sierras.

A pale quarter moon rode high amid the bright fistful of stars above the small Kiowa Village somewhere in southwest Kansas in the early seventies, the lodges hugging the banks of the wide, but mostly dry, Cimarron River bed. It was a small, roving band that lived on what they could hunt across the plains or steal from the white hoemen or ranchers. The fires had burned low until only the smouldering embers were left and all except the livestock guards had long since retired to their various tepees.

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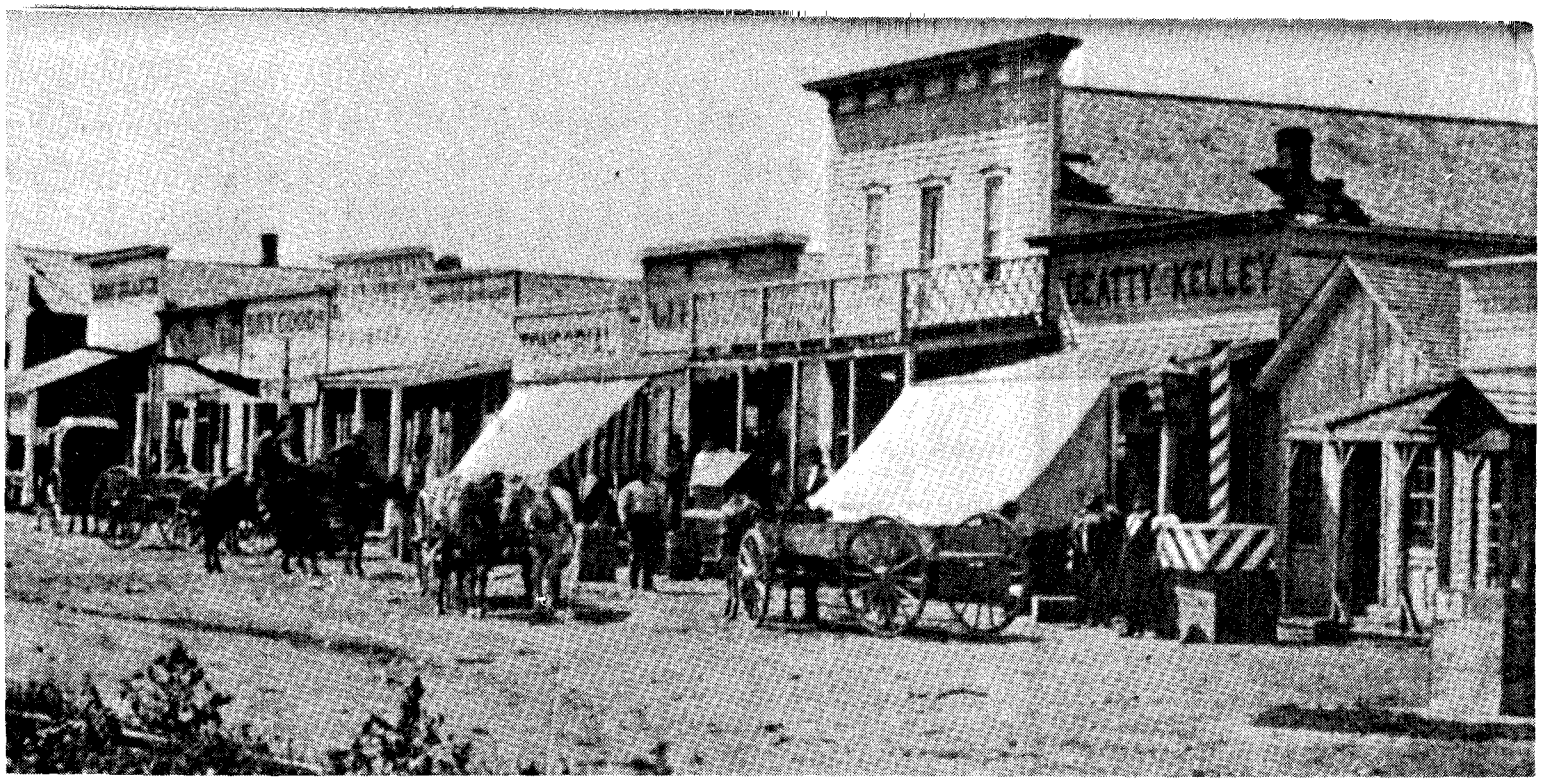

Dodge City, Kansas, in 1878 when young William Barclay "Bat" Masterson was elected sheriff of Ford County.

Twisting down out of the sand hills, a deep arroyo ran into the sandy bed of the Cimarron, close to where the horse remuda grazed so peacefully. Dutch Henry Born sat his mount in this dry wash, peering through a clump of tumbleweed as a couple of tall silhouettes rode a circle in opposite directions around the herd. He had long admired the horse herd of this particular band of Kiowas, now he planned to become their new owner without benefit of legal trade.

He turned and nodded to a confederate close by, who followed him in raising a rifle to his shoulder. The only sound was the tugging of the tough buffalo grass by the horses and the eternal yapping of the camp curs as they answered the far-off howl of a plains coyote. They waited until the horse guards were framed against the horizon, then fired simultaneously. Immediately the two Kiowas disappeared off their ponies.

Swiftly the rest of his men spurred their mounts over the edges of the arroyo and encircled the herd; then, ignoring the pandemonium breaking loose in the village, they began to push the herd toward the sand hills to the north and east.

Never running short on arrogance or nerve, a few days later the Dutchman drove his Indian herd into Dodge City and began to auction them off on Front Street close to the railroad tracks. As he sold horse after horse he watched, with penetrating black eyes, the deep interest that another six-footer was according a blood bay that he had been saving until the last.

The tall, lean man was Bill Tilghman, one of the railhead's watchdogs.

Tilghman walked around the magnificent animal, admiring the long muscled hips and deep chest. The bay was truly a steed for any man to be proud of possessing, standing fifteen and a half hands high with a white star on his forehead. He paused to run his fingers through the thin, fine-haired mane, thinking about the rumors he had been told about this horse. It was said that the Kiowas had stampeded a carload of race horses after they had left the railroad on their way to the Lucien Maxwell ranch in New Mexico. Real thoroughbreds from Kentucky! This one had been a colt and had been raised by a Kiowa named White Deer, later beating everything in four tribes.

Once, when he had been watching that easy, powerful stride in action, Tilghman had offered to buy him from White Deer, but the Plains Indian had laughed scornfully at him. Now here was the bay in the hands of the thieving Dutchman, being auctioned off as if it was legally his to sell.

Ignorant of the race horse rumor, Dutch thought he had found a way to get on the friendly side of the Dodge lawman. He could see the desire in Tilghman's eyes. He tossed the bait, "Darn gude horse flesh, yah?"

Noncommittal, Tilghman replied, "Not bad for an Indian mount."

The black eyebrows of the Dutchman shot up and his neatly trimmed black mustache twitched in surprise. He queried softly, "Indian mount? You think you know this horse?"

Tilghman grinned. "Belonged to a Kiowa the last I knew."

Dutch shrugged his shoulders as he answered, "He's still a gude horse. How much you give for him?"

"Seventy-five. That's all I'll give for an Indian pony that's been run to death."

"Run to death? You know horses better than that, Bill. Make it ninety-five. I'm not makin' any money, but I like you. Yah, you can have him."

Tilghman snorted in mock contempt. "Everybody knows where you get these horses, even if the court can't convict you." He started to stalk off, then stopped to take a last look at the bay. That last look decided him. "I'll give you eighty-five, no more or no less."

"Yah, take him."

The deal was completed and Bill Tilghman became owner of Chief, one of many in his racing string that would win honors for him over the years. A short time later, when the Dutchman learned that the bay was actually a high blooded racer, he began to suffer qualms at selling the steed at such a low figure. Hunting up the law officer, Dutch offered to return the original sum if Tilghman would only relinquish ownership. When this proposal failed, he threatened to steal the bay some moonless night.

Tilghman's mouth tightened and he peered straight into Dutch's eyes, saying coldly, "You ever do that, Dutch, and I'll not quit huntin' you until I put a bullet in your worthless hide!"

Startled, Dutch scratched his head, "By Gott, Bill," he replied, "you like that horse so much, you just keep him."

In June of 1874, word reached Hays City, Kansas, that Dutch Henry was living it up in the saloons and bawdy houses of Ellsworth, so Sheriff Alex Ramsey and a deputy headed that way

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Photo: Univ. of Okla.

Bill Tilghman matched wits with the Dutchman.

with a warrant for the Dutchman's arrest. However, as they rode into one end of town, Dutch Henry rode out the other, unaware that "John Law" was breathing down his neck.

Learning that their man had just left Ellsworth, the lawmen dusted out of town in hot pursuit. They pushed their mounts a full five miles before they spotted Dutch riding leisurely across the rolling prairie, appearing not to have a care in the world.

"Hold it, Mister, we want to talk to you!" Ramsey called out, as soon as they were in hearing distance.

Dutch reined his mount around and took a fast look at the pair closing in hard. He smelled law. In answer to the shouted request he drew his leg gun and began firing at them. The stubborn officers never swerved their mounts in the least, but promptly jerked their own guns and began returning his fire. Wheeling his steed and spurring him unmercifully, Dutch headed the sorrel toward Oak Creek, where he dismounted on the run and dove into the thick brush along the small stream.

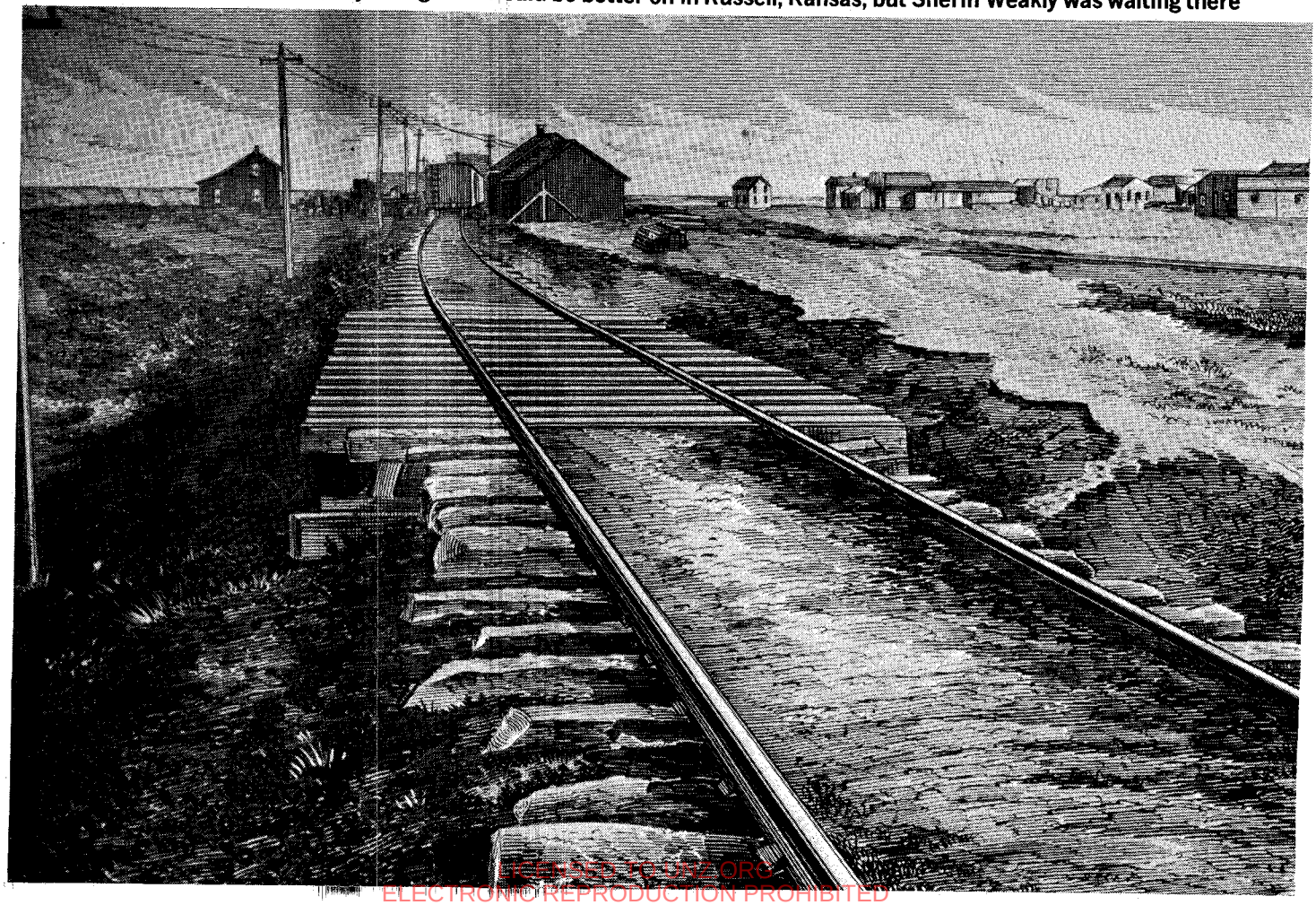
The two lawmen tried unsuccessfully to rout the outlaw from his hiding place; finally Ramsey ordered Deputy Stevens to ride back to Ellsworth for a posse.

Later, the deputy returned with several other armed men and the group fanned out, beating the brush as they moved slowly toward the creep bank. Suddenly one of the men pointed to a stealthy figure crawling through the tall grass. Ramsey yelled out a warning, "We see you, Henry. Better surrender quietly now."

Dutch ignored him. He started to rise to his feet, with his eyes on their horses. Evidently he thought it worth a try, for he tore through the buffalo grass in a last mad attempt for freedom.

The rifle in the sheriff's hands came up to his shoulder and he drew a bead on the running outlaw. Once more, he called. "All right, Henry, now I'm through talkin'." With that he fired, the shot grazing the fugitive's cheek and tearing the flesh. Dutch stumbled, dazed and shaking from the shock of the bullet and

Dutch Henry thought he would be better off in Russell, Kansas, but Sheriff Weakly was waiting there



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fell headlong into the heavy grass.

Stunned for a moment, he looked up and focused his ebony eyes on the baneful gun muzzles leveled at his head.

"Nein, don't shoot!" He let his own gun slip from his fingers.

Dutch was quickly handcuffed and taken to the jail at Hays City. Later, much to the disgust of Sherrif Ramsey, he was released for lack of evidence. Free as the circling hawk—and back at his old game.

In 1876, a farmer named Emerson was hunting several lost mules close to his homestead south of Dodge, when he dropped over a knoll and found himself crossing trails with the Dutchman. Not knowing Dutch Henry at sight, he hailed him.

"Say, neighbor, haven't seen any stray mules on your backtrail, have you?"

Dutch reined up beside him. "Nein, I'm afraid not."

Describing his lost stock, Emerson beseeched the Dutchman to watch out for them. The loss cut pretty deep, it being hard enough to eke a living out of the hard prairie sod.

Dutch shook his head in sympathy. He condoled, "Yah, I watch for them mister. A gude mule is very valuable." He looked around nervously. They were too close to where he had the mules hidden until he could move them safely. "I'll corral them and send you vord if I should run across your mules."

The farmer gave him his name and the location of his soddy, then both men continued on their way. Dutch rode on to Dodge City, but left shortly thereafter, a feeling gnawing at him that he hadn't really fooled the man. He felt he was probably the prime suspect. If so, it wouldn't be long before Emerson would be galloping his mount into town, to pass his suspicions on the the Ford County sheriff.

Dutch wasn't too anxious to be draped over any bar in town after their little confab, for Sheriff Charlie Bassett was a hard man on lawbreakers and horse stealing might bring out the worst in him.

to take the suspected horse-thief into custody.

The Kansas State Hist. Soc.

Turning his sorrel's nose to the north, Dutch never quit pushing his mount until the weatherbeaten buildings of Russell, Kansas, hove into view. A different county and a great many miles from the Dodge City law, this made him feel more like relaxing on the reins.

Even at that, he really hadn't meant to linger in Russell—just a couple of drinks at their fanciest drinking emporium (which wasn't much), then there was that poker game that was too tempting to pass up and the next thing he realized a rooster was crowing somewhere.

He left the saloon some time after daylight and was stumbling along the boardwalk when he realized he was confronted by the jolting appearance of a gun muzzle in the unwavering hands of the Russell County sheriff.

The lawman wore a very determined look on his leathery features as he watched for any sudden move from the infamous outlaw. He knew Dutch Henry by sight, as did many of the western frontier lawmen, but that never seemed to help their cause which was to put him behind bars for an extended stay.

"Don't do anything rash, Dutch!", the sheriff snapped. "I got a wire here from Dodge. It says to hold you if you paid us a visit."

His eyebrows shooting up in mock perplexity, the Dutchman queried, "Vott they want with me?"

"Horse-stealing! What else?"

Looking himself up and down, Dutch gave a loud guffaw. "Yah, Sheriff Weakly, a horse-thief I look?"

Impatient, Sheriff Weakly growled, "Nobody gives a damn how you look! Just move along to the calaboose!"

Swift as a striking snake, Dutch clapped a hand over the hammer of the lawman's Colt and tried to draw his own gun with his free hand. But a man coming out of the hotel swept in the situation at a glance and jumped the Dutchman from behind. During the wild melee that followed both the sheriff and Dutch lost their guns; however, the lawman managed to pull his knife and succeeded in stabbing the outlaw.

Dutch let out a groan and crumpled to the boardwalk, blood saturating his clothes. The wound wasn't too serious though, and as soon as a doctor dressed it he was taken to the local jail. As he lay there on the cell cot, Dutch knew he had to come up with something—fast.

About eleven o'clock that night he was still lying there awake thinking hard, when he heard a noise outside the barred window. He hit the floor in a fast roll just as a gun muzzle belched flame through the bars. Whoever it was hadn't seen him roll off the cot, for the belching gun emptied all its ammunition at the straw ticking on the cot.

The night deputy came running and cussing from the outer office to the small cell block, holding his revolver in his fist. When he saw the prisioner hadn't been shot, he waved toward the cot.

"Go back to sleep. Your 'friend' probably thinks he killed you, after all that shooting."

Dutch was mad and hurting and he snarled like a wounded animal. "Go to sleep, hell! My wound is bleedin', I must have tore it open."

"Someone'll look after it in the mornin'." The unconcerned deputy went back to the office.

No one was ever sure who the mysterious assailant was. It could have been an irate Walnut Valley farmer who had lost stock recently and had intuitively blamed the Dutchman.

The following afternoon Dutch called for a pen and paper; he wrote to Emerson and told him where the stolen mules could be located. He stated that he had come across them accidentally, and had taken possession of them for his friend Emerson. Later that week he was taken back to Dodge and given a preliminary hearing, but he was not prosecuted. Sure enough, Emerson had found the mules where the letter had instructed him to look; therefore, against the advice of Sheriff Bassett, he dropped the charges.

But the rough treatment dealt out by the citizens of Russell stayed in the Dutchman's mind *(Continued on page 60)*

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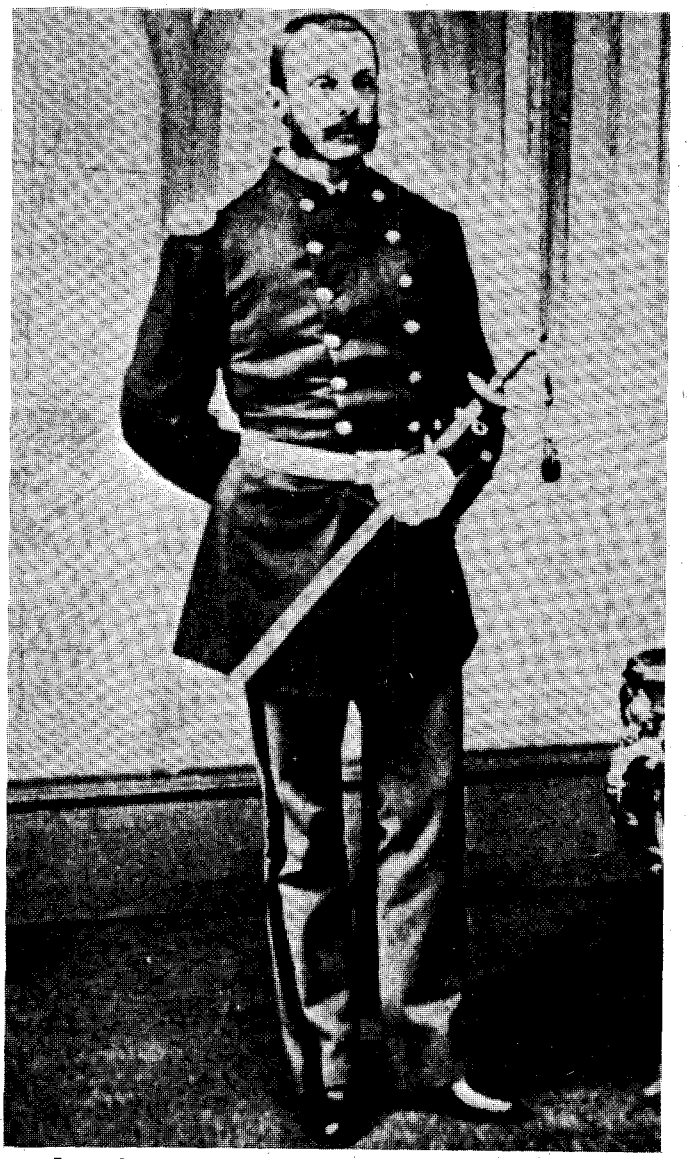
LAST STAND ON A

Under heavy fire the offered rewards were startling exhortation:

Drawing by: Ben Carlton Read—Courtesy: Globe-Nes Publishing Co.

Dodging a hail of bullets, Billy Dixon carried the wounded Amos Chapman to the deepened hole.

National Archives



Capt. Lyman was escort for besieged wagon train.

by William P. Knox

In the spring of 1874, as white buffalo hunters ventured south, into Texas Panhandle hunting grounds promised to the redman, Indian hearts turned bitter. Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyennes banded together, and on June 27th they vented their wrath on a company of 29 hide-hunters at Adobe Walls, an abandoned trading post on the Canadian River in the northern Panhandle.

Though three white men were killed, the attack was a humiliating defeat for the warriors, who then scattered across the Texas plains, their thirst for plunder and revenge unquenched.

As depredations increased, the government was forced to abandon the Quaker Peace Policy, which had sought to substitute brotherly love for the sword. General Philip Sheridan, commander of the Military Division of the Missouri, mapped plans for an offensive to force the Indians back to reservations in Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, thus establishing conditions for intensified suffering, and certain death to many brave warriors and soldiers.

Northern pincer of the four-pronged drive was a column under Colonel Nelson A. Miles, brevet major general. Units of Miles' command were to be involved in two of the most dramatic episodes of the Red River War, as the campaign came to be known. His supply train of 36 wagons was besieged for five days in the longest fight of the war. While the wagons lay surrounded on the prairie, six men—sent by Miles to report the supply column missing—took shelter in a shallow hole and fought off more than 100 howling hostiles in a feat of arms which has become an epic in Texas Panhandle history.

Motion picture script writers couldn't have created two more stirring stories of hardship and heroism.

In late August, 1874, a village of Comanches and Cheyennes under Mow-wi, Tabananica and Wild Horse was in the northeastern Panhandle near Sweetwater Creek, moving southwest toward old haunts on the Brazos River. After a hot, dry summer marked by a plague of grasshoppers, heavy rains had set in, making everyday life miserable but giving new life to the parched prairie grass.

Colonel Miles welcomed the rain. With grazing lands again

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TEXAS PRAIRIE

fantastic—Captain Chaffie ordered an advance with this "Forward! If any man is killed, I will make him a corporal!"

lush, he launched his drive. On August 26th, Miles led eight troops of the Sixth Cavalry and four companies of the Fifth Infantry—about 750 men—from Camp Supply, Indian Territory, to the Sweetwater, where his scouts found a prominent Indian trail pointing southwest.

Miles hastened in pursuit, and on the morning of the 30th clashed with the hostiles in a five-hour battle near the head of Battle Creek, about 12 miles from the main Red River. One of his officers, Captain Adna R. Chaffee, exhorted his men with a sentiment which became famous. "Forward!" he commanded. "If any man is killed, I will make him a corporal!"

The Indians fled up a craggy branch of Palo Duro Canyon, then divided into small parties and broke out onto the Staked Plains. The wary Miles hesitated. Supplies were low and the men certainly in no condition for a prolonged march on the arid tableland. Deciding to continue the chase, for a while at least, the colonel sent his wagons back to Camp Supply to restock. He hoped to meet them on the trail on his return trip and resume pursuit of the Indians. The wagons wheeled around on September 1st and headed for Camp Supply.

At the head of Elk Creek, in the northeastern Panhandle, Kiowas and Comanches under Ma-manti, Lone Wolf and O-ha-ma-tai were trying to decide where to go. Most wanted to continue southwest toward Palo Duro Canyon, a favorite winter campground, but others voted to turn east to avoid Miles, who they knew was in the field. Finally, after wandering aimlessly between the Washita River and the Canadian for several days, they headed southwest.

On the morning of September 8th, Tehan, a red-haired white youth captured years earlier on a raid into Texas and now foster son of the Kiowa medicine man Ma-manti, was sent back along the trail to look for three horses which had strayed from the family herd.

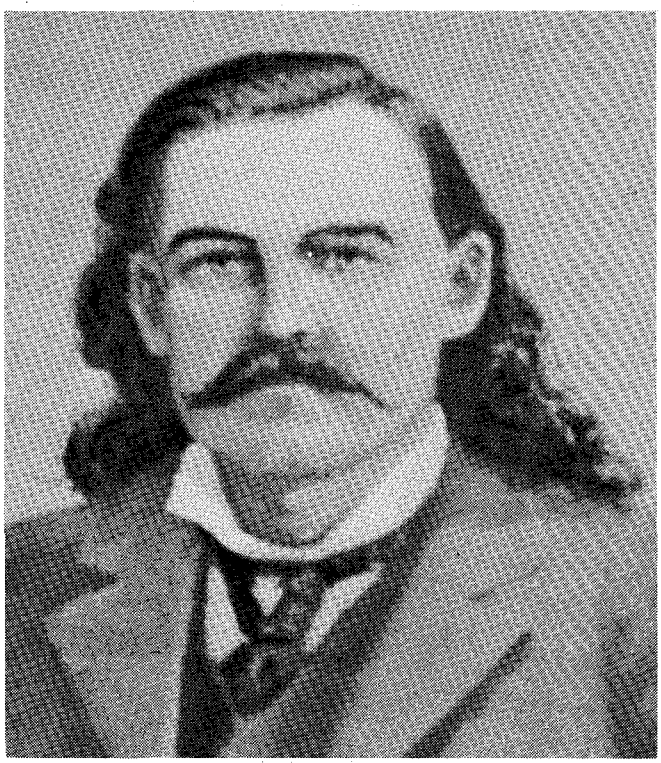
Tehan (Indian for Texan) had found the horses and was heading back to camp when he heard a metallic click behind him. Whirling, he was confronted by the ready rifles of four mounted white men. It was Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin and three scouts, who had left Miles' returning column on the 6th with dispatches for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Tehan rode with Baldwin all day and night until about dawn of the 9th, when they met Miles' wagon train heading back to meet the main column with a full load of rations. Baldwin left Tehan, to be taken to Miles for interrogation, and scout William F. Schmalsle before continuing on his journey.

The Kiowas waited all day for Tehan to return, then sent out search parties. They soon picked up Baldwin's trail and followed it to the wagon train, which had connected with a civilian contractor at Commission Creek near the Texas line on the 7th. On the morning of the 9th it was heading south toward the Washita.

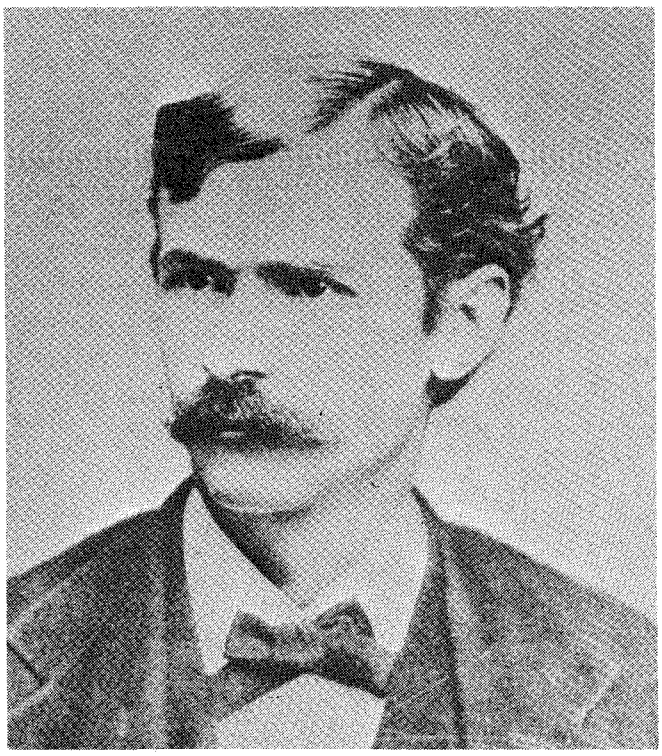
Thirty-six wagons moved in double column about 20 yards apart, ready at a moment's notice to corral for a fight. On either flank marched a file of Company I, Fifth Infantry, 50 men in all, and at the front rode Lieutenant Frank West with 13 men of the Sixth Cavalry. Commander of the escort was Captain (Brevet Major) Wyllys Lyman, a Civil War veteran whose somewhat mild features were concealed by military sideburns and a long mustache waxed to martial points.

Lyman first saw the Indians about 8 a.m. of the 9th. Small parties of Kiowas opened fire at long *(Continued on page 57)*



Billy Dixon showed true heroism under fire.

Photos, Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum



Scout Schmalsle rode through Indian lines for help.

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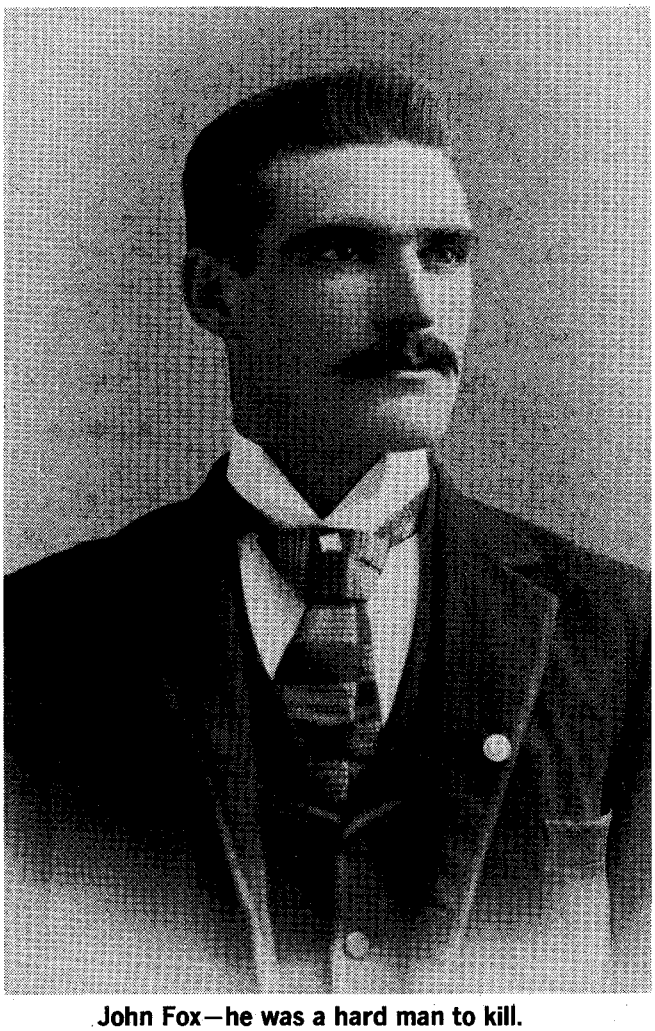
THE SHOOTING DOWN

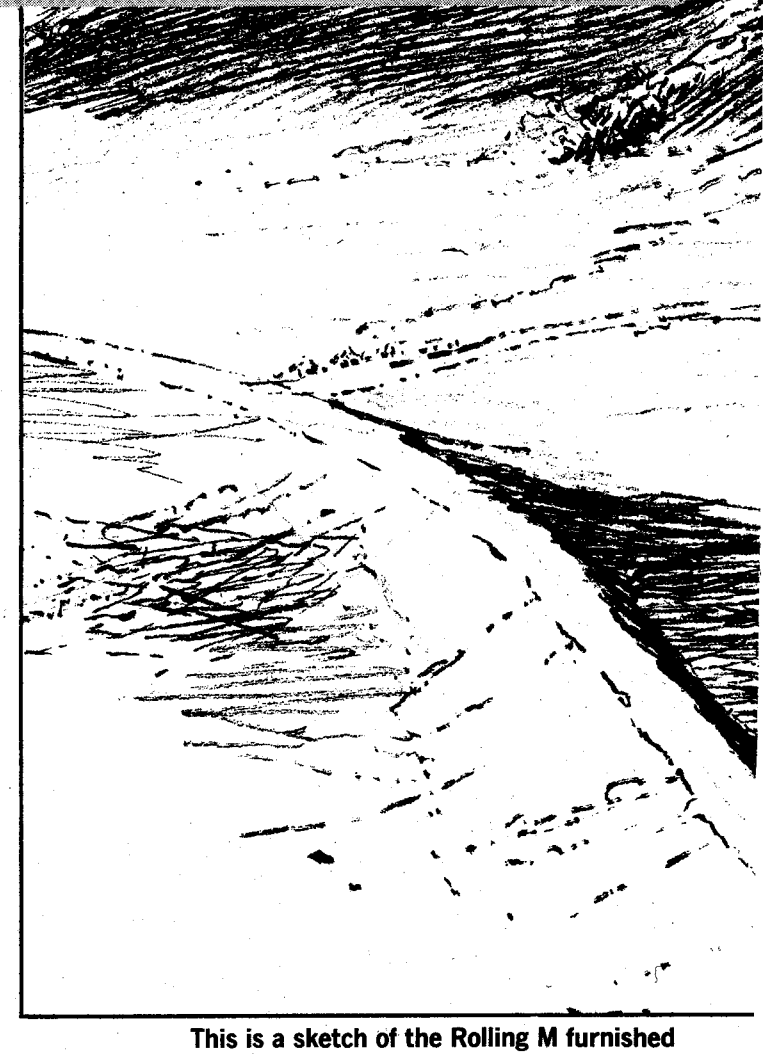
Buster was unloading some furniture from his truck when he knocked the gun from out of his holster and it went off and killed him. Of all the shooting scrapes he had been in, it was unbelievable that Buster had to go and shoot himself with his own gun...

Author's illus.



Author's illus.

John Fox—he was a hard man to kill.



This is a sketch of the Rolling M furnished

by Lee Nelson

I OFTEN THINK of some of my old friends or associates that I used to work with and knew so well. They were good and true friends. Although they did not always stay within the law they still had pride, and if you lent them a dollar or a hundred you did not have to have their signature, as their word was as good as gold. You never were in any doubt as to how you stood with them—you were their friend or you would know different before too long.

I had one old friend that I worked with for quite a few years. We had stayed in camp together in hot summers and lots of cold winters, and always got along very well. His name was Frank Baker. When I first knew him I was just a kid working for the Phillips outfit south of Malta, Montana. He had been working for the Coburns up to the time that they had sold out to the Madador Cattle Co., and then he came over to the Phillips spread. He was always "boss" on one of their ranches or camps, and usually a range boss during the summer.

He was a heavy chunk of a man, weighing about 180 pounds or better, and could always take care of himself in any kind of battle. He always carried a Colt 45 with a seven-inch barrel, and it always went under his pillow when he went to bed. He liked to get a good joke on you and would lay awake at nights figuring just how to job some one or somebody. He would do anything for a good big laugh. When he was running a crew, he had quite a time with his men, as they had to do a good

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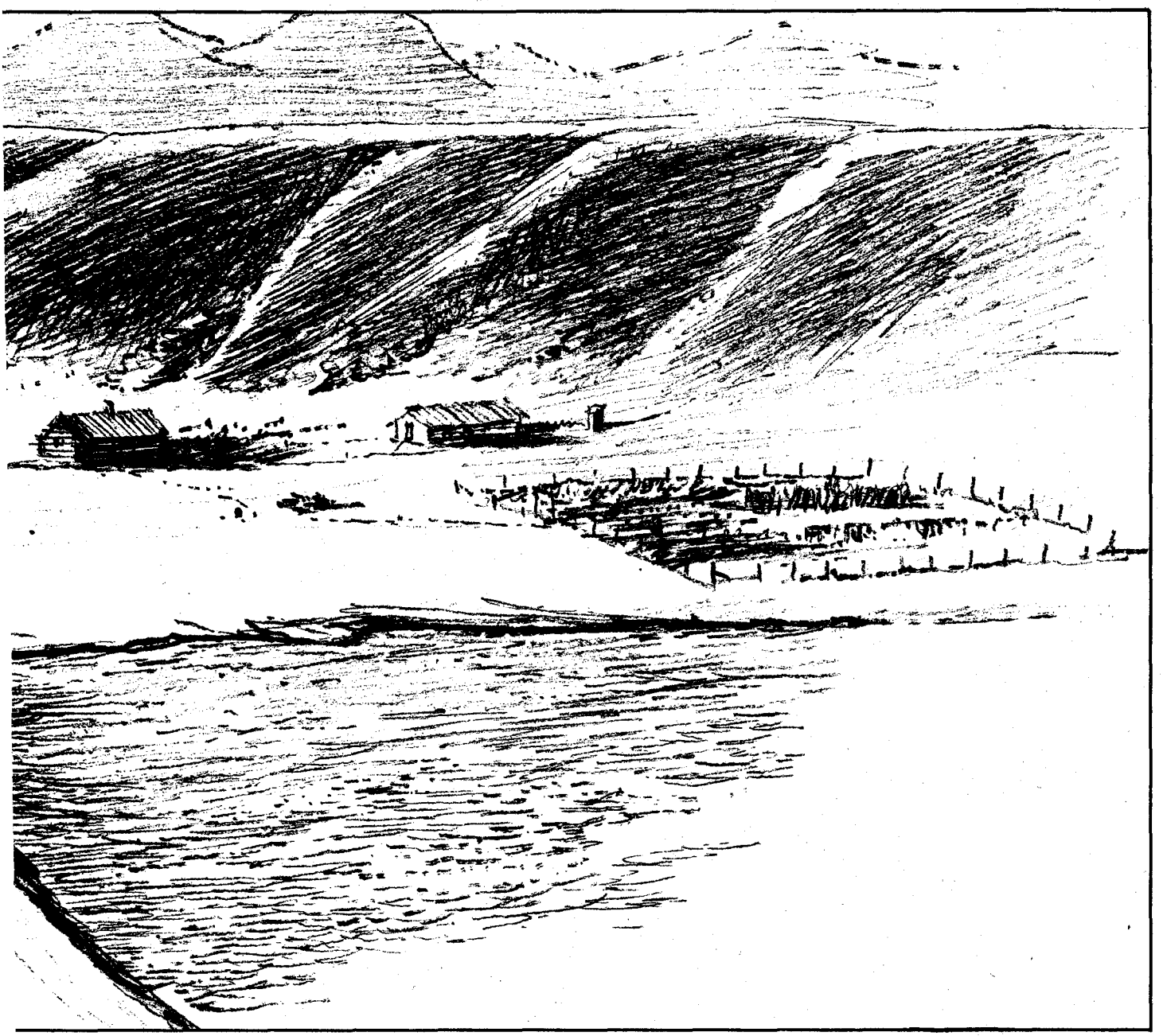
ON THE ROLLING M



by the author; hereabouts played the good and true old friends of the author, including the impulsive Baker.

day's work or they went down the road. But Baker was good to a man that worked good or tried to do what was right.

Luck and fate had already gone against him. Once, in the winter of 1914, he was lost in a bad blizzard looking for a band of sheep that got away from the herder camped at the Parit place while he was with the Coburns. I can't say if he found the sheep or saw anything of them that night, but he came into a homesteader's place about daybreak (their name was Crawford). Mrs. Crawford told me that when Baker took one of his shoes off, and his foot hit the floor, it sounded as it would have if you had dropped a rock.

Baker had to be taken to Malta and the doctor had to remove the front parts of both feet. He had not much more than his heels to walk on. but he learned to get around very well and could do as good a day's work as the man with two good feet.

Baker had started up a couple of places for himself. One was about twelve miles south of Malta. He got it built up fairly well, then sold it and went back to work for Phillips for a few years. He then bought a place down on the Missouri River which was known as the Frank Warren place. It was stocked with a couple of hundred head of nice cattle and he was doing well. But a man came along and made him a good offer on the ranch and cattle, so Baker sold it to him. The buyer's name was S.L. "Shorty" Withrow.

Baker had a house up in Zortman, Montana, and went there for a short time, then went to work for Phillips again. When he was not working for Phillips, he could always be found

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scratching out a little money around his place in Zortman.

He knew livestock and it was said that he could winter a bunch of cows on a rock pile or a band of sheep on a sage brush flat. He liked to fight with fists, feet or gun. I have seen him wade into three or four at a time. He'd take his old 45 by the barrel and keep them down. And if he had to, he would turn the gun around and hold them off.

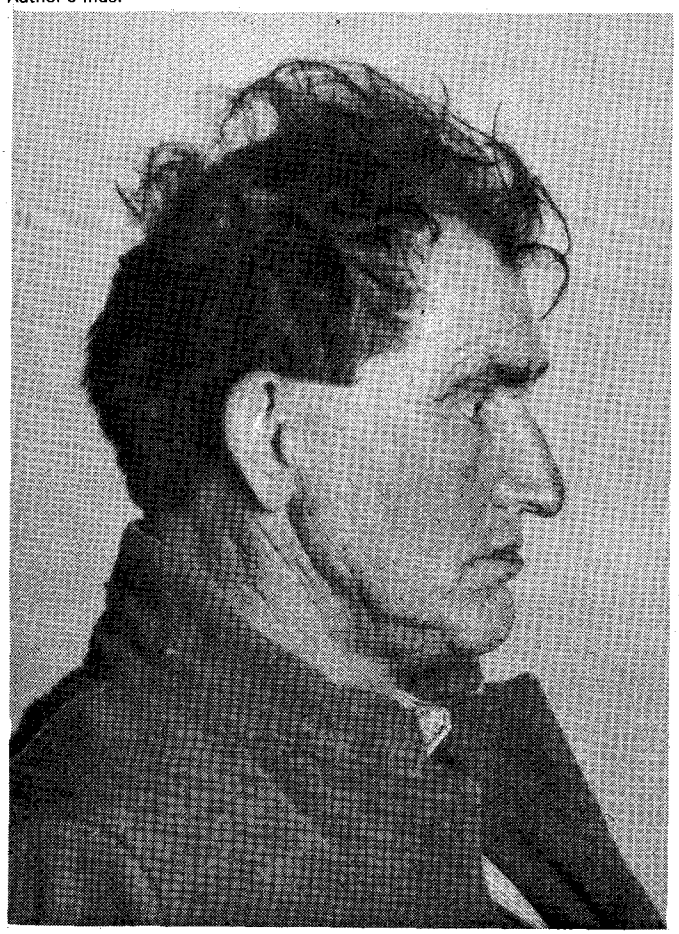
He had been shot up, cut up, and been in lots of horse accidents and car wrecks, broke up to where you would think no human being could go through that and still be alive. He could stand much pain, and come out of it with very little doctoring, or none at all.

Baker had an old friend or partner in crime for fun or devilment whose name was Buster Hienel. Buster's mother ran a store and restaurant in Zortman, and he stayed with her most of the time and helped her to some extent—when he was not working some place else or running around. When Baker and Buster got together and had a few drinks, something always happened.

They decided to go to Malta late one afternoon. Buster had a little old model-T ford. The back seat had been removed and been replaced with a box; the car had no top and no windshield. As they headed down the road, they decided instead that they would stop and see an old fellow by the name of John Fox who lived about fifteen miles down the road. Fox had been an old harness maker all his life and was up into his sixties.

The last few years he had been going around from one big ranch to the other repairing harness, staying one to three weeks at a ranch. The harness business was getting slower each year, so Fox had filed for a homestead down on the Rolling M. He built a log cabin, a chicken house and had put in a fair sized garden. He had a still working for him and was doing a bootlegging business on the side. He also had about a hundred chickens, and each week would send a few dozen eggs up on the stage to the stores in Zortman. His place sat just northwest of the west end of the Rolling M dam.

Author's illus.



Frank Baker—he liked to hoist a few.

Photo: Courtesy Phillips County News, 1959.

Zortman, 1908; hotel and gen'l store still going.

It was a hot day about the last of July or the first part of August. Buster and Baker pulled in John Fox's yard as it was getting about dusk. The sun had sunk behind the Little Rockies, the moon was rising and was glistening on the still waters of the Rolling M lake. It was a beautiful, peaceful evening, and every one was glad to meet and order a few rounds of the old white mule that flowed so gently and plentifully. They talked about the good old days and what they all had done in building old Montana, and each one thought for sure that he had played his part and had played it well, because none of them had come to Montana by rail. The night had passed happily and fast. Stud poker was played until the wee hours of the morning, and the sun was now coming up and glistening on the still clear water as the moon had done the night before. But now everything was different; fifteen to twenty hours of drinking had changed things a lot.

There were arguments over the poker game, as to who had cheated and who had won. There were arguments over the bootleg whiskey—who had paid and who had not. One word led to another until it ended up in fighting. Apparently Buster and Baker decided to chop Fox's head off. They dragged him out to the chopping block at the wood pile where Baker then got Fox down over the block and Buster was supposed to do the axe job. Buster said the axe was no good and he knew of a better one in the house. But Baker told Buster to do the bull-dogging part in holding Fox and he would do the axe work. But in making the change Fox got away and ran to his garden.

Fox had been hoeing his garden the afternoon of the day before and had taken his double barrel shotgun with him to shoot the hawks that were bothering his chickens. Buster had no idea why Fox ran to the garden until Fox lifted the gun to his shoulder and let Baker have both barrels. Fox piled Baker up at the chopping block, and reloaded twice and aimed at Buster. But the time that he took to reload gave Buster time to get away. Buster had no gun on him, but he made it over to a low place and got down behind the dam.

He had some shot pellets in him but was able to make it over to the Madador ranch. He thought he would call from there and report it, thinking Baker was dead, but the phone at the ranch was out of order. So Buster got some one to take him to Zortman.

By that time somebody had come by the Rolling M, talked to Fox, and then reported it. To this day we don't know who it was that did the first calling.

Jake Myers was manager down at the Phillips home ranch and was a good friend of Baker's from their days together over at the Coburns. Someone had called Jake and told him there had been a shooting down at the Rolling M and that Baker was killed. We never knew who called Jake, but when he called

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Author's illus.

Lee Nelson's current spread, Kalispell, Mont.

Malta they said they had the report and would get out as soon as they could.

I was at the Phillips ranch at the time, just returned from the Whitcomb ranch where I had taken a load of supplies. I had just gotten my horses taken care of when Jake came running out and said that Baker had been shot down at the Rolling M by Fox and for me to come at once and we would go down there, about fifteen miles south of the Phillips Home Ranch. Jake said that he was expecting someone out from Malta, since they had been notified. Either the sheriff, the undertaker or the county doctor would show up.

When we got there Fox was sitting on the doorstep, his six-shooter strapped to his hip and his shotgun by his side. We went to Baker and found that he was still alive, lying in a pool of blood that would make you wonder how he could still be a-breathing. Fox said that he had put four loads in Buster and that he might be lying down behind the dam wounded or dead.

Jake went and got Baker some water and told me to go and look for Buster. I went and searched but found no sign of him.

When I got back to the yard, Dr. Blankenhorn had just pulled in. He looked at Baker and said that he had lost too much blood to live. He said that if he was still alive when we got to Malta, and if we could get there in time to catch the train going east, he would send him down to Glasgow, Montana, where they had a good hospital, about eighty miles east of Malta.

We started out. I knew for sure that the doctor had no hopes, for he kept saying that Baker had lost too much blood. Jake winked at me and said that Doc didn't know him like him and me did. Jake told the doctor the only way they could kill Baker would be to cut his head off and hide it; he was not going to die. If anything at all could be done for him to jump in and do it.

We got about ten miles north to the hog ranch that was also the Phillips Post Office. It was run by an old fellow by the name of Carl Ekland. He also had a store and restaurant there, and it was sort of a half-way house at the time.

Baker had asked for more water. Doc went into the kitchen and came out with a dish cloth and tied Baker's arm tight to his body, which was the very first-aid that I ever saw. So we started out for Malta again and made it this time.

Baker was very weak, so they got a nurse to go down to Glasgow with him. There wasn't much hide or flesh holding the arm to his body, and he was shot in the neck and shoulders quite bad, too, but he made it to the hospital. We heard in a few days that Baker was doing better than was expected, and about a week later I took the train down to see him, bringing along some clothes and money for him. He was sitting up in bed and wanted to come home.

Dr. Hoyt was looking after him. He was a good doctor and a nice man and I asked him if he had had any trouble stopping the blood. He said Baker had almost none left and must have been living on his reputation. He just did not know how Baker could be alive in the bloodless condition he was in.

I came home the next day and it did not seem to be a very long time until Baker was back. He stayed in Zortman at home until he got some strength back. That winter he took a job as watchman at the Ruby Mine. The next spring he was back at the Phillips ranch and lambed two bands of sheep and did a good job of it.

In those days they ran large bands, never less than twenty-five hundred head. It would take a crew of six to eight men, and I always worked for Baker. Jake Myers always said that Baker made the best lambings of all their lambing bosses.

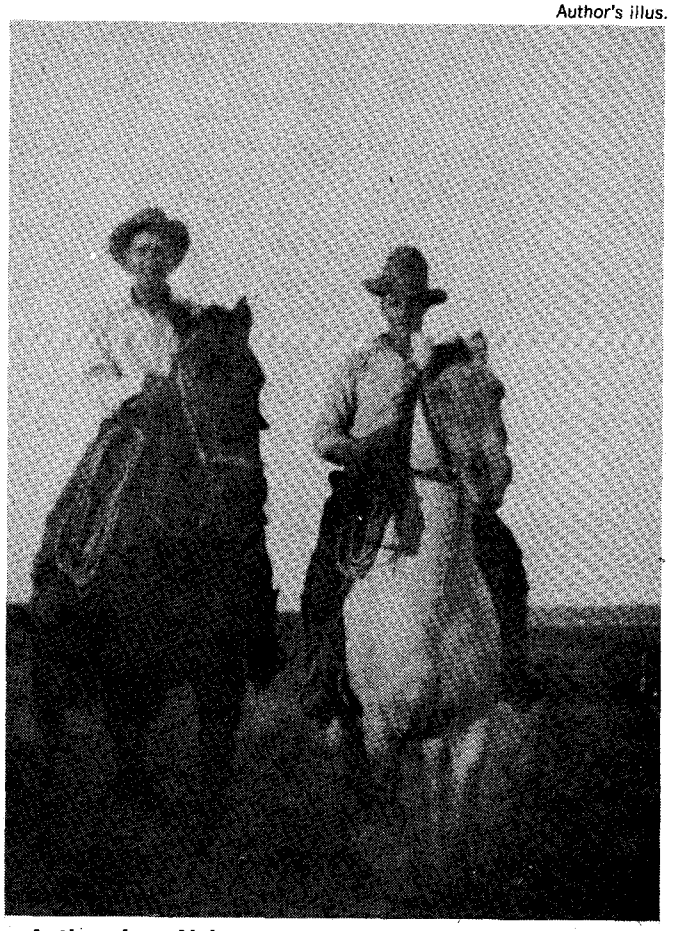
The first spring after the shooting, when it turned hot, those shot pellets would get to iching under Baker's skin. He would get me and another fellow to take a razor and cut them out. We had to go deep for some of them and Baker would growl a bit, but he would grit his teeth and take it all pretty well. He would say, "Just so you get them."

Baker had refused to talk to the county attorney or the sheriff about the shooting, and would sign no complaint against Fox. He said they would settle their own troubles. The only charge that they could put on Fox was for making whiskey and possessing it, for which he served sixty days in jail. After serving his time he went back to his homestead on the Rolling M and things were quiet for a year or so. Then all at once they were back in jail.

Baker had three warrants served on him. One for arson, one for grand larceny, and one for butchering a beef. The grand larceny charge was for stealing furniture out of a house before burning it down. The furniture was found at Baker's house and Fox's, for he was in on it, too. Baker had just leased his house and told me the furniture was in that house at the time. But Fox claimed that the furniture in question had always been his. Baker was bonded right away and his trial set for the next term of court that would come up after the first of the year—that would be January, 1927.

(Continued on page 56)

Author's illus.



Author Lee Nelson is on the cream-colored horse in this picture taken in 1916. Phil Stazel, left.

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THE MANY CAREERS OF

by Sam Henderson

DO YOU WANNA find Bill Dalton?"

The words caught Deputy United States Marshal Buck Garrett completely off guard. When the question hit him he was busy behind his desk, boot top deep in a pile of legal papers. He looked up and found a rangy, sun cured farmer standing in the doorway, wearing gallus bibb overalls and a railroad cap. The stranger had no chin, unless it had merged with his Adam's apple, and his cheeks were grizzled with snowy fuzz.

In reaction to the stranger's "Well, do you?" the marshal exploded. "Hell's bells, man," he shouted, "don't you ever read the newspapers? Bill Dalton is the most wanted man in the whole gol-darn territory. He's the only one a them desperate brothers left. Rest of 'em got it at Coffeyville, Kansas. There's a big reward up for him."

The farmer turned, swiveled his head and spewed tobacco juice. "That's why I'm here," he said. "Cause I need that five thousand dollars!"

Buck Garrett looked the stranger over and wondered. This hayseed—was he the one to pull a large rabbit out of a very small hat? Could he succeed where expert manhunters—men like Bill Tilghmann, Chris Madsen, and Heck Thomas—had failed? He sure didn't look the role. But then again, Billy the Kid hadn't come in a very impressive package.

Photo: Univ. of Okla. Library.

Bill Dalton, killed by U.S. Marshal Buck Garrett.

Photo: Univ. of Okla. Library.

Lawman Buck Garrett lived in aura of violence.

"Where's Dalton hidin' at?" the marshal asked.

"Up near my place. Up in the Arbuckle Mountains."

"How can I be sure you're tellin' the truth. You might be leadin' me into an ambush."

"Dalton's old lady is in town. She's right now down at the general store buyin' supplies. If'n you don't believe me, check with her."

Buck slid from behind his desk, began buckling on his six guns. "What you waitin' for?" he demanded. "We don't wanna let 'er get away!"

As the two men walked up onto the store porch, the door burst open and a woman with a Lily Langtry figure flew out at them, clawing and scratching.

"I know what's happened!" she screamed. "You, Hank McGee, have turned my man over to the law!"

The two men fell back, trying to protect their eyes while loafing cowboys howled with glee and shouted suggestions.

Garrett, far from amused, took refuge behind his horse. "What you bastards laughin' at?" he demanded. "This here is

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SHERIFF BUCK GARRETT

On his first day as sheriff this lawman who effortlessly straddled two eras poured 140 gallons of moonshine over twelve gambling tables and 44 slot machines and then struck a match... as Deputy U.S. Marshal he had shot the last of the notorious Daltons... he had also looked wrongways down the barrels of U.S. Army rifles in Wyoming's Johnson County range war...

Photo: Wyo. State Arch. & Hist. Dept.

"Invaders" from Texas; Buck Garrett, who was to become feared manhunter, is 5th from left, seated.

Bill Dalton's woman—a real battlin' hell-cat!"

The shock stilled the screeching. One of the men grabbed the woman from behind, pinning her arms to her sides. The others moved in fast. Screaming, biting, squirming, she was bodily carried to the Ardmore lockup, and minutes later Garrett was riding with a posse through the Arbuckle Mountains. Just before sunset they spotted the smoke of a fire. The farmer suddenly reined in his horse.

"That's it!" he whispered. "That smoke's comin' from Dalton's cabin. Get your guns ready!"

Edging silently ahead, the posse slowly stalked through the underbrush. Finally they slithered to the edge of a campsite clearing and found Bill Dalton at work at his wood pile. The bad man's axe was gripped in his fists and drawn far back over his right shoulder. Mightily he swung downward.

"Don't move!" Garrett shouted, coming first into the clearing.

Even before the command was completed Dalton's axe came down, cleanly snapping a piece of firewood in two. The badman dropped the axe instantly. As he leaped desperately for a nearby rifle, a volley of gunshots rang out. Dalton hit the ground, twisting in agony. He groaned once, twice, and then lay lifeless in the dust.

Bill Dalton, the last of the four notorious brothers who had long spread terror across the great Southwest, was dead. Buck Garrett's action had marked the end to another chapter of outlaw history.

Strange indeed is the fact that Buck Garrett has been denied his just due in the pages of history. His life span could be used to mark off the Last Frontier, for he was one of the few who saw its dawn and witnessed its sunset. As we have just seen, he brought an end to the Daltons' trail of terror; he also played a key role in Wyoming's Johnson County range war. He was one of the last of the horseback lawmen, and one of the first oil town marshals. His career as a lawman did not end until his death in 1927. He was indisputably the last of the old-time peace officers.

His story, long untold, began on a farm near Columbia, Tennessee where he was born in 1872. Shortly after his birth the entire family migrated west to Texas. They settled in Paris, just south of the Red River.

Like most boys growing up on the Texas plains, Buck fell easily into the life of a cowboy. At the age of fourteen he talked himself into a horse wrangler's job on the famed Leeper Ranch. He rose quickly through the ranks, becoming a night herder,

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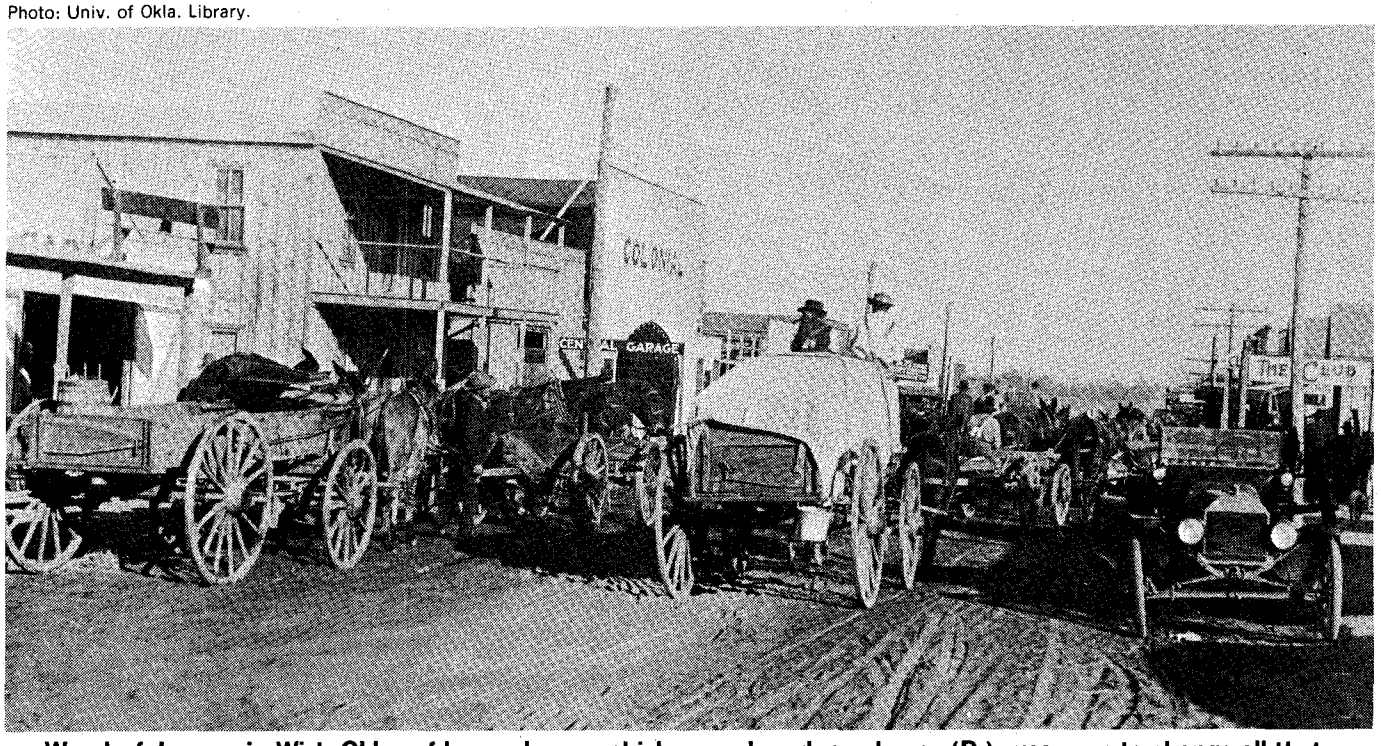
Photo: Univ. of Okla. Library.



Wonderful scene in Wirt, Okla., of horse-drawn vehicles—and mud; gas buggy (R.) was soon to change all that.

then a fence liner and, finally, a top hand. By the time he was sixteen, his roping and riding skills were the talk of the frontier.

Although he didn't realize it, Buck was witnessing the last days of the open range. The Union Pacific Railroad was rapidly making its way west, crossing the plains, opening up the continent and shaping the nation. The United States government had suddenly become aware of the vast and rich pasturelands that lay west of the Mississippi River. In the latter decades of the century, Americans were urged to respond to their pioneering blood and head west to open up and homestead the Arizona-Wyoming frontier.

Any citizen, by merely staking his claim in that country, could assume ownership of 162 acres of free land. That was the law—as spelled out by the Homestead Act of 1862.

The cattle barons, who had grazed these lands for many years without rightful ownership, reacted violently. They had settled the frontier. They had fought off the warring Indian tribes and the strong-arm outlaw bands. They had braved fierce snowstorms and bitter winters. Finally, after years of struggle, they had brought raw but viable forms of civilization to the plains. They had established their domains and were ready for lives of leisure. They had at long last won what they had been fighting for—the right to live off the fat of the land.

Then... the homesteaders came, and the nesters and the sod busters. They streamed into the badlands by the thousands, traveling on horseback, in buckboards and covered wagons. They carved the range up into 162-acre sections, establishing homesteads and breaking the virgin soil with their plows. They of course had every reason to think themselves in the right. They were just "poor folk come West" lookin' for free land to make a home on. None of the homesteaders had thought it would be necessary to fight a never-ending range war to protect that free land. Being in the majority, they had no trouble electing one of their own, "Red" Angus, sheriff of the Powder River country.

Angry, and unwilling to give up their land, the cattle barons decided to provide their own law. They went into Texas and recruited a private army. Buck Garrett was among the fifty-odd gunfighters whom they brought back to "protect the range." For days on end Buck and the other hardcases patrolled the streets of Casper, Wyoming, threatening lives, pushing men from the boardwalks, making themselves feared.

While plainly showing their fear, the homesteaders refused to flee the badlands. They had come to Wyoming in search of the Promised Land. They had found there what they had always wanted: a piece of land on which to build a home and raise a family. And nothing, neither man nor devil, was going to chase them away. One sodbuster put it bluntly to Frank Canton, the gunfighters' leader: "We won't leave until the day we're laid in our graves."

Canton took them at their word. A few nights later he, Garrett, and some twenty other gunfighters surrounded the homestead shared by Nate Champion and Nick Ray. They burned the cabin to the ground and riddled its occupants with bullets.

Almost immediately after receiving the news, a mob of homesteaders began forming in the streets of Buffalo, Wyoming. A deep moaning bellow, like that of brutes stirred to fury, arose from within their ranks. The hired gunmen had at long last made clear their intentions: they meant to kill anyone who dared defy either them or their employers. It was either leave Wyoming to the cattle barons or suffer the consequences.

"What we gonna do?" a farmer asked the sheriff helplessly.

"We're gonna give them bastards a dose of their own medicine," Red Angus answered. "Everybody go home and get his gun. We'll meet later at the county jail. We'll storm the K.C. Ranch and show them bastards what's what. We've took enough of their abuse!"

Within the hour the homesteaders were gathering at the jail. Hundreds of them clamored outside the building, catching the carbine repeaters tossed to them from the upper steps. Others filled their arms with cartridge cases. Makeshift gatling guns were loaded on wagons. The men were ready to fight now to the death.

They moved into the underbrush on a hillside overlooking the K.C. ranchhouse. Stern-faced farmers, men who had spent their entire lives peacefully, prepared themselves for battle against seasoned gunfighters. They leveled their rifles and settled in.

Finally, a black haired youth stepped into the clearing that separated the two factions.

"What you want?" demanded a voice from the ranch house.

"We want *you*! Every one of you! Either come out with your hands up—or else."

"Or else what?"

"We open fire!"

After a moment's silence a shot was fired. The youth leaped

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for cover as the battle erupted. Both sides now opened fire. Within seconds the clearing between was ablaze with exploding shells. Down below them the homesteaders could see jets of flame streaking from the building. Every so often they could hear a man scream.

For nearly three days the battle raged. Finally one of the hired guns named Mike Shonsey slipped from the besieged cabin. Slipping snake-like through the night, he was able to escape. He borrowed a horse from a nearby pasture and rode hard to Fort McKinney.

"For God's sake!" he shouted at the post commander, "bring your men to the K.C. ranch! Otherwise a hundred men are gonna be murdered. Our men are surrounded!"

The officer at first refused to intervene. The Johnson County range war was considered by the army a civilian affair. He had orders not to take part. He turned his back on the gunman's plea.

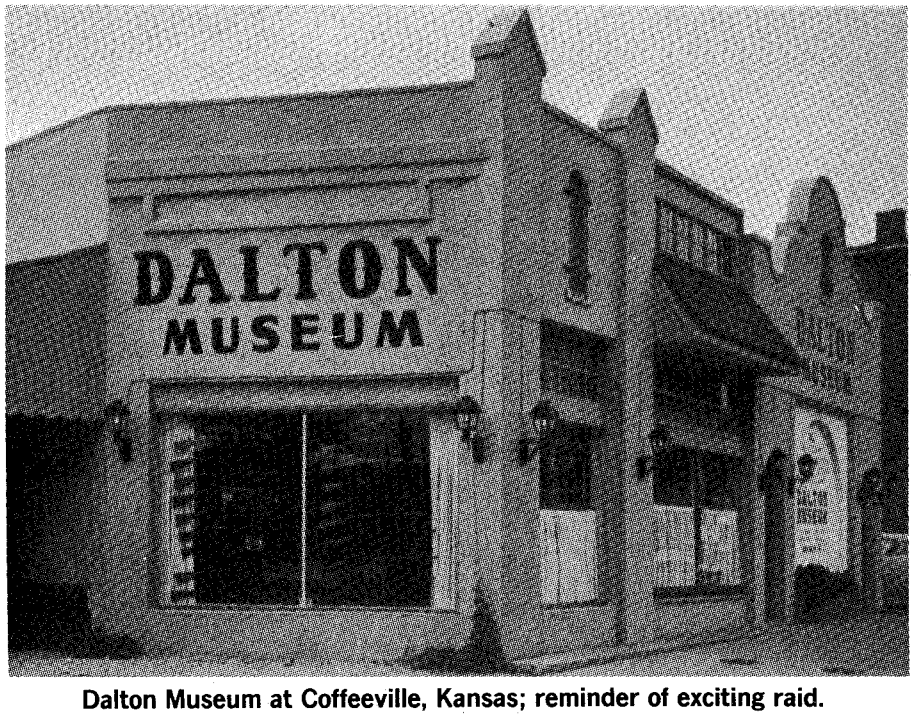
Shonsey stood frozen in his tracks, pale, wild-eyed, his clothing torn. He stared for nearly a minute at the closed door of the commander's office. "By God," he finally said, "I'll call 'em myself." He stomped into the office, grabbed the telephone, and put a call through to Governor Barber. It took him but a minute to explain the situation. The governor, who had been elected with the cattlemen's support, wasted no time in wiring Senators Carey and Warren in Washington. They rushed to the White House, roused President Benjamin Harrison from bed, and persuaded him to order the United States Cavalry's intervention.

Shonsey rode beside the post commander as the troops pulled out of Fort McKinney. They arrived at the ranch in the nick of time. Just as the posse was getting ready to set the cabin a-fire, they came thundering over the hill. The soldiers placed the invaders under arrest and ordered the nesters to their homes.

As a result of this foray, Buck Garrett was presented with a key to the whole wide world—*outside* Wyoming. He was told in no uncertain terms: "Get out and stay out!"

Back in Texas, Buck found another army being organized. This one to uphold rather than oppose law and order. Peace officers were needed to chase down outlaws, dangerous men like Sam Starr, Crawford Goldsby, Zip Wyatt, Bill Doolin, the Daltons, the Cooks and the Benders, all hid out in the Indian Territory. By now Buck was hopelessly addicted to excitement and adventure, and he wasted no time in getting his name on the United States Marshals' pay roll.

Author's Photo.



Dalton Museum at Coffeeville, Kansas; reminder of exciting raid.

Author's Photo.

Headstone erected by Emmett Dalton to brothers Bob and Grat, and Bill Powers, casualties at Coffeeville.

Garrett played a bigger part in the fight against the organized outlaws in the West than is generally realized. He was among the peace officers responsible for the establishment of the frontier's first espionage system. From agents cleverly planted in the outlaws' ranks he received news of hideouts and planned hold-ups. This information made it possible to prevent the further spread of terrorism.

Probably the most adept of these spies was a woman named Julia Lewis. She had grown up in the northeastern corner of Indian Territory near the Kansas border. Many of the outlaws had been among her childhood playmates. In her teens, she called Emmett Dalton a "favorite sweetheart." The romance did not end until her beau followed his older brothers into a life of crime.

Julia's love did not die quickly. For nearly two years she followed her "wild young cowboy's" exploits in the daily papers. Her heart quaked every time he came within a breath of either death or capture. Then, finally, the gang's trail of terror was brought to an end at Coffeyville, Kansas. Emmett's brothers were shot and killed while attempting to hold up the banks. He himself was apprehended and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Shortly thereafter Julia married a rough and ready cowboy named Earnest Lewis. Together they opened a hurdy-gurdy "leg house" in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Lying just beyond the Santa Fe railroad tracks, the establishment became a rendezvous for outlaws and cattle rustlers alike. All went well until the night Oklahoma became a state, when an argument arose between Lewis and two federal marshals. Six-guns roared and two men fell dead, Earnest Lewis and one of his adversaries.

A few months later Marshal Garrett and several fellow peace officers paid Julia a visit. They found the grieving widow busy behind her bar, pouring

(Continued on page 52)

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MACARTHUR SLEPT HERE!

by Leonard H. Boucher

IN 1884, AT THE TENDER AGE of four years, Douglas MacArthur, destined to become a great military stratagist, was a resident of Fort Selden, New Mexico where his father was in command from 1884 to 1886. His father was Captain Arthur MacArthur.

Named for Colonel Henry R. Selden—first New Mexico Infantry—the fort was built in 1865, and lies fifteen miles due west of Las Cruces, New Mexico, on highway 85.

A more unlikely spot on which to build a fort cannot be imagined. This one was erected right in the center of a desert. The only thing that justified its existence at all was the fact that desert or no desert, it was the ideal spot from which to protect travelers and settlers from the Indians.

Water had to be hauled from the Rio Grande River, a short distance from the fort; and as this river was anything but clear, the water could not be used until the silt had settled to the bottom of the barrels.

I am surprised that the entire fort personnel did not contract typhoid fever from the use of this water, but my research did not turn up any data to substantiate this view. However, Captain MacArthur, his son Douglas, and the fort's doctor all came down with diphtheria sometime during the two years they spent at the fort. Miraculously, they all survived the disease, which in those days was considered to be fatal.

When Captain MacArthur and his family arrived at Fort Selden, the grounds and buildings were in a terrible, rundown condition. A succession of commanders, very lax in their duties, had let the facility go to rack and ruin. Though it was reopened in 1881 after having been abandoned in 1879, little had been done in the line of maintenance. Weeds had grown in the streets, and the entire area was a Mecca for horned toads, centipedes, scorpions, and rattlers. The barracks were ready to collapse, and the fort walls were badly in need of repair.

These deplorable conditions were very painful to the captain, who immediately set a detail to work cleaning up the grounds, and a detail to repair the buildings and fort walls.

The enthusiasm of the man was contagious, and soon the soldiers were building shelves and chests for their living quarters and conducting a general clean-up.

Captain MacArthur was the type of officer who had a way with men. He was soft spoken, but firm; strong, but not brutal. His men respected him because of these qualities, and though he drilled them hard for long hours they did not resent it. As a matter of fact it was the best thing that could have happened. When MacArthur took command, the men were physically soft, and slovenly in appearance.

It could be said the men were reborn through the efforts of their commander, for now they were taking great pride in their living quarters, and in their personal appearances. As a result of this, knives, forks, and spoons of silver plate soon replaced the military issue, and double French china, monogrammed with the company K emblem, replaced tin plates.

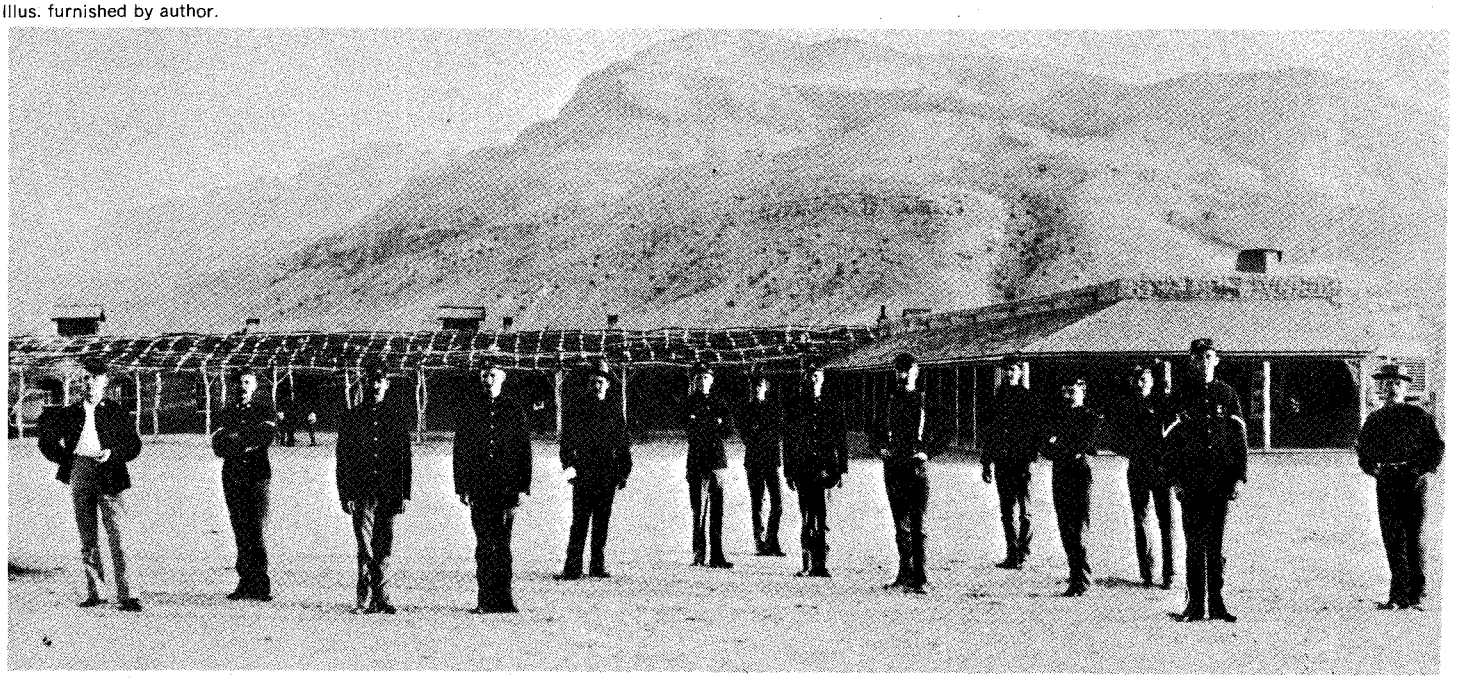
These items came out of the soldier's own pockets. Each man contributed five cents to the *kitty* for each game played on the post's only pool table. Thus, by this method, they were able to purchase much needed items. The captain encouraged these actions, for it was his belief that a satisfied soldier is a good soldier.

His concern for the soldiers' welfare didn't stop here, either. He knew that soldiers get restless in the evenings with nothing to do but sit around and talk or play cards. He knew that most of the brawls among the enlisted men were caused by nothing more than sheer boredom—and he knew what to do about it. He installed a reading and game room complete with about thirty periodicals and numerous games.

The food was not to the captain's liking either, so, as one would expect from such a man, he did something about it. He rented a small tract of land adjacent

(Continued on page 50)

Illus. furnished by author.



Capt. Arthur MacArthur was in command at Fort Selden when picture of fort personnel was taken in 1885.

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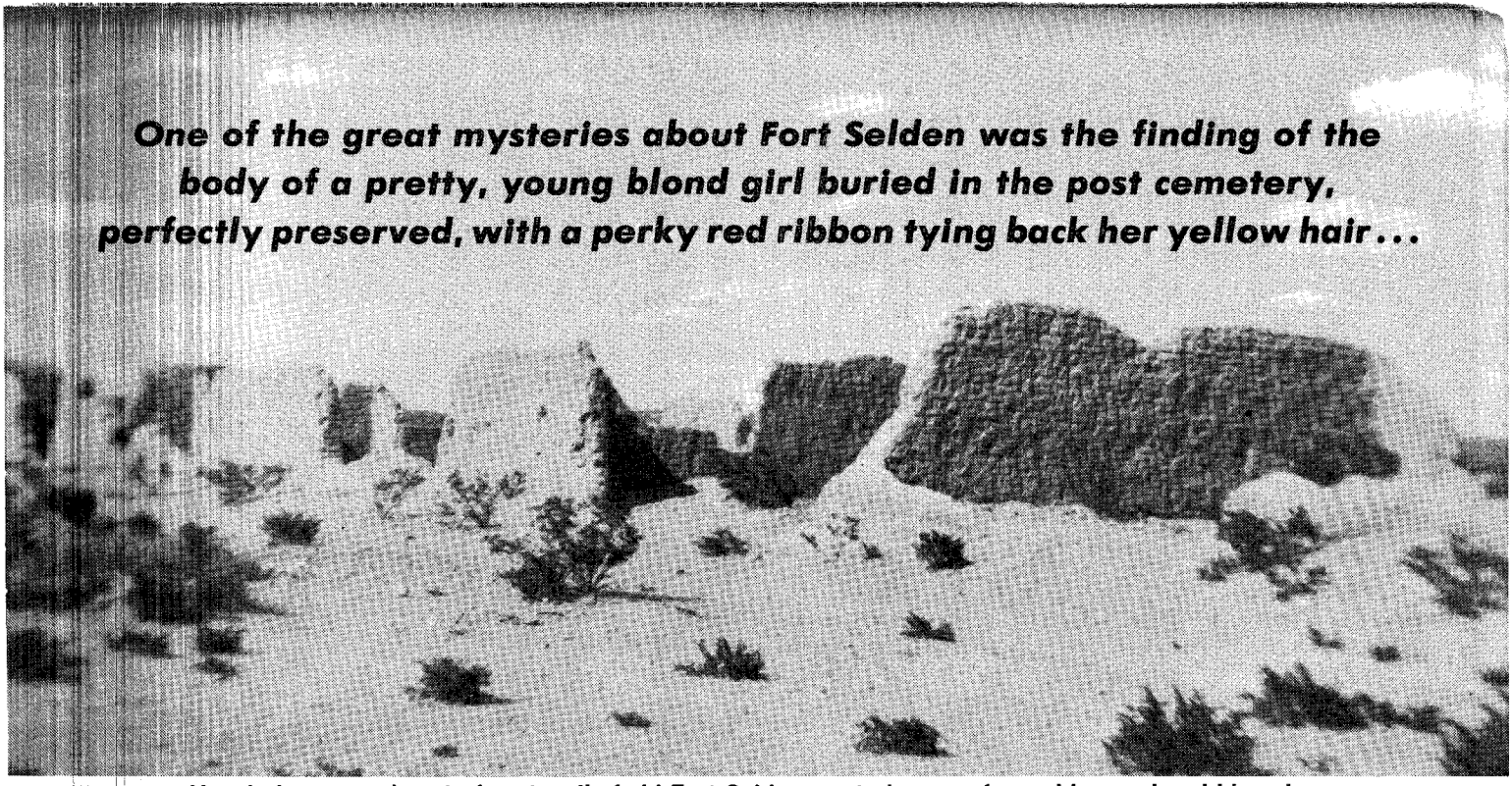
One of the great mysteries about Fort Selden was the finding of the body of a pretty, young blond girl buried in the post cemetery, perfectly preserved, with a perky red ribbon tying back her yellow hair . . .



Hospital area, and part of east wall of old Fort Selden are to be seen framed by sand and blue sky.

Douglas MacArthur, Captain MacArthur, his brother Arthur and his mother posed for this family group in 1884.

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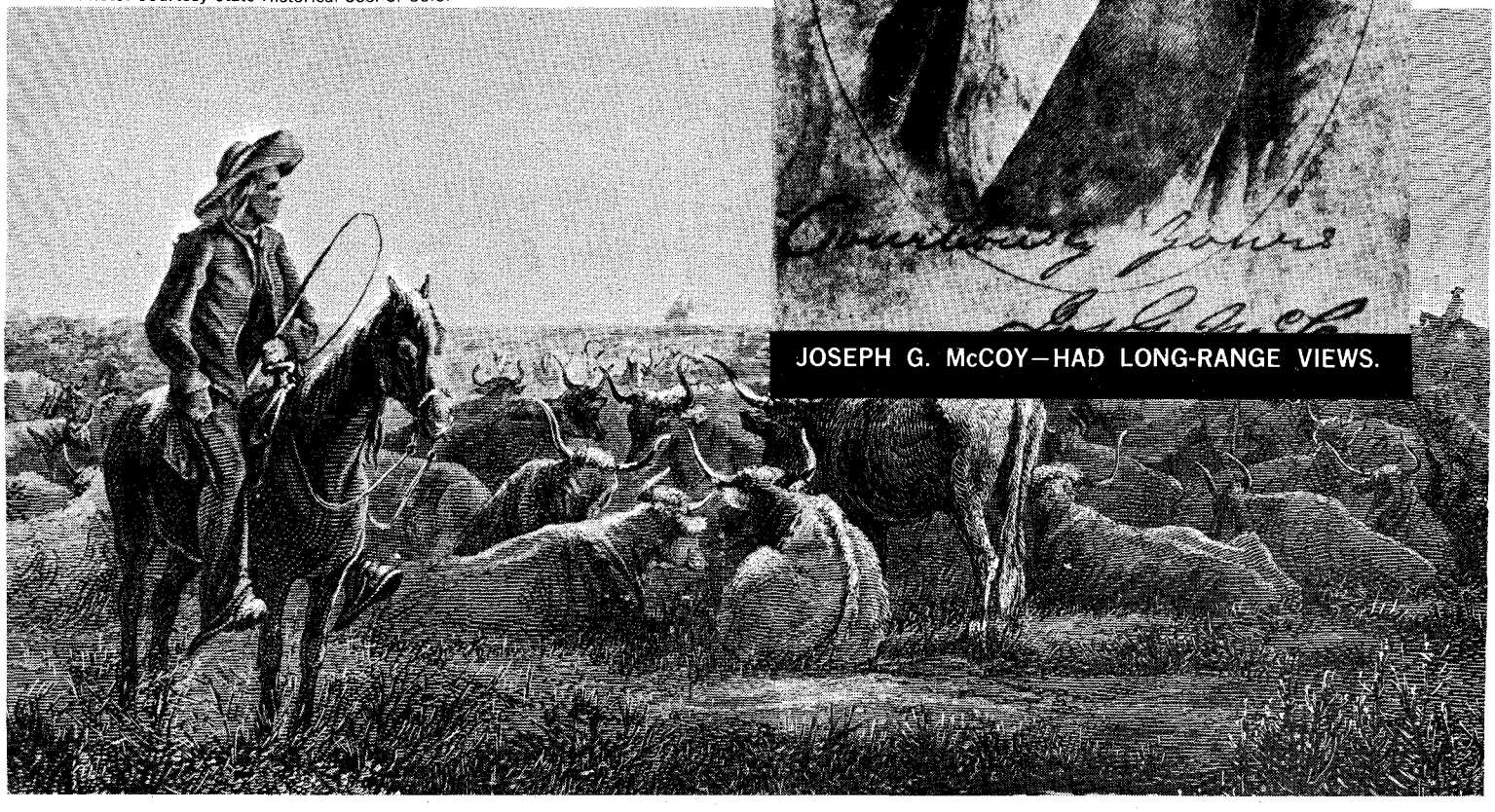
THE TRAIL THAT LED TO KANSAS

Author's Photo.

JOSEPH G. McCOY—HAD LONG-RANGE VIEWS.

Photo: Courtesy State Historical Soc. of Colo.



OLD-TIME WOODCUT—GUARDING THE HERD.

by Luke F. Starnes

MUCH HAS BEEN written about the cattle drives from Texas to Kansas, and movies have been made to immortalize them. Artists have painted murals depicting the drover, the cattle and the inevitable chuck-wagon, so that the monstrous movements of innumerable livestock will live in memory as long as there is a civilization. For that was one of the facets of an unforgettable era.

Howard Hawks made a memorable movie called "Red River" which exuded the very heart and flavor of the drive more accurately than any that had been made to date of the cattle drives from the northern boundary of Texas to Abilene, Kansas, along the famed Chisholm Trail.

The cowboy—or drover, as he is often called—was one of a hardy breed. He had to be, to withstand the rigors and privations of the long trail that led over the barren prairie. He experienced hair-raising trials and tribulations, with the cattle, of course, being his main concern. In the beginning the Indians gave him some trouble, but not as much as one might suppose. Droughts were a misery when the weather was hot and dry, and swollen rivers stopped them cold when the rain came down in torrents. Oft-times the rainstorms caused the herds to become unruly, sometimes erupting into a stampede that might last for a period of several days and nights.

Dust and alkali, prairie dog holes—all these were only a part of the myriad problems the early-day drover accepted philosophically.

The Jayhawkers, too, were a contentious lot, and were naturally met with some defiance; however, more often than not the poor cattleman would have to give in and pay the levy that was exacted of him by this self-appointed vigilante group

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The drover had much to contend with, the cattle, of course, being his main concern; terrible droughts, when the weather was hot and dry; swollen rivers, when the rain came down in torrents, causing the cattle to stampede, sometimes for long periods; dust, prairie dog holes and Indians added to his troubles, although the latter were not so much of a problem as one would suppose...

Photo: Courtesy State Historical Soc. of Colo.

THE CRITTERS FORDING MILK RIVER.

that went under the guise of law enforcement.

They met the herd usually at the border of a state, demanding a payment of sorts for the herd to be able to cross on their way to market. For this very purpose herd owners began hiring gunslingers to help protect them against the illegal holdups—for that is what they were considered to be. In several related incidents of the early cattle drives, Wayne Gard tells in his "The Chisholm Trail" of a James Daugherty, a sixteen-year-old Texan, driving his herd of 500 cattle up the trail in the spring of 1866 after buying them from his former boss. He had only five men with him to help direct the critters to market. They were way up the trail. In fact, they had reached and crossed the Red River, following the usual trail to Baxter Springs. He had planned to take them on to Sedalia, then ship them by rail to St. Louis.

It was while in Baxter Springs that he heard rumors to the effect that a drover had been killed by outlaws, and they had caused his herd to stampede. This made him stop his herd in the 'Neutral Strip' at the northern edge of Indian Territory. While the cattle were resting, Jim rode alone to Fort Scott, where he made a "deal" with a Mr. Keyes to sell him his herd. Upon returning, he began trailing them north along the Kansas-Missouri border, telling his men to be on the look-out for trouble. It was late afternoon, and soon a group of from fifteen to twenty Jayhawkers swept down on them. The Jayhawkers were dressed in hunting shirts, coonskin caps and cowhide shoes. They yelled at the cattle, all the while telling Jim and his hands not to let the cattle go an inch farther. Whereupon one of Jim's men drew a gun—and was shot and killed right in the saddle. The shooting started the cattle rushing off in all directions, erupting into a full-fledged stampede.

Covering Jim and disarming him, they took him to Cow Creek where they tied him to a tree with his own rope and there whipped him with limbs they had cut from a hickory.

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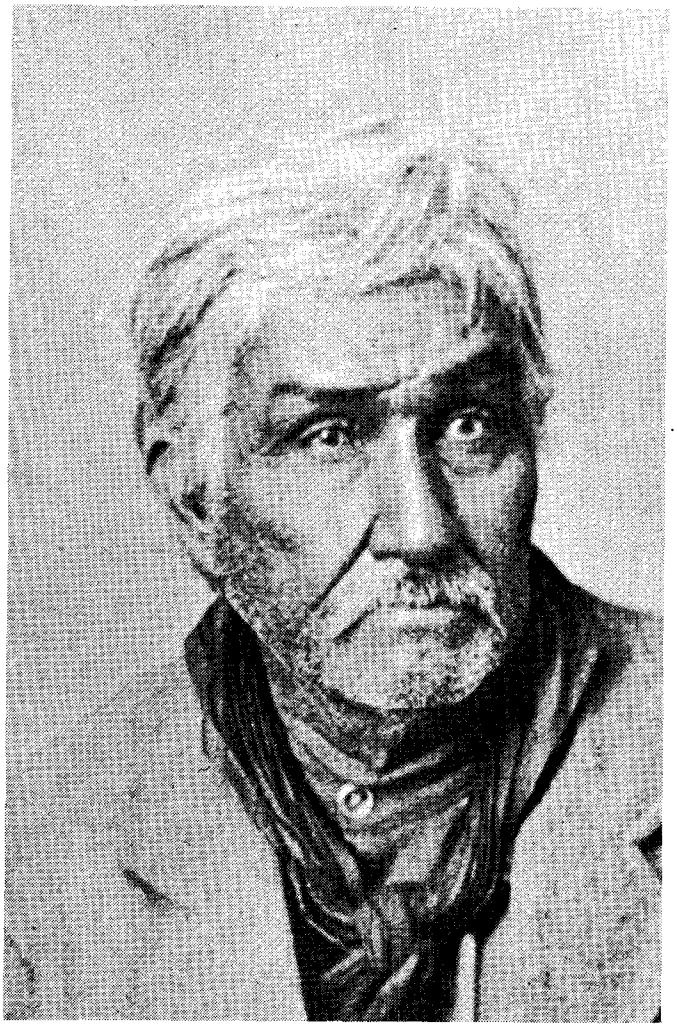
Photo: Courtesy Okla. Hist. Soc.



JESSE CHISHOLM WAS RELATED BY MARRIAGE TO GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

Photo: Courtesy State Historical Soc. of Colo.

A NOT-SO-CAREFREE COWBOY.

After debating what would be his ultimate fate, they concluded either to hang him or whip him to death. One of the Kansans finally persuaded the others to free him.

After returning to his herd, Jim found that about a third of the cattle had disappeared. The drovers buried their dead cowboy, then they cut limbs from a small tree for markers for his grave. They then returned to the "Neutral Strip" with the remaining cattle until they could determine what to do next. After resting briefly Jim rode into Fort Scott, where he explained to Mr. Keyes what had happened. A guide was furnished them who showed them how to drive their herd through an area that was thinly populated, and under cover of darkness to get them to Fort Scott. The steers were sold at $35 a head, thus making quite a profit for Jim, despite the fact that 150 of the cattle had been lost.

Other trail drivers had trouble along the border, too, almost in the same fashion as had Jim Daugherty. Captain Eugene B. Millet had pointed his herd north up the Shawnee Trail, planning to sell them at Westport. He went up to the Kansas side of the border, but when he tried to enter Missouri he was met by an armed mob that forced him to turn back. Retracing his steps on the trail to Baxter Springs, he turned East. There, with a group of drovers in similar straits, he went up along the Arkansas line. After some opposition, he finally was able to put his herd across the Mississippi at St. Louis. By now the steers were so scrawny they were not salable. So he trailed them north to Springfield, where he fattened them on corn and sold them to farmers. His share of the profit from the venture was $2,600. Although this seemed like a big return on an investment of only $850, he decided not to try another drive in 1867.

The vigilantes wiped out several herds belonging to the Texans, reported a writer in *The Prairie Farmer*, on August 25th of that year. Of the 200,000 to 260,000 longhorns that had crossed the Red River in 1866, a large number were delayed in reaching the market for which they were intended. Some herders, after hearing reports of trouble others had, headed their herds for the Cherokee country or onto unsettled land, until after November 1st, when they could take their cattle into Kansas without violating any law.

A Kansas newspaperman estimated that between 80,000 to 100,000 cattle were being grazed on the Cherokee lands alone.

Bad crops in Texas had meanwhile added an incentive to trail-driving, reported *The Galveston News* in October of 1866. In DeWitt County, Texas, many cattle had been sold for as little as three dollars a head. The men realized that more than ever they needed an access to markets for their herds. It would come soon, through the far-sightedness of a man by the name of Joseph G. McCoy.

It was in the spring of 1867 that a railway was pushing westward out of the town of Westport, Missouri, headed for California. Westport was then the starting point of the old Santa Fe Trail. (Later, this town changed its name to Kansas City.)

The railroad at that time was laying its tracks across where a little cluster of log huts stood, that was later to grow into the town of Abilene, Kansas. Joseph McCoy, who then lived in Westport, was thinking of finding a place to build a stockyards primarily for Texas cattle, where, in his own words, "... the Southern drover and the Northern buyer would meet on an equal footing, and both be undisturbed by mobs or swindling thieves."

He approached the president of the Missouri-Pacific, only to be met with an outright rebuff. The president of the Kansas Pacific was more interested. Then, McCoy heard rumors that a big herd was headed north from Texas. He thereupon boarded a train of the Kansas Pacific and went searching for a suitable site to locate his stockyards. He found it, at the end of the line, where Abilene would eventually come to be the biggest terminus for the herds from Texas. The town was 150 miles away from the Missouri border, where very few settlers had yet ventured to locate. No outlaws had bothered it, either.

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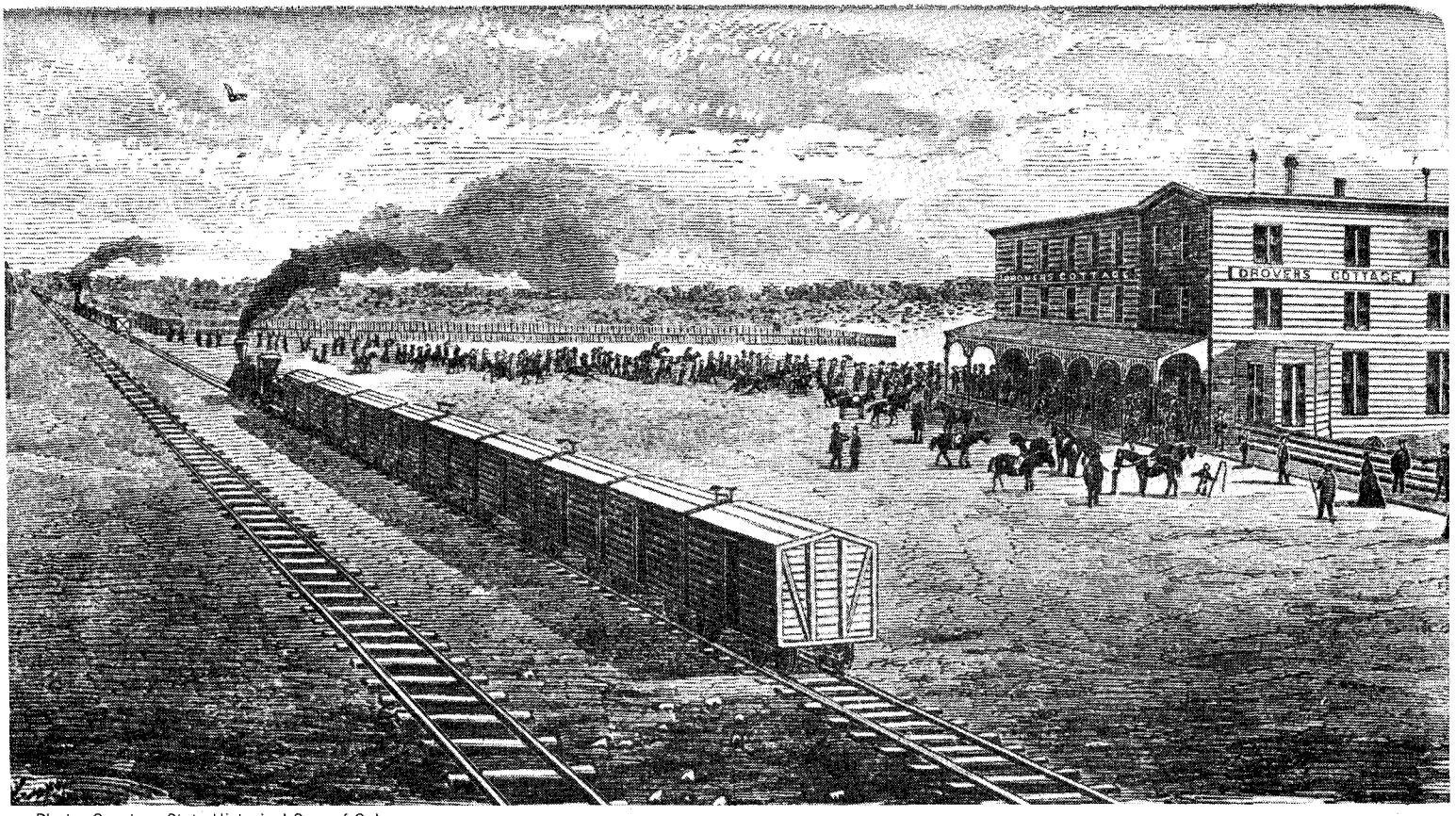

Photo: Courtesy State Historical Soc. of Colo.

THE TOWN OF ABILENE, KANSAS, WAS MADE FOR THIS!

At that time Abilene had only one saloon. Business in this liquor dispensary was so slow the owner had a "side-line" selling *prairie dogs* to visitors who occasionally stopped there. McCoy forthwith sent a man to Indian Territory fully briefed on what to tell the drovers he might encounter on the way toward Abilene.

Building was started immediately to erect loading chutes, corrals and offices to handle some several thousand head of cattle. At the end of two months all was in readiness—but still no cattle had showed.

At long last, clouds of dust raised by the hooves of several large herds, announced to the people of Abilene, Kansas, that the Texas cattle were on their way at last! After these there were more, and more, and still they came, the prairie dark with streams of cattle as far as the eye could see. On August 15th, the Topeka, Kansas *"Weekly Leader"* reported that seven thousand Texas cattle were being held at the stockyards prepared for them by Joseph G. McCoy. However, there was no immediate sale for them. The very first shipment of cattle left for Chicago on September 5. McCoy was jubilant. He was confident that he had helped to inaugurate a new era for cattle selling. And indeed he had!

There were several popular trails that the cowmen traveled, but the most popular and by far the one most often used was The Chisholm Trail. In many novels and songs the Chisholm Trail has been described as having its beginning in the lower part of Texas. In all truth it didn't even reach down into Texas. It only extended as far as the Canadian River, through what was then Indian Territory, or later, Oklahoma. The Shawnee Trail led up from the lower tip of Texas, converged with the trail that had taken Jesse Chisholm's name. However, as time wore on all trails that came up from Texas and led into Kansas were labeled Chisholm, and it stuck.

Jesse Chisholm, for whom the trail was named, was a half-breed Cherokee Indian born of Cherokee and Scottish parents in Tennessee in 1805 or '06. He had gone West with the Cherokees and had settled with them in Northwestern Arkansas while he was still quite young. Later he went to Fort Gibson with his mother and an aunt. It was there that his aunt married Sam Houston, who was then Governor of Tennessee. With a Robert Bean Jesse had laid out a wagon road in 1832. It led from Fort Smith to Fort Towson. Later, he became a trader at the mouth of the Little River. He eventually married a half-blood Creek Indian woman and became manager of a trading post at Council Grove, on the north fork of the Canadian River.

He knew the country well, and could speak several Indian languages. He was in great demand as both interpreter and guide. In 1836 he led a party of whites up the Arkansas River to the mouth of the Little Arkansas, in search of a gold mine. He was instrumental also, in helping rescue white persons that had become captives of unfriendly tribes, and helped to affect their return to their families. He was a friend to both the whites and the Indians. He was known to the latter as "the man with a straight tongue".

After the Civil War was over, and the last shots had been fired, Jesse had trailed over three thousand head of cattle to the prairies of Kansas to be delivered to the Sac and Fox agencies. Soon other traders began using the trail he had pioneered, and it became known as "The Chisholm Trail".

Jesse died in 1868, at the age of 63. He had eaten from a cooking pot which had been smeared with bear grease, thus poisoning him. He died from Cholera morbus. Little did he dream that one day he'd become so famous and that his name would go down in history.

On his tombstone was marked: "Jesse Chisholm, Born 1805; Died March 4th, 1868. No One Left His Home Cold Or Hungry."

The trail from Texas started near where Brownsville is now, and came on up through San Antonio, Austin and Waco, crossed over to come through Fort Worth, then on to Denton and thence to Red River into Indian Territory and on to Abilene.

Fort Worth had gradually taken on the responsibility of being the last town the herd passed through where the cowhand could outfit himself with saddles, rope, boots and other things he would need on the trip North, and the saloons in Fort Worth became popular for the cowhand to frequent whenever he stopped there. Among the several towns that became "cattle towns" through the cowboys homing there for their good times, Fort Worth was *(Continued on page 48)*

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THE CASE OF THE

William died using his last breath to curse a woman, and almost four years later David Terry met his violent end in an explosive incident involving that very same lady, his wife...

by Frank M. Freeman

WILLIAM SHARON, A REALTOR by vocation and a gambler by avocation, was a familiar sight upon the streets of San Francisco. Sharon was a worthy opponent at the poker table who seldom lost but paid his gambling debts with good grace when he did lose.

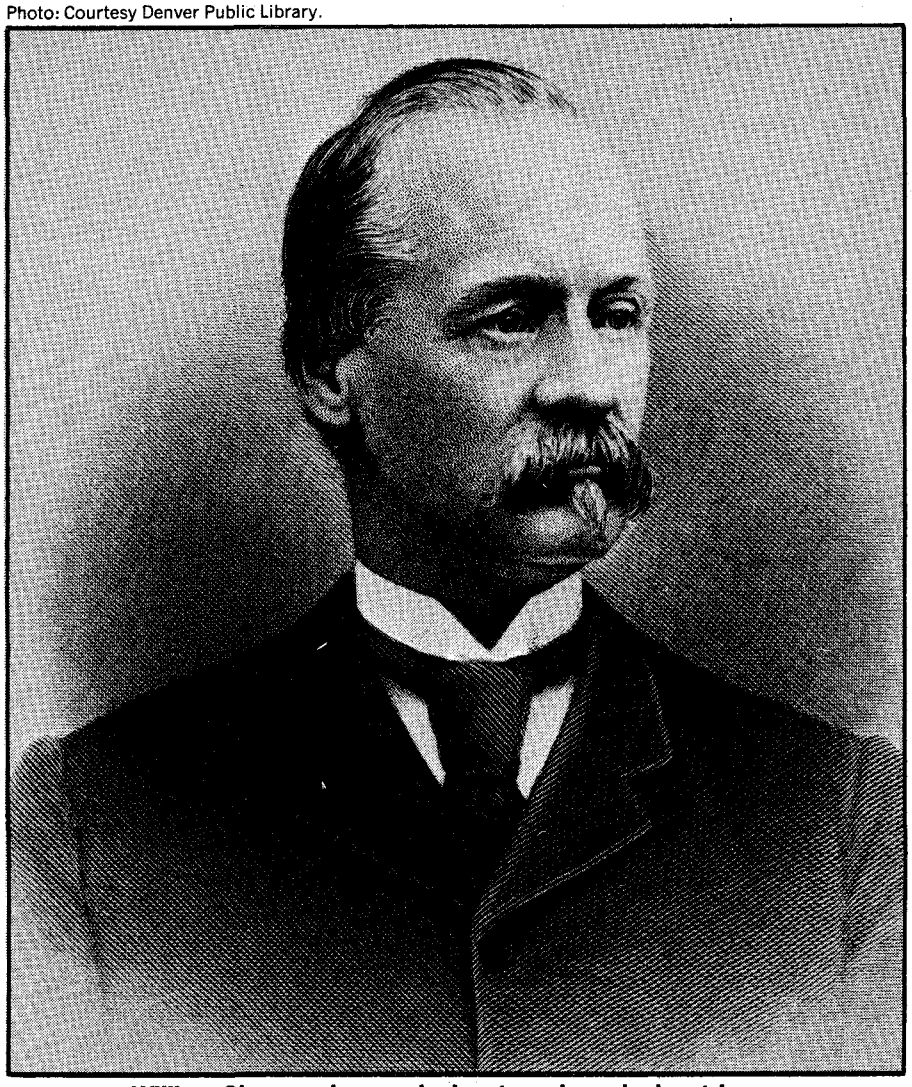
Sharon was a California Forty-Niner. He was a man of small stature, with dark hair and mustache, and a pair of beady black eyes peering from beneath dark eyebrows. His visage was the traditional stony face of the true gambler, never betraying the inner emotions.

That summer of 1864 Sharon deserted the gaming tables for another form of gambling, speculating in mining stocks; and as a consequence of his speculation, he lost his fortune of $150,000, having been fleeced by crooked stock brokers. In desperate financial straits, Sharon induced his friend Colonel John Fry to help him get a job with William Ralston's Bank of California. William Sharon was given the position of manager of the Virginia City, Nevada, branch of the Bank of California.

During the ensuing years, by means of devious business machinations, Sharon grew to be one of the wealthiest, most influential individuals in all of California and Nevada. He repaid his employers by becoming most instrumental in the failure of the Bank of California and the financial ruin of numerous people in California and Nevada, among whom was his erstwhile employer and friend William Ralston, who was driven to suicide as a result of his bankruptcy.

Sharon's unscrupulous, underhanded business methods earned for him the undying hatred of virtually all Nevadans and Californians who chortled with unholy glee when at long last Sharon was given his comeuppance by a frail member of the weaker sex.

Photo: Courtesy Denver Public Library.



William Sharon—he was lucky at cards, unlucky at love.

The roof commenced to fall in around Sharon's ears in the early fall of 1883, when, in September, one Gertie Deitz had him hauled into court and charged with adultery.

Sharon was arrested, taken to police court, and then released on bail. The bewildered police magistrate could not help but wonder how in the Sam Hill Sharon, a widower, could be guilty of adultery?

A man named William Neilson, who had filed the complaint upon behalf of the Deitz woman, then came forth announcing that Sharon had most surely committed adultery because of the fact the alleged adultery had been carried on with Gertie Deitz at a time when Sharon was secretly married to another woman.

Neilson solemnly claimed to have in his possession a document purporting to be a written secret marriage agreement between Sharon and a woman named Sarah Althea Hill.

The apopletic, raging Sharon blew his top yelling "foul!" at the top of his lungs, claiming that he was being taken in by an obvious confidence scheme. He sent his attorney scurrying to the federal circuit court in San Francisco in an effort to have the purported secret marriage agreement declared a fraud.

The lady in the case, Sarah Althea Hill, a beauteous young woman from Missouri, now put in an appearance in the state superior court. She declared

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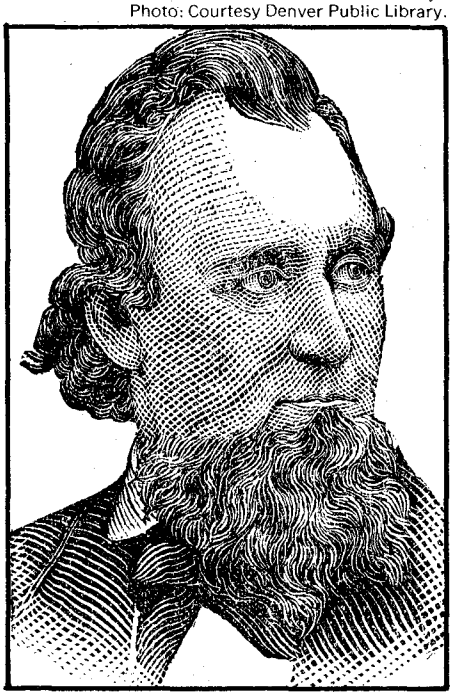
TWO IMPERIOUS MEN

that she and the Senator from Nevada, William Sharon, had been man and wife since August 25, 1880, and that she had on hand the secret marriage agreement mentioned earlier by William Neilson. She requested that the court grant her a divorce, alimony, lawyer fees and a division of community property.

Sarah testified that she had become acquainted with Sharon while patronizing the Bank of California. In due time, Sharon paid a call on her at her hotel lodgings, and smitten with her charms, offered to set her up in a love nest as his mistress. But she had flatly turned down the proposition. Sarah, however, agreed to become the secret wife of Sharon and the following agreement to that effect was said to have been dictated to Sarah Althea Hill by Sharon. The document read:

In the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, on the 25th day of August, A.D. 1880, I, Senator William Sharon of the State of Nevada, age 60 years, do here, in the presence of Almighty God, take Sarah Althea Hill of the city of San Francisco, California, to be my lawful and wedded wife and do here acknowledge myself to be the husband of Sarah Althea Hill (Sgd.) W.M. Sharon, August 25, 1880.

Photo: Courtesy Denver Public Library.



David S. Terry—a fiery advocate.

Photo: Courtesy Denver Public Library.

Sarah Terry hated William Sharon.

Sharon and his bride set up housekeeping in a San Francisco hostelry. Sharon felt ill during the months he lived with Sarah, and fearing that he was destined to meet his maker, begged his wife to relinquish possession of the secret marriage agreement. Apparently, Sharon wanted the document destroyed so Sarah would have no claim upon his estate if he were to die.

Sarah claimed that she did not know where the document was located. Sarah's declaration that she did not know the whereabouts of the secret paper so angered Sharon that he choked her into insensibility, dragging her unconscious form into the bedroom closet, leaving her on the floor for dead.

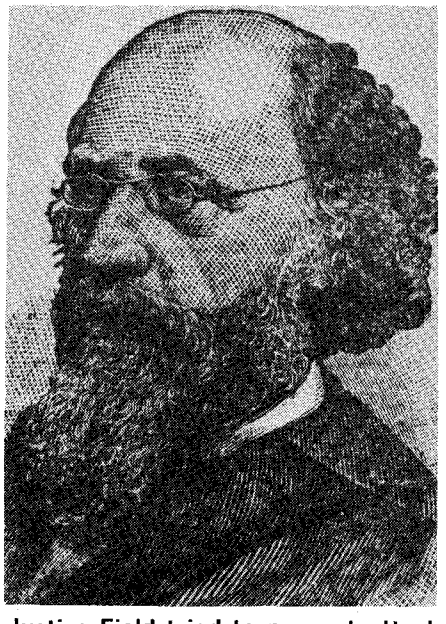
When Sharon's day in court arrived, he endeavored to prove Sarah's testimony a tissue of lies, declaring that he had not signed his name to a secret marriage agreement. In addition, Sharon attempted through private detectives to dig up something in the past life of Sarah that would blacken her reputation, but he met with no success.

Sarah had a battery of six legal beagles directing her legal maneuvers and the half dozen attorneys were soon joined by a seventh, a sixty-year old lawyer by the name of David S. Terry. The newcomer habitually carried a razor sharp Bowie knife concealed in a scabbard hanging beneath his left arm pit, a lethal weapon he would not hesitate to use, it was declared, if given the slightest provocation.

Sarah's case rested upon the validity of the secret marriage agreement which was now produced in court. The document was written upon a sheet of ruled tablet paper. The defense claimed the document was a fake and Sharon's signature upon the paper a forgery.

On December 24, 1884, the Judge handed down a decision in favor of Sarah, much to the intense chagrin of Sharon. Sarah was now in a position to hit the tight-fisted, avaricious William Sharon where it would hurt him the most, in his pocketbook.

Author's Photo.



Justice Field tried to prevent attack.

William Sharon died on November 13, 1885, cursing the name of Sarah Althea Hill with his last breath. Few mourned the passing of Sharon. In fact, most people in California and Nevada probably read the deceased's obituary with ill concealed pleasure.

Following Sharon's death, attorneys for his estate and the legal forces representing Sarah Althea Hill fought one engagement after another in the California courts in a series of legal contests that lasted for years. During the course of the suits and counter suits, lawyer David S. Terry made Sarah his wife.

Sharon's heirs took their case to the Federal Circuit Court where, sitting with another federal judge of the Federal Circuit Court was United States Supreme Court Justice Stephen J. Field, acting as a traveling circuit judge since the United States Supreme Court was not in session at the time in Washington, D.C.

(Continued on page 47)

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THE CAMERA TOLD IT LIKE IT WAS

He was pushing straight WEST... and headed his team into the vast, trackless stretches of grassy prairie, bending and leaning with the wind... No one had to tell Prettyman he was the very first photographer in the world to ever be there, at that time and place...

Mr. Prettyman's portrait is from "Indian Territory: A Frontier Photographic Record," by W.S. Prettyman; edited by R.E. Cunningham; copyright, Univ. of Okla. Press.

William S. Prettyman, a frontier photographer.

by Barbara Hale Penot

CLOUDS BOILED OVERHEAD as the man in the wagon whipped his mules to a faster pace. If William S. Prettyman was going to make it across the Salt Fork before the rain hit, he was going to have to hurry. He had been warned that the Arkansas can change from a stream to a raging torrent in minutes.

In the Ponca camp that he had just left, the Indians had urged him with wild gesticulations to stay. The old medicine man had even tried to pull the harness off the mules when he saw that Prettyman didn't intend to heed his warnings!

Prettyman shivered now as the chilly spring gusts pierced his shirt, and he remembered how the wind had whipped the medicine man's dirty white robe off his bent old shoulders.

"Git up, y' slowpokes, git up," he yelled at the racing mules, slapping their rolling rumps with the backs of the reins.

About half a mile in front of him, he could see the trees that grew along the river bank bending with the wind, and he knew the gusts were growing stronger. He tried to shut his eyes, slitting them just enough to follow the set of ruts stretching out before the team in the direction of the river.

The muddy Arkansas tumbled and swelled as he drove the mules into the stream. Water already slapped at the underside of the wagon. Prettyman breathed relief as the mules heaved and pulled the loaded vehicle up on the other side. Another half hour, he judged, looking back at the rising river, and they wouldn't have made it.

Lightning split the dark sky, and the mules leaped in panic. Prettyman leaned back on the reins with all his strength, but it was nothing against the stubborn power of his team.

The wagon bumped and jolted across the prairie. Thinking of his plates and cameras in the back of the wagon, Prettyman gritted his teeth and swore at the mules, but the sound of his voice was drowned out by a clap of thunder.

The mules lurched even more wildly ahead. A splintering crack seemed to raise Prettyman from his seat on the wagon. An instant later, he was flying through the air.

Events were racing ahead of his brain, but he vaguely knew that the wagon tongue had snapped, and the mules, freed from their burden, were plunging wildly through the storm, and his hands were still wrapped around the reins.

With an effort he straightened out his clenched fingers, and his body thudded to the ground. Out of breath, Prettyman clenched his fists and cursed himself as the hoofbeats faded out. Then the rain began.

He forced himself to his feet even though his windpipe still screamed for air. Flying back to the wagon, he found the canvas cover peeled back like a woman's petticoat caught in the wind.

He pulled the blue and green backdrops of canvas from the bottom of the wagon and covered the plates and cameras as well as he could. He hated these fake backdrops, splattered with blue sky and clouds and streaked with trees and leaves, but some of the Indians who had been to town to have their pictures made in a studio, insisted on his using them. He smiled ruefully—they were going to come in handy after all.

William Prettyman covered his belongings as carefully as possible, then he curled around on top of the heap, giving himself up to the beating of the raindrops on his weatherbeaten skin. Never again, he promised, would he go against the warnings of the wise old medicine men.

The next morning the sky was clear, the sun bright again. Prettyman stretched out his clothes and canvases in the sunlight to dry and repacked all the equipment. Surprisingly little of it had been damaged.

Then he set out to find the team and found they'd gone a long way. He walked for many weary hours before he found them stamping their feet and munching lush prairie grass.

He fashioned another doubletree from one of the nearby

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Illus: Univ. of Okla. Library.

Prettyman was there to picture these homesteaders "holding down" town lots when Guthrie was a tent city (1889).

hackberry limbs and climbed atop the head mule. "Giddyap, Nellie," he whispered in her ear, "we've got a long way to go."

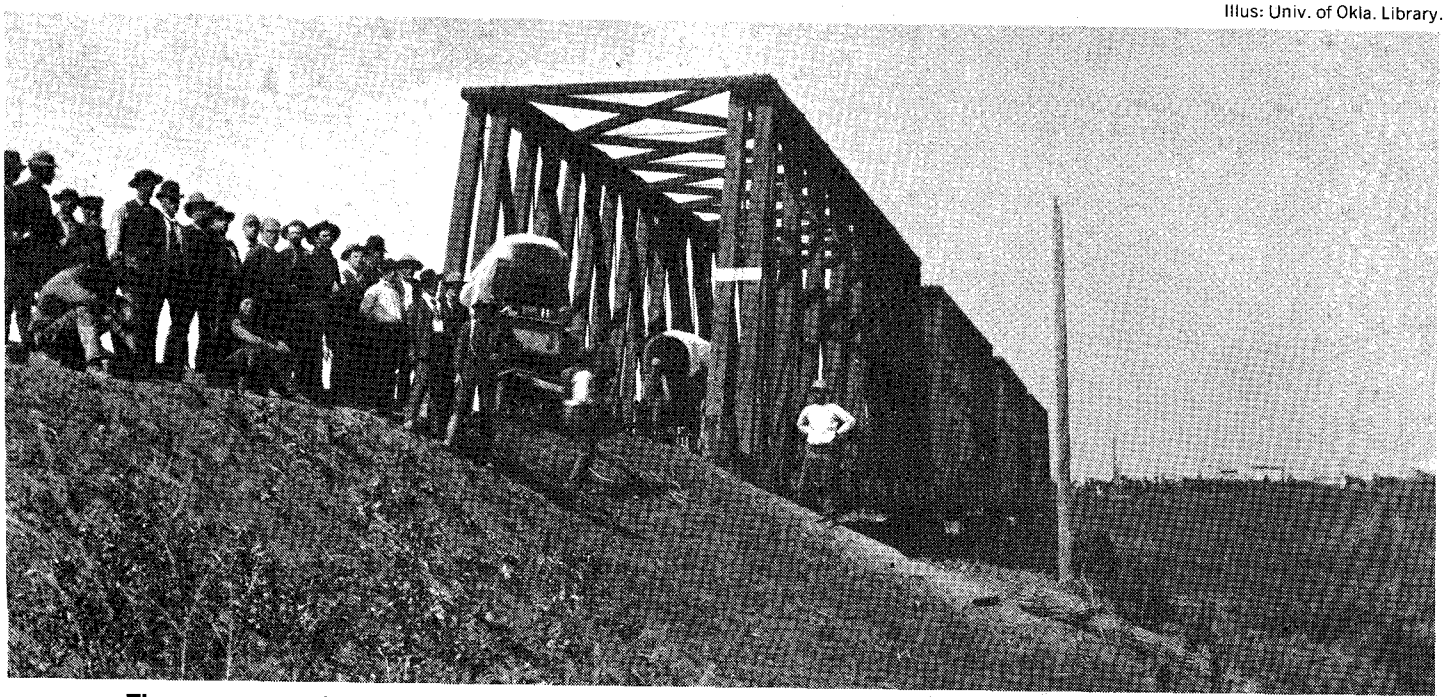
Thinking back on it, the photographer thought that he'd already come a long way. He'd been born on November 12, 1858 in Princess Anne County, Maryland. By the time the Civil War had ended, young William was old enough to relish the stories of Indians and pioneers that the men of Maryland brought back from the mysterious frontier across the big river.

At the age of 21, William felt the common urge of all young men of the time to go west, and shortly after his twenty-first birthday he stepped off the train at Emporia, Kansas, with five cents in his pocket.

He used this money to buy a postcard and stamp to announce his safe arrival to his relatives back home.

He tried a number of odd jobs to earn food and lodging before he found a profession completely new and strange, but extremely fascinating. He became an apprentice to a Civil

Illus: Univ. of Okla. Library.



The camera was there to record boomers crossing their horses on the railroad bridge on Salt Ford River (1889).

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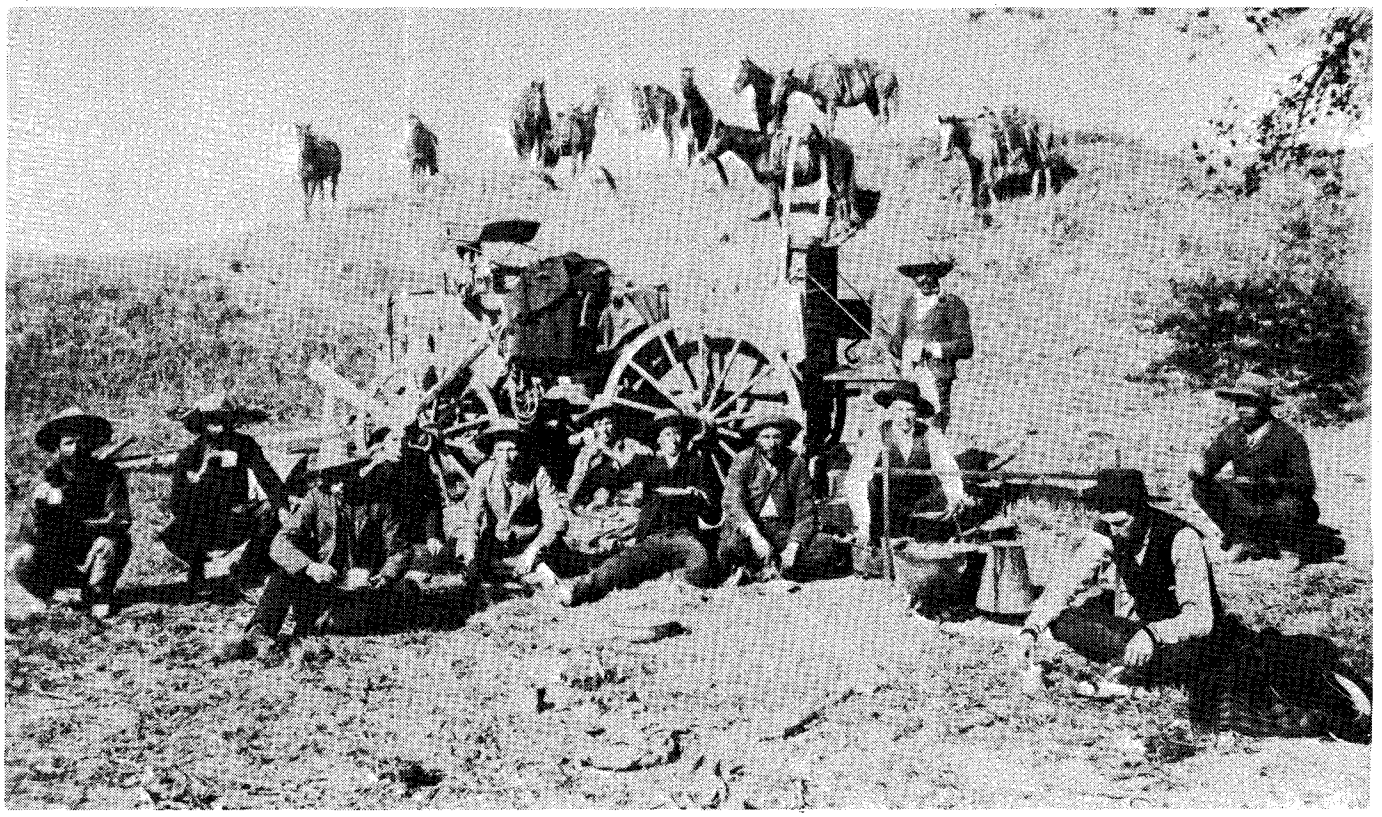


The young photographer was right there on Turkey Creek Ranch (1885) to catch GOW cowboys and chuckwagon.

War photographer, I.H. Bonsall, who operated a gallery in Arkansas City, Kansas.

When Bonsall drifted to Kansas after the Civil War, photography was brand new in the West. For nearly half a century, the wide open spaces, the colorful inhabitants of the region, and the adventure there, had belonged to the province of the artists—George Catlin, Alfred Jacob Miller, Seth Eastman, Carl Bodmer, Charles Deas, and others.

These artists had brought the living West to the world, but with the misty element of imagination and individual impression. Now photographers were moving in behind them with their awkward equipment, which was the best that era afforded, to capture the realism that time and faulty memories would not distort.

Bonsall was too old to join the ranks of the active photographers. He kept picturing the town and area where he had settled. But in Prettyman he produced a successor with the youth and vision to make sure that through this succession would be captured the essence of the great West.

Prettyman was not long in mastering the rudiments of portrait photography, and in a short time he opened his own gallery. It was a success from the very beginning. He was able to get pictures of the most interesting figures of the times.

He caught veterans of the Civil War, still wearing remnants of their blue or grey uniforms. He portrayed sturdy pioneer women in their sunbonnets and aprons, seated at their spinning wheels, or parading in their Sunday finery—top-heavy Fifth Avenue hats weighing heavily upon their heads.

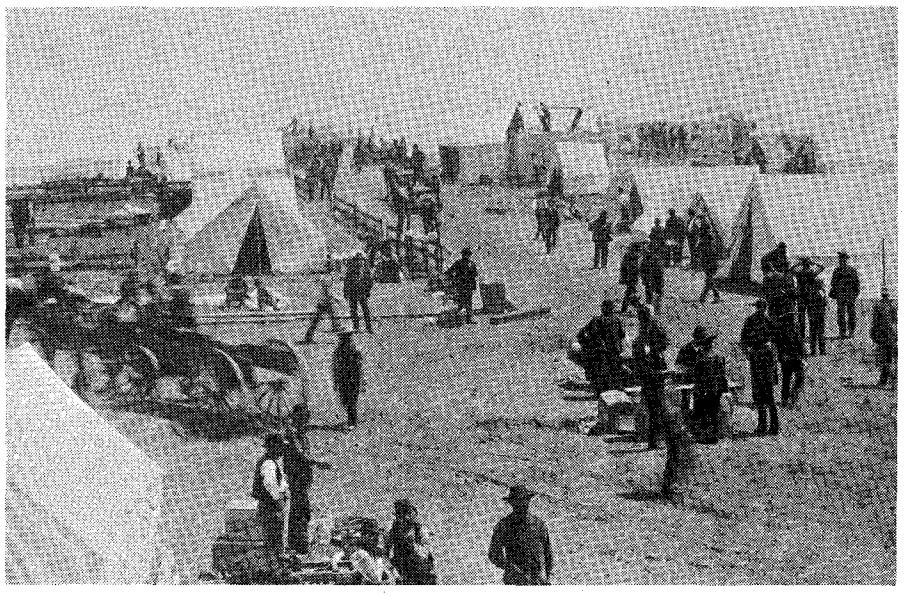
Indians, clad in their finest buckskins, posed in front of the false waterfalls painted on the studio walls. Prettyman photographed the men who kept the law, and also, the men who broke it.

Once a smooth-faced young man nervously entered Prettyman's studio. He wore a heavy revolver at his hip. When he began to comb his hair to make ready for the photograph, he pulled his six-shooter out of its holster and laid it on the washstand in front of him.

The nineteen-year-old baby-faced gunman plastered his hair with so much water that Prettyman knew the picture would be a flop. The photographer objected in strong, gruff vernacular, making the boy so jittery that he had to have a headrest to hold him steady during the exposure.

Later Prettyman was to find that he had shot a collector's item that day—one of the rare pictures of the notorious outlaw, Bob Dalton. Still later, Prettyman was to photograph him again—this time lying dead, killed with three others of his wild gang in a gun battle at Coffeyville, Kansas.

Illus: Univ. of Okla. Library.



Comprehensive view of boomtown Guthrie, Oklahoma, and hopeful boomers.

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On warm day Chief Pa-Ship-Pa-Ho donned wool blanket for Portrait.

Among those he pictured who were on the side of law and order was Judge Isaac C. Parker, a kindly old gentleman from Fort Smith, Arkansas. Operating out of a federal court, this judge dealt out stern justice over his riotous territory. During his tenure he ordered 88 criminals to be hanged from the gallows. It must not be forgotten that his domain was thick with murderers, thieves and conmen.

That had been only a short time ago, Prettyman mused, as he prodded the mules to a faster pace and checked the hackberry branch he had strapped to the backs of the rear mules. Seeing his new doubletree safely bumping along across the backs of the strong mules, Prettyman sucked in a long, satisfying breath of rain-cooled morning air.

He was an outdoorsman, and he loved the spaciousness of the prairies. Maybe that's why he'd been called on this mission outside the acrid, smoke-filled darkrooms where a kerosene lamp was always burning, and fumes from the acetic acid used in developing the prints seared his lungs.

Or maybe it was the artificialty of photographing the splendid red man cooped up in his smoky studio that drove Prettyman to the plains. Photographing an Indian in a studio against a fake background was to him akin to picturing an eagle in a cage.

The photographer began to collect the equipment necessary to make the trips into Indian Territory soon after opening the studio. His first outfit was pulled by two yoke of oxen. It made the young photographer smile as he remembered his pride in that first traveling gear. But even before he loaded up and took off for Indian Territory, he was offered a chance to join a military expedition as official photographer in a campaign against the Apaches—and he jumped at it.

While he was with the army, the photographer-adventurer ran across the badly mutilated body of a close friend who had been captured by the Apaches. The experience was sickening, but somehow he came through it bearing no ill will toward the red men who had committed the deed, and later on when he headed his covered wagon into Indian Territory, he traveled alone and unarmed except for his hunting rifle.

As his thoughts wandered, Prettyman leaned back on the old mule to shift position. Only one more mile, he figured and they'd be back to the covered wagon. That wagon had taken him many a mile.

Jogging along, his thoughts took him back to his first trip into the territory, shortly after he'd crossed the Kansas state line. He had come to a crossroad of which one branch led to the southeast, the other to the northwest. Prettyman had taken neither. He headed his team straight down the middle, until soon no road could be seen—just vast stretches of grassy prairie, bending and leaning with the wind.

A swift thrill of exhilaration swelled in the photographer's throat. He was on his way to land and sights that few white men had ever seen. The boxed-in studio was far behind him.

Like the surge of a tide, Prettyman's new-felt freedom carried him deeper and deeper into the territory, until several days later he found that he was lost. He wasn't really worried—he knew he could find his way back to Kansas, but he wanted pictures. Pictures that no one else had ever snapped.

He wandered for days before giving up and heading north for home. Defeat wearied his eyes. He let the mules move at their own pace, barely bothering to slap the reins over their backs occasionally. He slumped deep in the wagon seat, scarcely noticing the shallow stream he crossed or the hard-beaten path that the mules clicked their heels over.

Suddenly Prettyman straightened and blinked his eyes. A path meant people, and before he could think further, his one-wagon caravan was pulling into the edge of an Osage village.

Tall, hard-muscled red men with roached hair-dress ignored him with sullen faces—refused to speak to him when he called them. Sleek, black-haired women wrapped in gay striped blankets kept their eyes to the ground and their children close to them as the cumbersome vehicle creaked awkwardly down the middle of the settlement.

Dazed by the chilled reception, Prettyman felt eerie fingers tugging at the pit of his stomach. *(Continued on page 45)*

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When The Lapp Ladies

When Captain William S. Graves cut off the interpreter's illegal whiskey supply, the latter got even by making the Lapp ladies understand they were on an unlimited expense account, so to speak—and it was amazing how quickly those "naive" Arctic dolls got the point!

by John Hilton

IN THE WINTER of 1897 the United States War Department held a hearing that cost the nation untold hundreds of dollars and resulted in one of the most fantastic schemes ever to involve a government agency. It was promulgated by one Sheldon Jackson, a missionary, and it had the enthusiastic support of the population of the country as have few good-will projects before or since.

Recall that it was July 15th of that year that the *Excelsior* came down from the Yukon, bearing the first of the Lucky Ones who'd struck it rich in the vast and wintry Territory of Alaska. Aboard was a blacksmith who'd made a cool $115,000; a fruit grower with $130,000; and a YMCA secretary who'd picked up $85,000 in two months. There were stories of a servant girl who gathered $24,000 in a single day, and a gold pan that yielded $800 in one scoop. The gold, the Charmed Ones said, was coarse as gravel, easily picked up by one and all!

Right away the country went wild, for there was a depression abroad in the land. Everybody was suffering from it, including the citizens of Seattle, some of whom were reduced to picking up clams for food as their forefathers done in the old days. The good news of the Alaska strike electrified them all, re-awakening in every breast the old American dream of quick and easy riches. And nowhere was the excitement quite so great as in Seattle.

A few second-thinkers, including the Seattle businessmen and the newspaper's editor, sat down together to study the situation. Seattle, they reasoned, by the grace of God and a good harbor, was the natural shoving-off place for the gold seekers, especially as it was the nearest port to Alaska. Why let the benefits go to Portland, or San Francisco, or some other outlandish place?

They set up a promotion scheme that got results even beyond their expectations. The once-stagnant port became the scene of great activity as men flooded into Seattle bound for the gold fields.

The would-be miners included city slickers, Chinese, country boys, small towners, professional men, and just about everybody who wasn't hog-tied. None of them knew anything about mining, or the equipment they would need, so they fell easy prey to the astute merchants who unloaded stores of goods that later would prove worthless, or an encumbrance, once they reached the Alaskan passes and rivers, which they did by literally thousands.

Few, however, got to Dawson with much more than the clothes on their backs. By fall, when the snow fell in Alaska, stories began to drift back to the States of the sufferings and struggles they endured in the wilderness of ice. Before long there was a rumor—not true, but good copy—that thousands of them were winter-locked in Dawson with nothing at all to eat. Since almost every family across the land had a member, a friend, or a relative in that vast horde, the stories hit hard. Soon there was a feeling across the land that the government should "do something" to help poor, starving Dawson, 'way up there

A Lapp lady with three mighty herders; she looks pleased, no doubt because she and other Lapp ladies led U.S. War Dept. merry chase in gold rush days.

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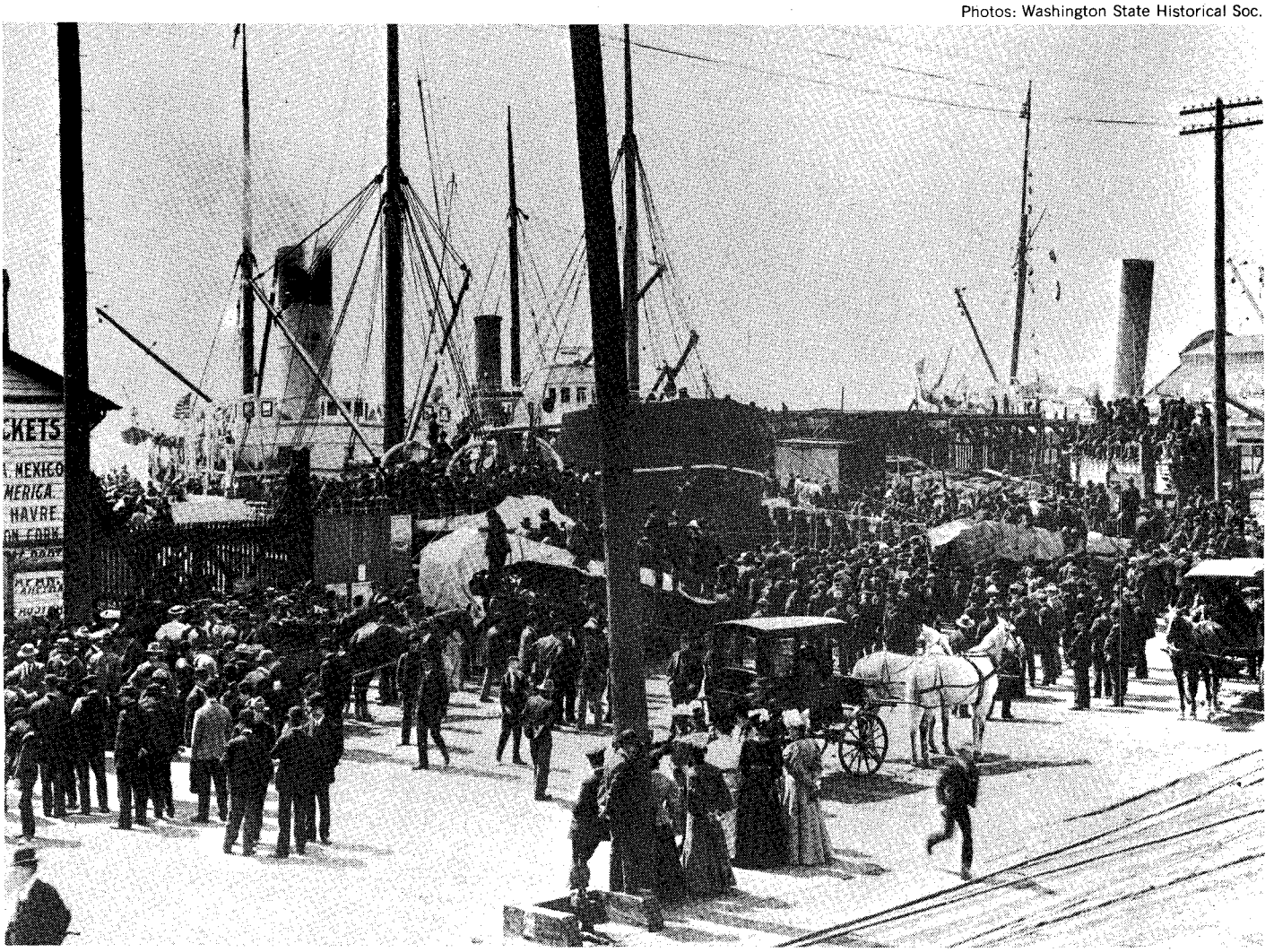
Came To SEATTLE

Photos: Washington State Historical Soc.



Gold seekers embarking for Alaska; publicity by Seattle newsmen, plus nat'l depression, alerted argonauts.

on the cold, frozen arctic circle.

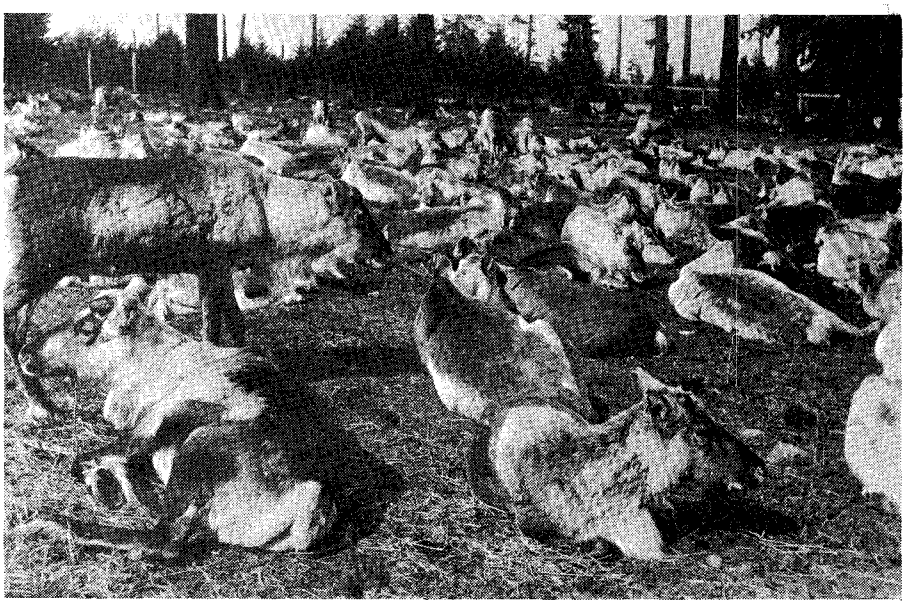
The fact was, the Canadian Mounted Police had sent most of the impoverished miners down the Yukon by steamer before the winter set in. Others, forewarned, had hiked to Fort Yukon in Circle City; and the rest were tucked in safe and sound. The only ones who expired were those who contracted "lead fever," or some such trouble.

Of course, no inkling of this reached the States, and as the nip of fall gave way to winter, hearts began to bleed. The cry for the government to go to the aid of Dawson became a howl of dramatic proportions.

The problem was shuttled off on the War Department, and the Secretary was willing to oblige, that is, do something, but the question was—what?

Numerous ideas were suggested, and the War Department bought up a number of ingenious inventions, including one

(Continued on page 46)



Original reindeer in Woodland Park, Seattle, bedded down and refused to eat, causing further complications for the War Department.

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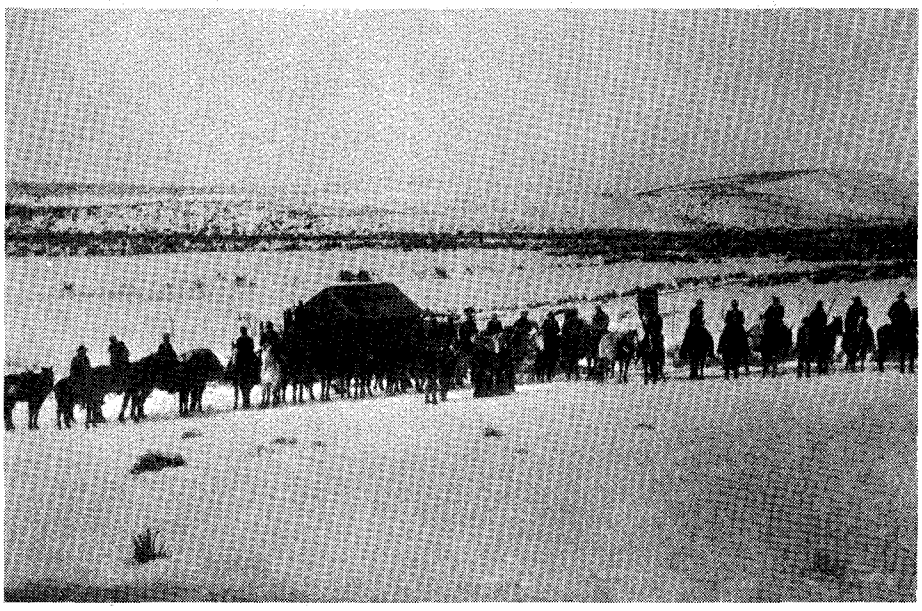
Eagleville posse, ready to take up the trail of the Indians.

The old Indians had settled down to the new way of life, resenting their lot, but despairing of changing it. The young knew no other. Shoshone Mike made one last try

by Lee Berk

THE LAST INDIAN WAR



The posse at Camp Denio, Nevada, heading for the Indian trail.

HE WAS OLD ENOUGH to recall the carefree days of his youth. He was young enough to recapture the nomadic ways of his people. He was discontented enough to be reckless. He was barbarous enough to disregard the cost.

His name was Mike—a Shoshone. An American Indian. He fought the last war against the whites.

January of 1910 was a repetition of the score of Januarys that had gone before, and a preview of the Januarys yet to come for Nevada's Indians. Gone forever was the wandering way of life the Indians of the Great Basin had lived since time began. Dreary repetitious years of reservation life lay behind and ahead for the once carefree people. The eighty-two years since the first white men entered the basin's deserts had changed them from the curious, trusting children Peter Ogden's trappers found, to the bitter, restless groups that peopled the Duck Valley, Pyramid Lake and McDermitt Reservations.

These reservations were populated by an older generation who remembered the days when they roamed wherever they felt that living would be the easiest; a life they had led for many years, even after the coming of the white men. And populated also by a younger generation that knew only the confines of the reservation, an occasional trip to a ranch to work or to a town. In times of need, blankets, beef and flour were doled out by the government. The old Indians had settled down to the new way of life, resenting their lot, but despairing of changing it. The young knew no other.

For a few, Mike changed all that. They turned back the clock. In the parlance of the day, they "jumped" the reservation. Duck Valley would see them no more.

A message to Herbert Humphries from Eagleville, California, read in part: "Your camp tender just came in. Cambron, Indiano, Laxague and Erramauspe left Denio camp to go seven miles away to the sheep on January 19th. But they never reached them. They have not been seen since." The message was dated February 8th, 1911.

One news reporter theorized in his paper, "Caught in a blinding blizzard, uncertain of their course, they succumbed to the zero temperature and perished."

Less dramatic, the receiver of the message, a partner in the sheep business with the missing Cambron, was more worried that they had been poisoned by eating canned fruit.

The four men had disappeared into the snow-covered wilderness of the northwest corner of Nevada. The "Denio" camp they had left on January 19th was a sheep camp belonging to a Will Denio. Their destination was

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still another camp at Soldier Meadows.

As rumors and theories about the fate of the missing sheep men spread over the country, Ben Cambron, a brother of one of the missing men, organized a search party and set out from Eagleville for the sheep camps.

They had just one lead. A camp tender told the searchers of hearing the men decide to detour to a small canyon where one of them had been puzzled over the discovery of the carcasses of three freshly killed and skinned beeves.

When word of the clue reached Winnemucca, new theories about the men's disappearance developed. Perhaps they had met with a gang of rustlers. Perhaps they had been robbed and killed for their valuables. The cutthroat gang of Pat Russell was mentioned, as they were known to be in the area. By now, everyone discounted the story that they had lost their lives to a blizzard. Only time and the search party would tell.

Time stood still in Little High Rock Canyon. Time had stopped for the four frozen bodies it contained. Harry Cambron, John B. Laxague, Bertrand Indiano and Peter Erramauspe, the latter three French Basques, had come to this little canyon to investigate the three beef carcasses Indiano had discovered while riding to join the others at Denio's camp.

The search party rode into Little High Rock Canyon on February 9th. They soon discovered their friends, now grotesque forms frozen into the snow.

Examination showed the bodies were clad only in underclothing. They had been shot. Their outer clothing, supplies, valuables and horses were gone. Further search of the area turned up the almost skeletal remains of two horses and the carcasses of six beeves. Unidentifiable, windblown tracks led south into the Black Rock Desert. One important find was made: strips of beef strung together over a long-dead fire to dry and smoke. One of the men remarked it was the way jerky was made—by Indians.

SHOSHONE Mike and his band had reached Little High Rock Canyon first. The trail they followed getting there was a long one. A year had passed since leaving the Duck Valley Reservation. Pulling out with meager supplies and poorly mounted, they had roamed Elko County: stealing a horse here, butchering a beef there. Snaring rabbits, pilfering sheep camps. At Cow Creek they were caught stealing by four white men and killed one of them in getting away. His name was Frank Dopp, sixteen years old. Fearing pursuit, the band of Indians faded into the hills and headed west. No pursuit was made. No report of the killing of the boy was made either, for he was riding with a crew which was also operating outside the law. A year later two of them were arrested and charged with the murder of a bar owner and his wife at Imlay, Nevada.

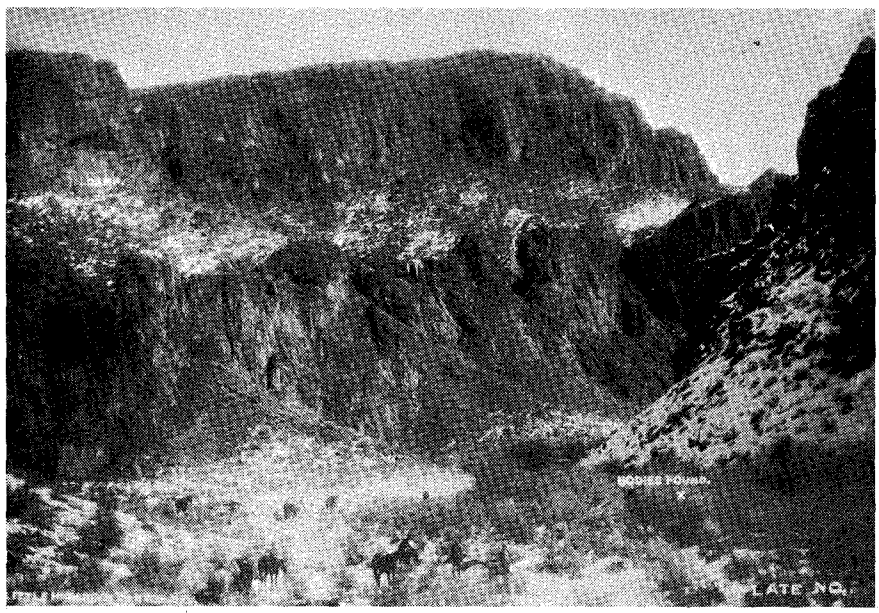
Mike and his band made their way across Northern Nevada. By June of 1910, they were in the Jackson Mountains of Humboldt County where they traded for some old harness at the Lay ranch. Making their way farther west, they approached the California border. Here they found a lone Chinaman and killed him for his money. They got four dollars.

Again fearing pursuit, the Indians reversed their course. Their fears were groundless. No one saw this murder. No one missed the unlucky Chinese.

Fearing contact with all white men, the Indians stayed hidden in the mountains and canyons of northern Washoe and Humboldt Counties. Strangely, they did not even contact the Indians at nearby Summit Lake Reservation. Apparently they trusted no one.

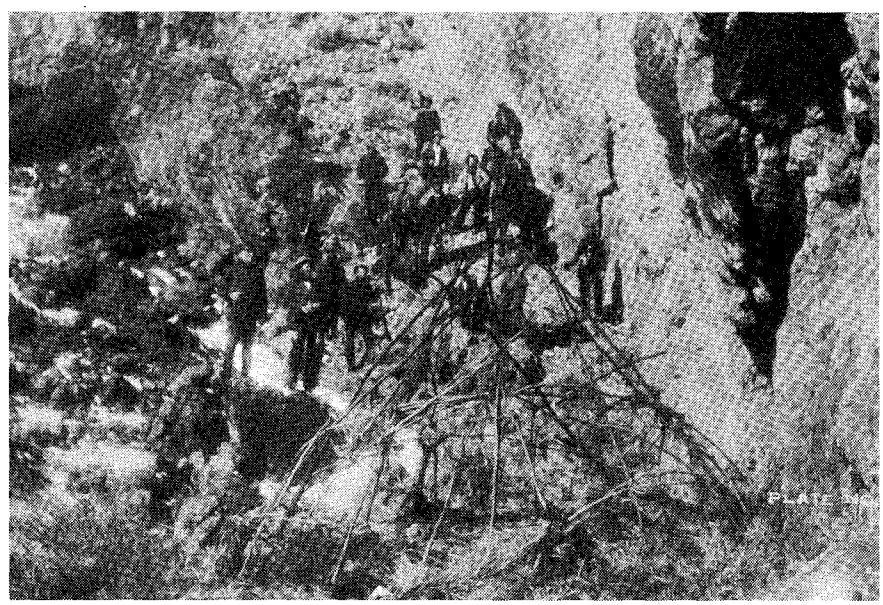
Living off the land was not the same carefree life Shoshone Mike remembered. Deer and antelope were not as

Author's Photos



Little High Rock Canyon, where the bodies of slain sheep men were found.

Posse at canyon with the framework of Indian's skin shelter in forefront.



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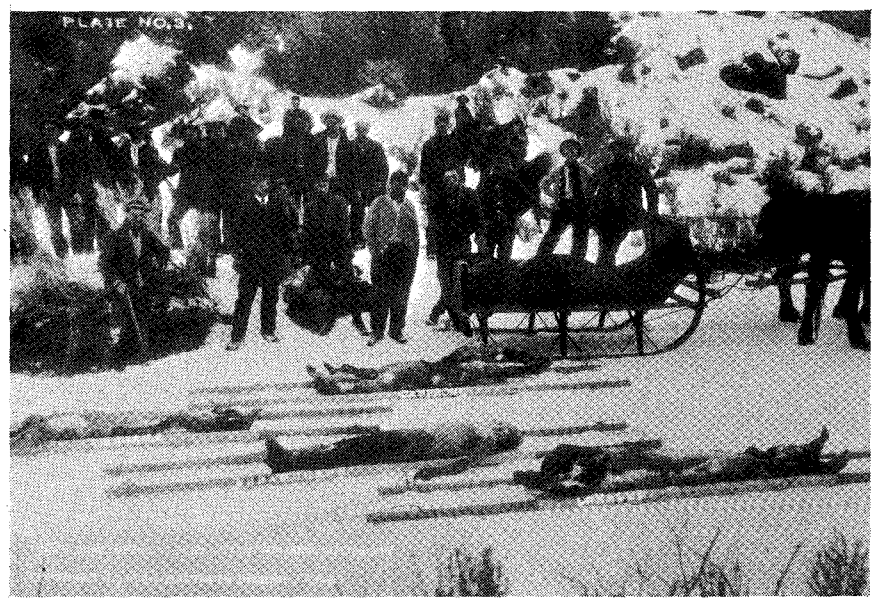
Corpses of the murdered sheep men.



Bringing the slain men's bodies back.

plentiful. Cattle and sheep could be found, but their owners kept a watchful eye on them. Slowly their supplies dwindled. Winter arrived and found them dressed in rags. Their horses found little grass and soon shrank to living skeletons.

They made camp in Little High Rock Canyon. On January 18, 1911, they drove three head of Miller and Lux cattle into the canyon and butchered them. They hid when a white man rode down the canyon, but feared that they had been seen. They had not. Bertrand Indiano saw only the skinned carcasses. Seen or not, the Indians couldn't do anything about it. They had to take time to smoke the beef before they could break camp and perhaps the rest would do their poor horses some good.

Mixed thoughts must have passed through the minds of Mike and the other members of his band next day when four white men rode into the canyon. Being discovered so near the slaughtered beef would point an accusing finger at them. The white men would probably arrest them and send them to jail. This would lead to their being charged with the murder of the white boy and the Chinaman. At the very least, it would mean being returned to the confinement of the reservation.

Why let this happen? They had already killed two people without being caught. These four were miles from any other whites. They had good horses, warm clothes, food, blankets, maybe money. These white men were the answer to the survival of the Indians. Kill them!

They did. Catching them by surprise as they dismounted to look at the dead beeves, the Indians made them put their hands in the air. Then they disarmed Cambron, who was carrying a pistol and marched them to the Indian camp. Here they forced them to take off their warm clothing. Then the Indians shot them.

Something must have welled up in them when they had gone this far, that came from the depths of their Indian souls. All their hatred against the people who had changed their way of life came out of them at once. They became primitive savages. Two of the men they shot repeatedly even after they were dead. They carved the upper lip with moustache off one of the men and put it with the queue they had cut off of the Chinaman they had killed.

THE stunned search party returned to Denio's camp for a wagon in which to haul the bodies of their four friends back to Eagleville. Some of them left for the town immediately to notify the sheriff.

News of the massacre bewildered all of Nevada. Some still felt it was the Pat Russell gang or another gang of outlaws that the sheep men had caught in the act of rustling. Indians? Hardly. After all, this was 1911. The Indians had been peaceful for years. These were modern times. Nevadans were now traveling by automobile and many had seen the first daring aviators perform their stunts at the County Fairs.

The weather in January and February of 1911 was typical of most Nevada winters. The temperature reached 12 degrees below zero at night. The wind blew the dry snow into freezing drifts several feet in depth. Into this weather, Mike and his band disappeared.

Into this bitter weather a posse rode. Captain Donnely, head of the Nevada State Police, Sheriff Ferrel of Washoe County, Nevada, and Sheriff Smith of Modoc County, California, each with a few men, joined forces in the Black Rock Desert to take up the long cold trail. They knew that they had a long ride ahead of them. Wind and fresh snow had obliterated long stretches of the trail. They felt their quarry could be as much as one hundred miles ahead of them.

The first find of the posse, as they followed the dim trail into the Black Rock Desert, was the body of a dog. One of the members recognized it. He

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remembered seeing the dog at Lay's ranch the summer before. He recalled to the other members of the posse that the dog had belonged to some Indians there, led by a man who was known as Indian Mike. The posse now knew for sure what they were up against.

The definite knowledge that the quarry was Indians perplexed the hunters. Knowing the country, they felt that the Indians might have circled back to the great lava beds where they could lose themselves. Or they might have turned the other way, toward the Summit Lake Reservation. Most probably, they had headed south toward Pyramid Lake and the Indian Reservation there. In fact they could already be there, for the posse knew that they were following a trail almost a month old. All they could do was follow the dim tracks into the Black Rock Desert.

The action moved into Humboldt County. On February 20th Superintendent Donnelly of the State Police, with part of the posse, reached Quinn River Crossing. From there he sent a messenger to Amos with a dispatch to be phoned to Sheriff S. G. Lamb in Winnemucca. The message stated that the Indians had been trailed into the Jackson Mountains and were believed to have crossed over them at Rattlesnake Pass.

After sending a message to Governor Oddie, who was keenly interested in the chase, Sheriff Lamb asked the Western Pacific Railroad to furnish him with a special train on which to take a posse to Sulphur to cut off the Indians from that direction. He left that night with his brother "Kise" and an Indian tracker known as "Skinny" Pascal. Several Winnemuccans volunteered to go with the sheriff. Their ardor cooled when he told them he would be glad to have them, but they would have to pay their own fares for themselves and their mounts.

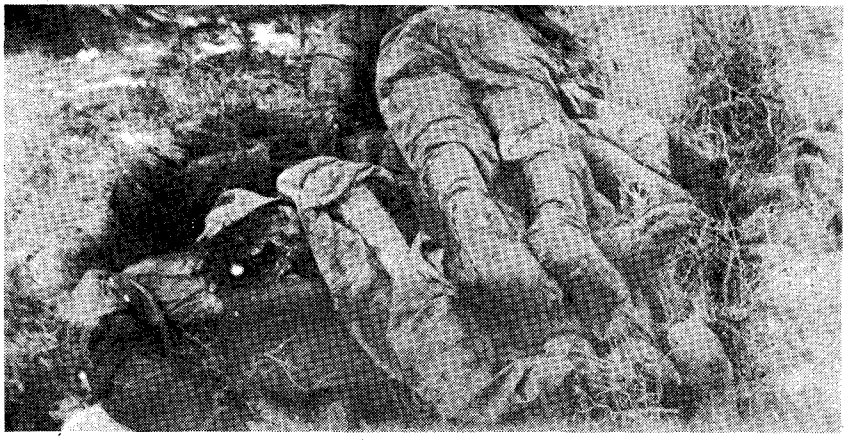
As Sheriff Lamb and his brother knew every foot of the ground, they were to act as guides for the posse, should the Indian trail turn south from Rattlesnake Pass. Lamb's personal feelings were that the Indians had gone to Pyramid Lake. Upon reaching Sulphur, he rode north across the desert to Lay's ranch, but did not perceive the Indians' trail.

The direction of the hunt changed on February 22nd when the Indian tracks were definitely found to have turned north from the Jackson Mountains. Sheriff Ferrel of Washoe County arrived in Winnemucca from Jungo with the report. He stated that Sheriff Lamb and the balance of the posse, now numbering 14 men, were following the trail of the Indians and were planning on camping that night at Toll House.

Toll House, the old stage station on the road to Paradise Valley and McDermitt, just 12 miles north of Winnemucca. A chill went through the townspeople when they heard how close the murderers had been. And they wondered how close they were now.

The trail had led the posse over Rattlesnake Pass, northeast toward Blue Mountain, then followed the sand hills between Winnemucca Mountain and the Bloody Run Range. Turning east, the trail faded out in Dutch Flat. At Toll House the posse felt they were now only 12 *(Continued on page 46)*

Shoshone Mike and his band after death.



Indian corpses at Rabbit Creek when the end came.

Posse at Winnemucca waiting for train to take them home.

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SUTRO'S "COYOTE HOLE" TO THE COMSTOCK

by Cy Martin

THE LATE AFTERNOON sun burning down on the desert with its gray-green sage, and the long stretch of straight black highway, add to the impatience you feel while driving along. There is a curve up ahead . . . U. S. Highway 50 finally is no longer straight! The range of mountains to the north all look the same, but there is an old mill on the side of that hill.

Now you are in sight of an untold amount of treasure. Millions—nay even a billion dollars—in silver lies buried deep in those unimposing brown mountains near that old mill. More than $120,000,000 in silver ore was removed before April of 1870. Yet, mining methods were crude, and the silver deposits were only partially exploited.

It is said, "More silver is still left underground here than has ever been mined in the history of man." *Nature has protected her hoard of riches with hot water, poor air, and an almost inaccessible location!*

The key to unlock the treasure is really a simple one! A mild mannered cigar maker from San Francisco, Adolph Sutro, visualized a four mile tunnel to the billions of dollars in silver buried beneath Sun Mountain and the Comstock. This is the keyhole, the key lies in the Emma Mine!

It is only six miles north from that curve on U. S. Highway 50 to Virginia City and the Comstock. Yet twenty-four crooked miles and a climb more than 3000 feet are required to get there.

The ox-team drivers of the 1860's were a discontented lot, especially during the winter months. The steep grades and long round-about routing of this winding trail from Dayton to Virginia City started Adolph Sutro to dreaming about his Tunnel to Riches.

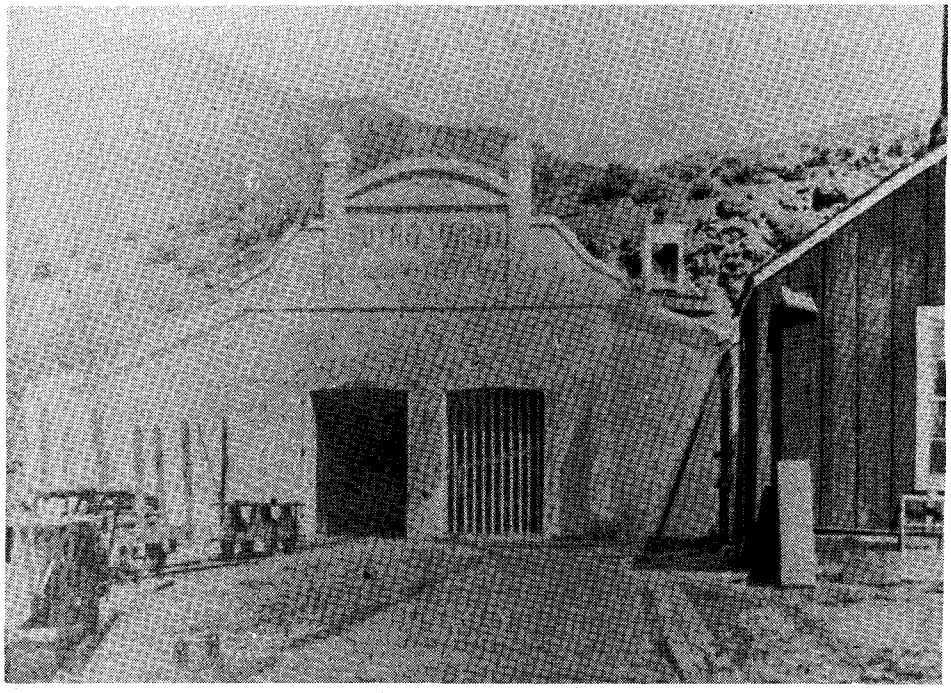
The road leading to the old mill is only two miles long. "Sutro's Coyote Hole" and silver ore are just a short way off!

Sutro's idea was to make a tunnel four miles long that would pierce deep into the Comstock silver deposits. It would provide an easy method for the removal of ore. The heavy mine timbers could be hauled directly to the bottom of the shafts to the exact spot they were needed—not laboriously hauled up Gold Canyon over The Divide and then lowered by hoist to the bottom of the mine-shafts.

"Jenny" with a string of ore cars.

Author's Photo

Elaborate entrance to the Sutro Tunnel in 1880.



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Adolph Sutro and friends at Savage Mine hoist in 1878.

A mild mannered cigar maker from San Francisco visualized a four mile tunnel to billions of dollars in silver

Water, hot water, the curse of the deeper Comstock mines could be drained via the tunnel to the Carson River. This hot water had to be pumped to the surface in the later days of the Civil War.

The hard rock that the silver ore was in, was heated by molten rock deeper underground. The entire Comstock area was over a huge volcanic fault, which to this day is unstable. Many hot springs and spas were located in and around Carson City, Reno, and Virginia City. This volcanic action was the cause of the silver deposits in the first place. The molten silver ore was pushed up into the faults by the forces within Mother Earth's very core. When this silver ore cooled it formed the famous lodes of the Comstock, Monte Cristo, and Great Flowery.

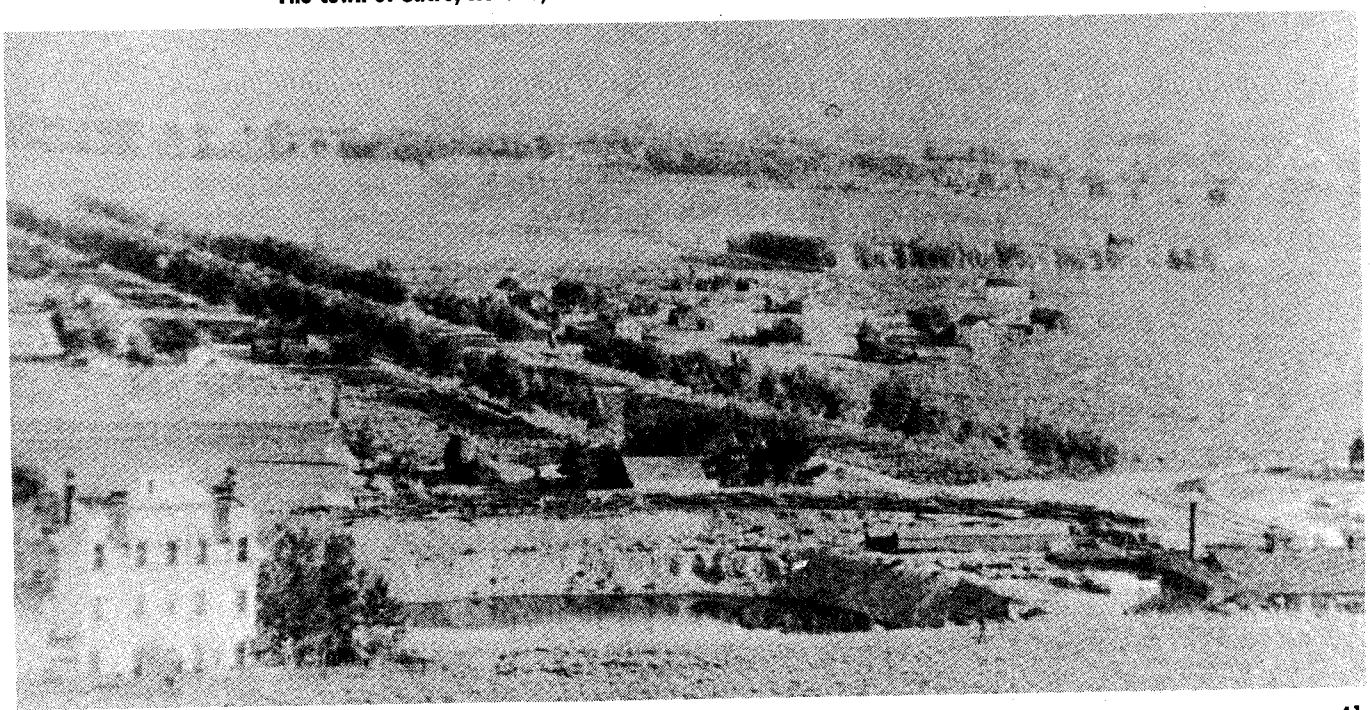
Lincoln needed this Comstock silver—all he could get—to pay the mounting costs of the war. The Nevada mines of Virginia City supplied much of the silver for coinage during the Civil War. Paper money was nearly worthless in those days!

The little cigar maker also spoke of fresh air! His tunnel could supply a draft of cool, fresh air to the bottom of the mines. No expensive blowers would be needed—the tunnel would "draw" like a fine cigar.

SUTRO was a born showman and a capable self-taught engineer. Agile of body, impressive with his side whiskers, and nearly forty, he was a clear-headed visionary with a practical turn of mind. He paid little attention to the jibes about his Coyote Hole.

It was the Nevada legislature that gave Sutro the "go-ahead" sign. In February 1865 they granted him the fran-

The town of Sutro, Nevada, in 1890 with Sutro's mansion in the left foreground.



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Author's Photo

Miners drilling inside a tunnel in the 1890's.

chise for the tunnel. In July of 1865 the Sutro Tunnel Company was formed and in July of 1866 the Congress of the United States passed what soon was to be called the Sutro Tunnel Act.

Money now became the major concern of Adolph Sutro. Millions of dollars would be required to bore the hole through the granite mountains to the 1640 foot level of the Savage Mine. He estimated $5,000,000 at the least if the Coyote Hole would penetrate to the very heart of the Comstock.

Things were going poorly for Sutro, his hard won contract with the nineteen mining companies was suddenly cancelled. He was about to give up—the Coyote Hole had yet to be started! Not even *one* shovel of dirt had been moved at the tunnel site. But Fate has its own strange way of looking out for dreamers!

Fire! A terror to all miners! Underground fire is known and feared by those who toil in the black caverns beneath the earth's surface. Their families wait at the surface near the only escape route, the hoist.

Black smoke comes upward, pouring and boiling out of that narrow hoist shaft to the surface. The flaming underground inferno forces the acrid fumes upward. The families of the miners wait with white tear-stained faces, realizing that calamity has occurred deep within the earth.

This was the event that terrorized the Comstock on the morning of April 7, 1869! Fire was burning out of control in the chutes, winzes, and drifts of the Yellowjacket mine. Thousands of miners' lives were threatened, forty-five men were killed! The fire burned for two full months in that subterranean labyrinth eight hundred feet beneath Gold Hill.

Frightened children, grieving wives, and multitudes of the curious crowded around the mouth of the Yellowjacket shaft. They interfered with the work of the firemen. Those brave men descended unafraid into the depths trying to aid the trapped miners. Meager equipment and only one narrow exit made their work nearly hopeless!

Down below the flames gained headway. Firemen and miners fought the fire side by side. Water boiled in the puddles and gas made escape impossible! The fire advanced furiously, jumping to the seven hundred foot level and spread rapidly.

Three days later the mine was sealed! Live steam was forced into the deep recesses and drifts. For four days the steam was directed into the bowels of the earth. Finally, the steam was shut off and rescuers retrieved the bodies of the dead—forty-five miners burned to death!

Sutro, opportunist and master showman, saw his great chance. He needed a dynamic cause for his tunnel and *fire was his answer*. A fire escape would be provided—if those *rich* mine owners would listen.

The Coyote Hole would provide an escape route. Fire never again could take its toll deep underground. No lift, no hoist would be needed! The escape would be easy—miners would walk the four miles to Sutro through the tunnel.

Posters, stump speeches, and much talk soon convinced the miners. They grew increasingly resentful and increasingly bitter toward the monopoly of mine owners. The miners' union voted unanimously to give Sutro $50,000 for his tunnel.

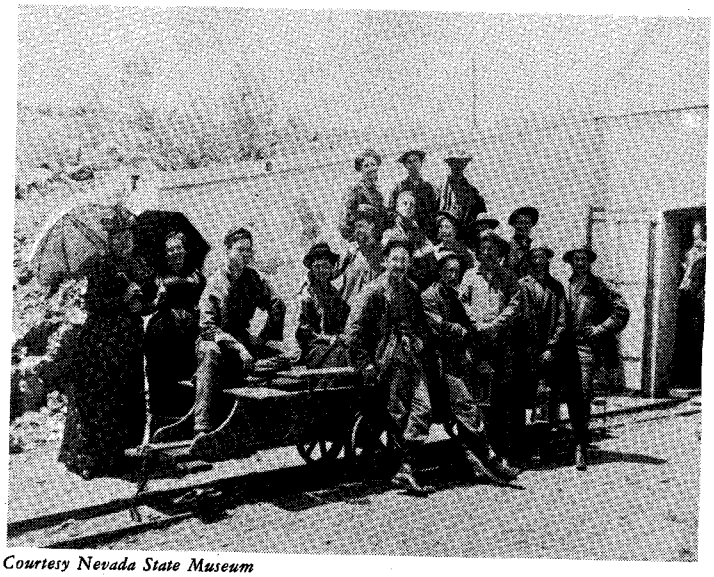
In September of 1869 Sutro made a speech at Piper's Opera House in Virginia City. The building was jam-packed! He knew both his audience and his subject. He spoke from the heart, convinced that his cause was just and right.

The speech was a sensation! Sutro had presented his case before the general public. The "Mining Monopoly" remained grim, yet they were the ones with the large amounts of money. Words alone cannot dig a tunnel! Money, money, money was needed!

A GIANT barbecue was planned for October of 1869. This would celebrate the purely symbolic "first shovel of dirt" of the Coyote Hole. The 19th of October started with snow, which was followed by rain. The streets of Dayton, Nevada, presented a sorry sight. There was not a soul about, unless one counted the eleven-piece Gold Hill Miner's Brass Band, hired for the ceremony.

Sutro, the showman, would not give up! He had the band play their most inspiring music. By 1:00 P.M. about two hundred people assembled and the procession paraded the three miles to the tunnel site. In spite of the weather, the flag was raised, the band played, Sutro swung a pick as did the other dignitaries. The tunnel was underway!

Tunnel maintenance crew and friends in 1888.



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Guns were fired, cheers went up, and a charge of dynamite was exploded. The little cigar maker decided work would start on the tunnel. Nothing stopped him, not even Mother Nature with her foul October weather.

It was much too wet for a picnic. The people and food went back to Dayton and the meal was spread in the rooms of the country courthouse. Speeches, music, and dancing till all hours followed!

The tunnel pushed slowly forward. Crisis after crisis faced Sutro! Most of them were financial. The mines were booming and it was a period of Bonanza on the Comstock. Workmen were hard to recruit, but Sutro never gave up.

He pursued his dream with a religious fervor, which lasted him the nearly nine long years that were to ensue. At one point the entire work force consisted of only one shift of three miners and a foreman.

Sutro toured Europe, using any and every means to obtain publicity and money. In April of 1873, Sutro sent word back to Dayton that he had been successful in obtaining funds. The tunnel had progressed nearly 3,000 feet, the chief problems being hard rock and water. Heat was just beginning to bother the mules and the men.

Sutro experimented with engines of all kinds, but always returned to "Old Jennie" the mule. Old Jennie pulled the rock-filled cars along the track laid inside the tunnel to the dump, without difficulty. Horses had been tried, but when an overhanging rock touched an ear, the horse threw his head up and damaged his skull. When something touched Jennie's ears, she dropped her head and thus avoided injuries and death.

The mules were always given the best of care and were fed the best available hay, costing as much as $30.00 a ton. Sutro liked the mules, for they provided a bit of fun and comedy for these tunnel workers. They shared the miners' lunches, getting a piece of pie from one, a cup of coffee from another, and a sandwich from the next miner.

The wise beasts understood the signals for blasting and never needed to be pulled to safety. They sought safety even more diligently than some of the men. On many an occasion, Jennie saved human lives by pulling a miner to safety.

Steam, compressed air, and even storage battery driven locomotives were tried. Sutro ordered two thirty-six inch gauge locomotives, at a cost of well over $10,000; but they did not fit the twenty-one inch gauge track inside the tunnel.

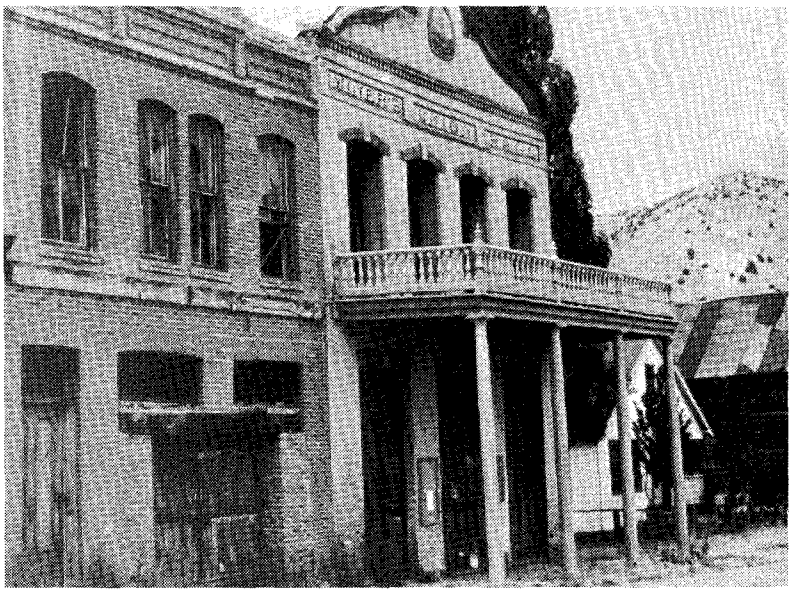
Sutro was a remarkable financier, but certainly he was not thinking when he purchased these steam engines. Even if they had been the right track gauge, ventilation problems would have been impossible to solve. Smoke and cinders in a four mile tunnel were unthinkable. Expenses continued to mount, and it was not until early in 1874 that adequate funds were finally obtained.

Burleigh compressed air drills were introduced in April and operators were hired in the East by Sutro. These operators were from the recently completed Hoosac Railroad Tunnel, and were familiar with the use of these power drills.

Back in 1871 a surface survey had been made and marked with cast iron posts. This row of posts was referred to as "The Line" and at four places along The Line shafts to the tunnel level were started. If these shafts had been completed, eight new surfaces for tunneling would have been provided. Ventilation would be easier also! This scheme was only partly successful, for all the shafts quickly struck water and hard cap rock.

Tunnel expenses were running $25,000 a month and frequently only a hundred and fifty feet would be completed. Hot water began to come from the working face of the tunnel, and the miners were deathly afraid of being scalded to death.

SUDDENLY, a miner running a Burleigh drill would feel his drill penetrate through the rock. Without any warning, a terrific stream of scalding water would spout forth into the tunnel. This torrent of scalding water poured from the drill hole for hours and even days. The floor of the tunnel was often knee-deep in boiling hot water. The air above was replaced by steam!



Miner's Union Hall, Virginia City, Nevada today.

Problems, crises, and more problems plagued the cigar maker. He often thought of the peaceful life in San Francisco. Yet, he knew he was a man of destiny—his dream would become a reality!

Sutro returned to Nevada, and with the Burleigh drills, an average of three hundred feet of heading per month was reached. The tunnel was now well past Shaft No. 2 and it could be used to help remove the musty stagnant air. But, both men and mules were now faced with an even more serious problem—clay.

Power drills, air blowers, and natural drainage were successful, and work progressed smoothly and steadily onward until a vein of clay was reached! Clay, the greatest deterrent to speed and progress!

There was no end to the work involved in going through clay. The clay was removed and timbers quickly put up. Not a day or so later, as was the usual case in hard rock—but immediately! This meant stop work on the tunnel face every yard or so, and timber the section securely. Track must then be laid, so that another yard or two of clay could be removed and hauled away.

The footing for the mules was slippery and the clay had a tendency to expand and swell. One section was especially bad; forty-eight feet of clay floor swelled over seven inches during one night.

The floor in that short section of tunnel had to be leveled and the track for the ore cars re-laid—not just once or twice, but three times.

The clay would ooze from the roof and sides. Timbers would break, and if they didn't break, they would rot. Everything in a clay section would be damp, slick, and the odor of the rotting wood was worse than that of the sweating men and mules.

After many a trial and failure, the miners found green timber could stand the heat and pressure better than seasoned wood. Yet, green wood and extra thick timber did not cure the problem of clay permanently.

Clay demanded constant watching! The timbers had to be adjusted frequently. The carriage for the power drills would not work properly on the swelling ground. The face of the tunnel was dug by hand tools—pick and shovel—a foot at a time!

After a stretch of clay, solid rock was a welcome sight. Good hard rock—hot or not—required no timbers and left a clean permanent passageway. The floor stayed level and the track for the ore cars did not need to be re-laid every day or two.

Crumbling rock was another matter! It had to be timbered immediately to prevent rocks from falling on the heads of the men and mules. At least the floor did not swell and buckle. No part of the tunneling was easy!

(Continued)

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Continued

The work in the hot slippery tunnel progressed. The air became more and more foul and the heat more intense. In November of 1877 the temperature at the tunnel header ways was 98°. And meanwhile the balky mine owners of Virginia City were solving their own problems of heat, water, and foul air.

Mackay, Flood, and Fair said they would not use the Coyote Hole after it was finished. Sutro had the problem of how to bring the mine owners into line—how to force them to at least use the tunnel for drainage—and to pay a royalty for such use.

Sutro needed a royalty agreement! Without it, the tunnel would have no source of income. It would be a financial failure. The moment the tunnel reached the Comstock, water would drain out the floor of the tunnel and into the Carson River.

The ex-cigar maker ordered a bulkhead built of sugar pine. Boards thirty inches thick, mounted on masonry fifty-two inches thick, were in place at a point near the end of the tunnel where the rock was very hard and firm. Such a bulkhead would withstand water pressures equal to a column of water five thousand feet in height.

IN EARLY May of 1878, Isaac Requa, a long-time opponent of Sutro, visited the tunnel. He was quite surprised to find the finished bulkhead. Sutro told him, "It's a good thing to have a door to your house, in case of emergency."

Work went on in the tunnel! Soon a connection would be made, for at times even voices from the nearby mines could be heard. Fresh air was now the major problem! Water temperatures were above 108°, and clay was again struck.

Blower engineer Joe Biddle visited the tunnel header for the first time in April of 1878. The heat and foul air made him faint. Sitting down on a rock, he jumped up screaming, "I burned my tail end and can never sit down again!"

The miners worked only a few minutes at a time. They rested in front of the air blowers for as much as forty minutes out of each hour. Mules and men were carried out of the tunnel, and the shifts were finally reduced to six hours.

The mules had an especially hard time! They were given ice water six or seven times on each shift, and had their heads and lips rubbed with ice. "Jennie" learned to hold ice in her mouth as did the miners. The mules fell! Bluett, a tender-hearted man in charge of the mules, suffered as much as they did.

The miners feared they would be crushed. Not from rock falls, but from a falling mule. When a mule fell, it did not sink gradually as before, but felt as if "pole axed!" As many as three or four mules fell and died suddenly each day!

July 8, 1878, was just another day in the tunnel. About 9:00 P.M., on the 1640 foot level of the Savage Mine, a driller felt his drill hit empty space. When he removed it, a blast of foul, moist air struck him in the face. The connection had been made! Air came from the tunnel to the mine! The tunnel drew just like Sutro said! *All of the experts had said the opposite!*

Sutro hurried to the spot; the blasting charge was placed; everyone withdrew to a safe distance, and Sutro fired the final charge. The Savage miners rushed toward the hole! A blast of smoke, hot air, mule stench, and tunnel gas blew out their lanterns.

A five foot square hole was soon dug. With the tunnel men cheering him on, Sutro went through into the Savage Mine. He turned and saw his daughters, Rosa and Kate. Secretly, they had followed into the tunnel, through the hole, and into the mine.

The Virginia City *Chronicle* for July 9, 1878, pointedly said, "The crowd was very much exhausted, with the exception of Misses Rosa and Kate Sutro. These ladies endured the heat and foul air much better than the miners."

The air coming into the mine from the hole became more and more fetid. But by the afternoon of July 10, the air in the tunnel had cleared.

Sutro got up a party of friends, all packed fancy clothes, and went to Virginia City. Not overland, but through the tunnel and up the Savage Mine hoist. They changed clothes and had a bountiful meal. Numerous toasts were made and drunk and speeches made. The party became much too intoxicated and carefree to return via the tunnel. They returned via coach and overland.

But now Sutro was faced with even more serious problems. Savage, Hale, and Norcross were in trouble. The mines were flooding badly, and the tunnel was not ready to handle this water. *There was no contract or agreement on royalties!*

A huge ditch would be needed! Without it the tunnel would flood and be ruined with hot water and steam. The timbering and clay could not stand exposure to such a deluge.

It would take a drain three feet square, lined with redwood planks three inches thick, to carry off the hot water and steam. Six months would be needed to construct such a drain. But a contract, some agreement, some arrangement, between the tunnel company and the mines was needed.

The Savage Mining Company obtained an injunction against Sutro. The tunnel was to "refrain from constructing, building, or maintaining any manner of bulkhead." Deep in the tunnel the writ was served by Sheriff Williamson of Storey County on Harry Bishop, shift boss. Deputy Gillette was fired upon at the bulkhead site when he tried to pass from the Savage Mine into the tunnel.

The sheriff arrested all concerned, and took them to Virginia City. The tunnel workers were lightly dressed because of the tunnel heat. Chilled to the bone by the January weather, they asked for warm clothes and a drink. Gillette refused, "I don't want a bunch of drunks in my jail."

Bail was set at $1,000 per man and they were locked in jail. Various friends of the tunnel company kept them well supplied with cigars, and even female companions. They were released the next day and the whole episode was considered a lark. Charges were dropped with Bishop fined only $100 for violation of the injunction.

The next two weeks were quiet and the tunnel people felt they had made the mine owners look silly. Hale and Norcross were desperate! Water was knee deep in some of the mine drifts! Without warning and on a Sunday they started pumping hot water into the Coyote Hole.

Alarms were sounded! The tunnel men and mules "danced" to the tunnel mouth. They barely made it ahead of the scalding-hot water! Two days later the mines stopped pumping. There was concern among the tunnel crew, for cave-ins would ruin the tunnel.

Finally Sutro reached an agreement with the mines. In April, work started on the ditch. A huge force of over 1000 men and boys went to work. Over thirty boys took care of the candles and hand torches on the mules' collars. They were constantly on the run between the oil hut and the tunnel entrance.

Three blacksmiths' forges were set up inside the tunnel to keep the picks, bits, drills, and shovels sharpened. The town of Sutro flourished, and five saloons were open day and night.

MAY 1879 was the finest month in the life of the tunnel. Thirteen hundred men were at work; "pay day" lasted five days. The $20 Carson City gold pieces changed hands at the rate of thirty men per hour. The union checked each miner's dues card. The boarding house keepers, well armed with book, pencil, and Navy Colt, got their share. Saloonkeepers, shopkeepers, and "Madams" all had their collection tables. From Tuesday till Saturday night money flowed freely from the tunnel company pay table.

By July the drain was in operation, water flowed freely from the tunnel mouth, and the success of the Coyote Hole was world-wide news. Yet, Sutro sold out his entire interest in the tunnel in the next two years.

He cleared nearly one million dollars for his shares of stock. *Sutro got out just in time!* The tunnel came too late to be a financial success. No new bodies of ore were explored. There was one final day of glory left for the tunnel.

In January of 1890, the Coyote Hole saved the town of Virginia City from starvation. The snow was early and heavy that year. By mid-January all train travel in Nevada had come to a halt. The Central Pacific was stalled completely in the Sierra Nevada mountains. The tracks were covered with twenty feet or more of snow, and snow plows could not clear them.

The mines at Virginia City were closed! Food supplies were running low! The town was in grave danger of starvation! There was only *one* way to get to or from the Comstock and the hungry town.

The ranchers and farmers near Dayton loaded sleighs with potatoes and hauled them to the mouth of Sutro's tunnel. The potatoes were loaded into ore cars, hauled underground to the mine shafts, and lifted to Virginia City.

Wood for fuel was also handled the same way! Sutro's "wild dream" had saved the Comstock from freezing and starvation! The tunnel was used for nearly fifty years for the drainage of the mines.

Recent studies of geology of the ore deposits imply that the Great Flowery Lode might well produce silver in huge quantities.

If Adolph Sutro had explored a little to either side of the tunnel drift, his early financial worries would have been solved for good. But he was interested in digging a tunnel, not in developing a silver mine.

It is unfortunate that the Emma Mine is not operating today! Neither is Sutro Tunnel! Silver ore is present just a few yards north from the main tunnel! One third of a mile along the original tunnel drift, and less than one fourth mile due north, is the heart of the Great Flowery Lode. *The Silver waits patiently for some bold miner!* Sutro's Coyote Hole is the keyhole, the Emma Mine is the key. ●

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THE CAMERA TOLD IT LIKE IT WAS

(Continued from page 33)

Sweat suddenly bathed his torso as he realized that even though they seemingly ignored him, an ever-tightening hostile circle was forming around the wagon.

His muscles tensed, and he crouched on the seat searching those stony faces. Seeing one that he vaguely recognized, he jumped from the slowly-moving wagon and confronted a man who was about his own age.

"I know you from somewhere," the photographer greeted him. "What's your name?"

Arms folded over his chest, the bulky red man stared icily at the white visitor, saying nothing. Prettyman extended his arms palms up in a sign of openness and friendship. He had just remembered where he'd seen the fellow before.

"You must know me," he tried again. "I made your picture in my gallery in Arkansas City, and I know you spoke English. You spoke English well."

The eyelids of the red man dropped for a second, then slowly he stretched out his arm and placed his hand in friendship on Prettyman's shoulder.

The Indian said a few words in his own language to his people. They dropped back and began to return to their own houses. The Indian explained that the camp had recently had horses stolen by a white man.

"If you had been caught in the hills by a band of our searching party," he said in excellent English, "you would not be alive."

Shuddering, Prettyman believed that to be the gospel truth.

After that first meeting with the Osages, the photographer was made welcome by everyone in the camp. He took many pictures of the Indians with their roached hairdresses—plucked out on the sides and tufted in the center of their heads—and left with an eagerness to meet other tribes.

He did meet and photograph many of the 67 tribes that had settled in the land known as Indian Territory: The Comanches, who took wives according to their wealth; the more wealth, the more wives! The Kaws with their round, flattened-dome bark houses shaped on a form of limber, bent branches, covered with two-third inch strips of bark peeled from trees, and laced over on the outer side with small twig lattices. The proud Apaches, the fierce Sioux, the Kiowas, Tonkawas, Kickapoos, the Pawnees, the five civilized tribes—Choctaws, Cherokees, Chickasaw, Seminole, and Creeks—and the Poncas whom he had just visited. This tribe still practiced the Sun Dance—a ritual of self-torture later to be banned by the federal government.

Now Prettyman approached his deserted wagon, and the time had come to forget about past exploits and concentrate on the task at hand. He dismounted, measured and whittled his new doubletree down to size, and made ready to continue his journey into the lands of the Iowas and Sacs.

He had been told many times that the Iowas and the Sacs were hostile, unfriendly people and warned not to go into their lands. But Prettyman felt that he was wise in the ways of the Indian by now. And, besides, he liked the red man. It had been his experience so far that if they knew that he wished them no harm, they accepted him in their camps. He had to try.

After traveling for several days, he came to the Cimarron River that he believed he had to cross just before entering Iowa territory. The river was considerably swollen—much too high in its banks to be forded—so he set up camp on the river bank.

In spite of the photographer's impatience to be on his way, the stay was pleasant. There was plenty of green grass to graze the mules on, and wild game was abundant. Rabbits abounded, and squirrel, quail and deer. And, of course, fish from the river.

On the third day of his stop, Prettyman shot a fat rabbit, dressed it, and set up a spit to roast it on. As he was turning the juicy hare over the fire, a lone Indian silently appeared out of the shadows.

Fear froze Prettyman's hand at the height of its turn. His first impulse was to grab for his rifle lying on the opposite side of the campfire. The intruder crept closer.

"Good evening, sir. The roast smells delicious," the red man said in impeccable Etonian English. Choking back the laugh of relief that crowded his throat, Prettyman rose to his feet and extended his hand to the stranger.

Prettyman invited the Indian to eat with him and to dry his clothes. For, as the red man explained, he had heard the shot from the other side of the river, and Indian-like, had swum across to see what it was.

The photographer told of his mission, and the Indian promised to return to camp to send back horses and men to help get the equipment across the river.

In three more days, Prettyman was welcomed into the Iowa camp. He found them friendly and industrious, with more farming there than other villages he'd been in. And he received even more help from them when they promised to send a messenger to the Sac settlement to ask the Sacs to be friends to the photographer.

After spending a few days with the Iowas, the photographer moved on across a rough, heavily wooded areas to the land of the Sacs. There was no traveled road between the two settlements, indicating that the Sacs didn't really want to be friendly.

But in a few days he pulled out of the timber, rolling out onto a little hillside that overlooked the Sac camp. He knew by the calls and gestures that he'd been spotted immediately.

He drove the team in a little closer and climbed down out of the wagon, walking around to the front to adjust the bridles—showing that he bore no arms, that he came in peace.

Then he began the familiar motions of making camp, propping some of his glass photography plates up by the wagon, slanting so the sun's rays would slide over the tops of the Sac's dome-like teepees. Everything in order, he settled back to wait until curiosity drew some of the Indians close to his camp.

He didn't have to wait very long. A band of young boys crept to a safe distance first, followed by a group of older men who walked right into the photographer's camp.

The Indians were very close-mouthed, addressing Prettyman very little. The photographer, accustomed to Indian reserve, thought that eventually they would speak to him in the usual broken English, but he found out later that the Sacs, not wanting to adopt any of the white man's modes, had refused for the most part to learn any English.

One of the more curious of the group finally asked him if he were the pictureman who had been visiting the Iowas. Prettyman, mentally thanking his friends, the Iowas, for sending the promised message ahead of him, nodded yes and allowed the almost child-like Indians to examine and handle his equipment.

After a thorough inspection, they filed out of his camp without comment. But a few days later several young warriors showed up early in the morning to accompany Prettyman on a hunt.

His skill with a gun impressed the warriors, who were excellent marksmen themselves. (A hundred Sac warriors had once defeated a thousand Indian enemies in a battle of guns and courage.)

After bagging some game, Prettyman and his companions ate silently around a fire in the woods; but when they returned to camp, one of the braves indicated that he would like to have his

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LAST INDIAN WAR

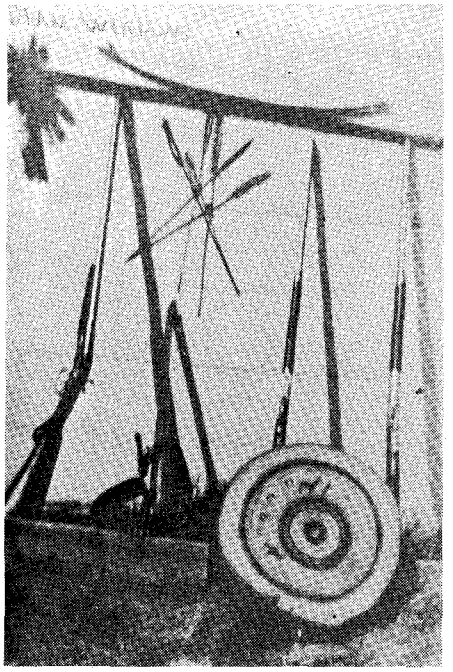
(Continued from page 39)

days behind the elusive, renegade Indians.

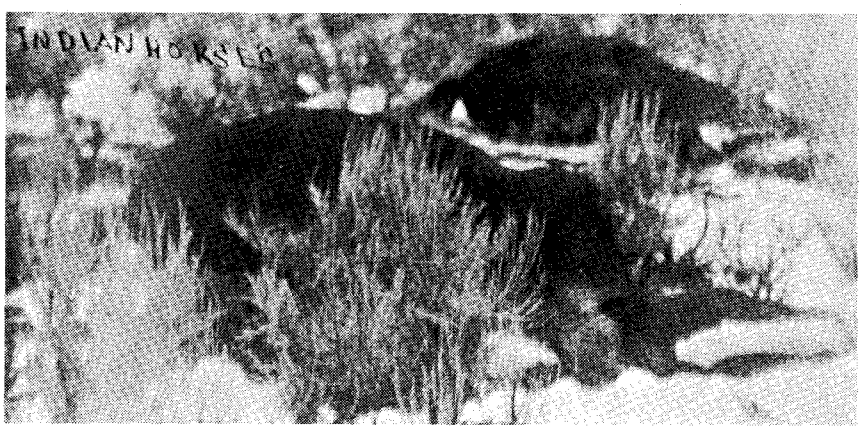
Sheriff Ferrel left Winnemucca for Elko after making his report. There he would raise a posse to attempt to intercept the Indians should they travel that far.

Mike and his band by this time were at Rabbit Creek, a small canyon in the Kelly Creek range north of Clover Valley. Having made their way across Dutch Flat, they camped several days in the shelter of Long Canyon in the Hot Springs range, then made their way over the Osgood Mountains at Soldiers Pass, then east to Rabbit Creek.

THE Indians had left Little High Rock Canyon with eight horses: the four they had stolen from the murdered men and the four of their own that seemed best able to travel. They had killed two of their horses that could go no farther. In the Jackson Mountains, one of the sheep men's horses ran away. Now at Rabbit Creek, the seven remaining horses were about given out. They needed rest and food. So did the Indians. The jerky that they had made from the beef was about gone. They were out of flour. They wanted to head south across the railroads and make for the Reese River country, but first they had to rest themselves and their horses.



Shoshone Mike's weapons and war drum.



Horses killed by possemen to keep the Indians from escaping.

A prospector named Schnitzer saw the Indians' horses when they were camped in Long Canyon. He recognized them from a description he had heard his last time in town. He made his way to Willow Point at the lower end of Paradise Valley where he notified Sheriff Lamb of his find.

Lamb sent a messenger to the posse at Toll House with this information. He then sent another posse, headed by Deputy Sheriff Nofsinger, to Golconda. Sheriff Ferrel was ready to leave Tuscarora in Elko County with a posse. The Indian Police from Duck Valley were on their way to the Owyhee Desert country. A noose was formed about Shoshone Mike and his band. The stage was set. The curtain rose on the final tragic act.

The posse led by Captain Donnely rode over Soldiers Pass and across the flat to Rabbit Creek. Some of these men had started from the scene of the massacre three weeks before. Several had joined along the way. They found the Indians. Skinny Pascal and the other 20 members of the posse saw the camp from a half mile away. Skinny rode within hailing distance of the nearest Indian and called in the Shoshone language for him to surrender. The nearest Indian turned out to be Mike. His answer was to take a shot at Skinny.

Snake heard the shot from above the camp. A girl of about sixteen, Snake was a daughter of Shoshone Mike. She had attended school for a while at the Duck Valley Reservation and spoke a few words of English. With her family, she had been on the move for over a year. Hungry part of the time, cold most of the time. Dressed in rags. Spending most of her time gathering sagebrush for the campfire. She knew little of gentleness, religion, kindness; only a fierce loyalty to her people. She hated white men.

A line of white men appeared on the hill above the camp a few minutes after the first shots were fired. Snake, the bucks, squaws and children started running down the canyon toward the camp and the horses, the bucks firing their rifles at the line of men.

Mike was not there to tell them what to do. He would not come. Skinny had returned his rifle fire with better results. Mike was mortally wounded.

Two bucks might have escaped. One of the squaws attempted to drive the horses to them, so that they might mount and ride away. The possemen, sensing this plan, shot the horses. The firing continued sporadically. The Indians dodged from brush to rock. The posse, now dismounted, followed warily. One of the squaws began beating a drum the Indians had made from a sheepskin and a hoop, the eerie sound sharpened by the cold air. As the Indians passed through their camp, the

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THE LAPP LADIES

(Continued from page 35)

for a trackless locomotive which had a battery of steam nozzles to melt the snow ahead of it to clear the route to Dawson. While they were pondering how to make it work another idea was presented—by our friend, the Reverend Sheldon Jackson, who'd spent years in missionary work on the Alaskan coast and therefore had more first-hand information about the country than anybody else. It was his eager plan to go to the rescue of Dawson via reindeer.

Everybody breathed a sigh of relief when they heard the plan, and great was the rejoicing when close on its heels came the news that the War Department had sent the Reverend Jackson off to Norway on the first boat out of New York to buy up the necessary reindeer and secure the necessary Lapp drivers. People tucked in warm blankets began to sleep better at night, knowing that at last Something Was Being Done.

The Reverend Jackson had no difficulty in buying reindeer broken to harness—Lapland was full of them, eating their heads off while their owners snugged in for the winter in their snow bungalows. He quickly purchased 534 of the sturdy animals, but getting the drivers was a different story. The Lapps had never heard of Seattle, nor even of the United States! They were perfectly comfortable where they were, eating whale blubber and whiling away the months of darkness with the womenfolk. Money? Well, it didn't seem to mean much to a man who had everything!

Having failed to hire the Lapps for money, the Reverend Jackson decided to try larger amounts, so he wired the War Department for more money, which was quickly granted.

Still the drivers hesitated, but having found that the Reverend was a complete nuisance and somebody not to be denied, they finally said they'd go—if they could take their wives along!

It appeared that the curiosity of the Lapp ladies was piqued by the tales the reverend gentleman told of the strange place called Seattle, though they hadn't thought much of the idea of the men going off in the middle of winter when everybody knew the place to be when it was cold was safe and snug in a polar bear rug!

At wit's end, the Reverend cabled the War Department for instructions, and after some scratching of heads and tugging of beards, the worthy gentlemen decided that the Lapp boys had a point: they could take their wives!

Reverend Jackson rushed out with the good tidings, but face to face with the thing, the girls decided they really didn't want to go after all. How did they know they were going to like the place when

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they got there, they asked the holy man. After all, what did Seattle have that Lapland didn't?

The Reverend appealed to them in all the ways his fertile mind could suggest, relating details that he felt would delight the feminine heart. He wooed them with guile, and with honeyed phrases; and in one last, bold gesture, he threw caution to the winds and assured the girls that they could have anything their little hearts desire, once they got to Seattle. The War Department, said the desperate pastor, would foot the bills. It still didn't mean much, for most of them fancied they were doing all right where they were, but at last they agreed. The girls packed up their parkas and a few extra shirts and walrus tooth necklaces, and were off with their menfolk to see the sights of the western world.

They arrived in Seattle in the spring, together with the almost-overlooked reindeer—all 534 of them. In the already crowded town this posed a problem, and it was finally decided to send them up the coast a piece to Fort Warden in Port Townsend. There the Lapps were housed in an abandoned barracks, and the reindeer were turned out in a grassy field.

It was now warm weather, and word finally trickled through that nobody in Dawson was starving. The excitement of the winter died down, and people went about their business, waiting for the next sensation.

The War Department, so to speak, was left holding the bag, though the Secretary did not feel that the mission had been a complete loss, for it had served to comfort a worried nation and instill confidence in the populace that their Government stood ever ready to serve.

They gave Captain William S. Graves, a serious young man who'd grown up on a farm, the job of tending the Lapps and the reindeer, and he took a personal interest in them, especially the reindeer. Every day he would go out in the fields to study the animals, and it seemed to him that daily the beasts grew thinner and thinner. When a few toppled over in their tracks, he decided that despite the fine pasture, the animals were clearly off their feed. Indeed, they appeared to be starving.

He took the matter up with the Lapps, speaking through an interpreter, and discovered that such was indeed the case. Reindeer, they said, ate nothing but reindeer moss, and this reindeer moss grew only in the frigid arctic circle.

Once again the War Department was alerted, and once again the Secretary came through, wiring for several boatloads of the stuff to be shipped from Norway with all haste. It arrived in time to save all but a few of the animals, but it was so expensive that it was clear there must be a better way.

The Reverend Jackson, still interested despite his discouraging experiences, recalled having seen this moss growing along the southern Alaska coast, so the reindeer were hastily—and thankfully—shipped to Pyramid Harbor to eat their heads off and increase and multiply in the event the Army Engineers should some day need them for exploration of the Peninsula. Quietly shelved was the plan the good man had suggested to hold the animals until Christmas, when they could serve on numerous Santa Claus sleds for the edification of small fry in cities and hamlets across the good old U.S.A.

The serious young captain was relieved, but not for long. When he had time to go over his bills he discovered that the interpreter was requisitioning a gallon of whiskey a week for his own support and mainstay. This seemed a waste of the tax-payer's money, so the captain blue-penciled it.

The interpreter was understandably miffed, and he dreamed up a plan to get even. Calling the Lapp ladies, who heretofore had been happily enjoying the southland vacation, he explained to them in words they could understand just how their contract read: They could have anything they wanted, and the government would foot the bills!

Suddenly Captain Graves was confronted with the whole contingency of Lapp ladies, all excitedly demanding new dresses, new shoes, and new bangles. A few were so bold as to demand a tinklebox piano they'd seen in a Seattle hotspot!

This called for hasty maneuvers on the part of the War Department, and almost before you could say "Reverend Jackson," the Lapp ladies found themselves on shipboard, headed for far-off Norway, but bravely wearing their dresses of red, green, and purple, and their bangles of Woolworth gold. From their viewpoint, the vacation southward had been a decided success. No doubt it furnished lively chit-chat in arctic sewing circles for many winters to come.

As for the reindeer, they proved worthless as draft animals, and soon ate themselves out of the good green moss at Pyramid Harbor. They were shipped further north and turned loose to run with the native wild Siberian reindeer that already inhabited the area. Unknown to the War Department, they were all castrated males and all they were looking for was moss, which they found at last in plentiful supply.

Thus our story ends happily for everyone, except perhaps the interpreter, who had to find himself a whiskey supplier other than the United States Government. ●

TWO IMPERIOUS MEN

(Continued from page 29)

On September 3, 1888, Justice Field and his colleague rendered their decision declaring the secret marriage contract between William Sharon and Sarah Althea Hill to be fraudulent, null and void.

Sarah and David Terry, dumbfounded and bitterly angered over the loss of their long, hard-fought law suit, created such an outrageous disturbance in the hall of justice that they were both held in contempt of court. David S. Terry was sentenced to six months in the Alameda County jail for contempt of court, with Sarah serving a three-months term in the same institution for the same offense. Sarah and David S. Terry, during the period of their incarceration, plotted vengeance upon the person of Justice Field, whom they came to regard as their personal enemy and the chief cause of their overwhelming, disastrous defeat in court.

When Justice Field came to California once more in his capacity as a circuit judge, United States Attorney General Miller directed that a deputy U.S. Marshal be appointed to act as body guard to protect Justice Field from possible harm at the hands of the Terrys.

In Indianapolis, Indiana Attorney General Miller enlightened newspaper reporters at his home concerning the order given to the chief U.S. Marshal in the San Francisco area, saying on August 15, 1889: "It was given out under my direction. There was danger that Judge Terry, who was stated to be a violent and desperate man, would very likely make a deadly assault upon either Judge Field or Judge Sawyer or, possibly, both of them, and that some precautions ought to be taken in the premises.

"I therefore called the attention of the marshal of that district to these statements, and told him that it was due to the country and the Courts that precautions should be taken to keep the peace and protect the Courts and Judges in the discharges of their duties."

Deputy U.S. Marshal David Nagle was assigned as Justice Field's protector. Nagle, in the latter part of 1870, went to Arizona, and in 1881, he received the appointment of Chief of Police of Tombstone. While occupying that position, Nagle had frequent encounters with the criminal element, and by his exemplary behavior soon earned for himself the reputation of being a man of indisputable courage and bravery. He once shot and killed a Mexican desperado in Tombstone after a fierce encounter.

On August 13, 1889, Justice Field and Deputy Marshal Nagle boarded a Southern Pacific train bound for San Francisco. That very night, as it happened, David and Sarah Terry mounted the

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THE CASE OF THE TWO IMPERIOUS MEN

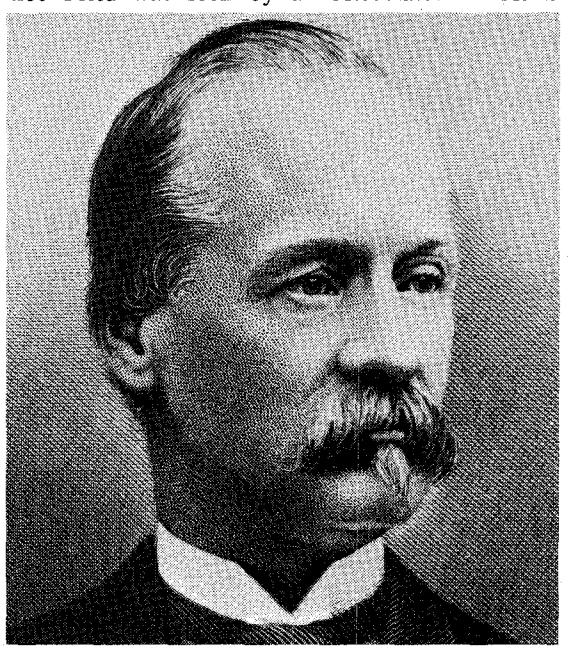
(Continued from page 47)

same train at Fresno.

Justice Field showed no alarm when informed of the presence of his mortal enemies. Deputy Marshal Nagle, however, was perturbed over David and Sarah Terry's being so dangerously close. He endeavored to persuade Justice Field to breakfast on the train and avoid a possible encounter with the Terrys, but Justice Field refused, stating he harbored no fear of his deadly foes.

Justice Field and the deputy marshal dismounted from the train at Lathrop, California, repairing to the rail depot restaurant for breakfast. David and Sarah Terry entered the restaurant soon after, seating themselves at a table several feet away from where Deputy Nagle and Justice Field were seated. What transpired next in the restaurant is described in a dispatch from California to the Denver, Colorado, *Denver Times* for August 15, 1889:

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 15. Justice Field was seen by an Associated Press reporter here at noon. He said that for the last two months all sorts of reports had reached him that Judge Terry had threatened to subject him to some form of indignity should he meet him.



William Sharon ruined many men and even banks during his ruthless climb to the top of the financial world. But his empire-building was cut short when he was hauled into court to face adultery charges. At first, he was almost amused. He was a widower and adultery charges seemed misplaced. But soon the entire scene ceased being amusing.

"At the Lathrop eating house this morning," said Justice Field, "I took a seat at the end of a table while Nagle sat on one side of me. Terry and his wife came in soon after.

"As soon as Mrs. Terry saw me, she went out of the room (for the purpose) as I afterwards learned, of returning to the (railroad) car for her satchel. Judge Terry arose, and I supposed that he intended to accompany her. Instead of doing so, he walked back to me and struck me a heavy slap in the face. I was completely astonished.

"As he was making ready to strike again, Deputy Marshal Nagle cried 'Stop! Stop!' And as he was raising his arm a second time, Nagle shot him, the bullets entering his heart. That is all I know of the matter" the Justice concluded.

Another dispatch stated: "A passenger on the train at Lathrop this morning says that when he heard the shooting and rushed out of the car, he saw Mrs. Terry with a satchel in her hand. She was trying to open it and he took it from her. She tried to get possession of it again but failed. When the satchel was later opened a pistol was found in it."

After the satchel had been taken from Mrs. Terry she rushed madly into the restaurant where her dead husband lay, threw herself down upon his body, and sobbed in wild, unrestrained grief. U.S. Deputy Marshal Nagle and Justice Field were arrested but all charges lodged against them were quashed on grounds of self defense.

As it was in the case of the passing of the detested Senator Sharon, few people mourned the death of the hated Judge Terry. In fact, a newspaper in Portland, Oregon stated that when Nagle put two bullets in Judge Terry's heart with his 44 caliber Colt revolver, it served him right. Judge Terry had been loathed by residents of the Pacific coast ever since he had slain popular David Broderick in a duel brought about by political differences between the two men in 1859.

The death of Judge Terry brought an end to the serio-comic melodrama that involved William Sharon, Sarah Althea Hill, David Terry and Justice Field. Native Californians will always remember how William Sharon was given his comeuppance by Sarah Althea Hill, and how Judge Terry received his comeuppance at the hands of Deputy U.S. Marshal Nagle. ●

THE TRAIL THAT LED TO KANSAS

(Continued from page 27)

listed as one of the hottest.

It was located at "the beginning of the west", and later became known simply as "Cowtown." Even today it is affectionately called that.

Among the first men who drove and shipped cattle to market was Captain Richard King, who later developed and made famous his great King Ranch at the lower tip of Texas, near Brownsville. Today, the ranch is still in operation under the guidance of the Kleberg family. The great spread engendered a town of its own known as Kingsville. Although the ranch isn't as extensive as it once was, it is still one of the largest, and most famous, in the entire state of Texas. It has carried always an aura of reserve—its owners have always shied away from publicity.

Charles Goodnight and Oliver Loving were cattle men at about the same time that Richard King and his early partner, Mifflin Kenedy, started their spread. Charles Goodnight was *not* a native Texan, as so many of the early day cattlemen were not. He founded his first ranch in the panhandle of Texas in 1876. He and Loving had driven a herd to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where they were sold to the U.S. Army. Later, during an encounter with hostile Indians, Loving had been killed. With a great personal loss to him, and with a very heavy heart, Goodnight returned the body of Loving to Texas for burial.

Later, in a venture farther in the panhandle, Mr. Goodnight had become associated with John Chisum. (Not to be confused with Jesse Chisholm.)

Together they drove herds to Colorado where they sold them to miners. Mr. Goodnight later established a ranch near Pueblo, Colorado in 1869. In 1873, his place was practically blotted from existence by that year's panic. He returned to Texas and settled in Palo Duro Canyon, where he began shipping his cattle to Fort Worth after the railroad made its advent. In 1887 a town was named in his honor.

Concerned because of the demise of the buffalo herds, Goodnight had, by capturing a few at a time, built up a herd of over 250 head. He experimented with cross-breeding them with domestic cattle. In 1929, well past the age of 90 years, Charles Goodnight passed away. The Goodnight ranch was made into a summer playground, and a resort for tourists.

Tascosa was for ten years the wildest cowtown in Texas. It was located in the West Texas panhandle, on the north bank of the Canadian River. It had its beginning in 1876, founded by Casimiro Romero. Buffalo hunters had preceded the town by two years, coming there from

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Fort Dodge, Kansas, in 1874. Tascosa derived its name from the creek that fed into the Canadian River. It was originally called Atascosa, but later the "A" was dropped. It was made a stop-over for the cattlemen trailing their herds from the south of Texas, on their way north. It was established as a junction on the Montana Trail. Its main street was a long row of busy saloons and gambling houses, stores and dance halls. Supplies were sent there from Dodge City, over 200 miles away.

In 1877 Phelps White had come there from the Gulf Coast of Texas, bringing with him over three thousand head of cattle, which he was driving for his uncle, Major George Littlefield. Littlefield purchased ranches from several owners and parlayed them into the famous outfit called LIT. Another big ranch was known as the XIT, meaning "Ten In Texas." Its owners got this lavish domain in exchange for building the State Capitol at Austin. The spread was about the size of Connecticut. A contract was handed to a large syndicate of Chicago builders in 1881, and they started to fence the lands belonging to the XIT. A loan was secured from a company in England in the amount of five million dollars to cover the outlay for stock and equipment. By 1890, XIT was running 150,000 head of Herefords, Angus, and Longhorns. It was split up into eight divisions to simplify its operations.

By 1912 the last of the cattle had been sold, and XIT had ceased to be operated as a ranch. It had left 350,000 acres in 1943. (A ranch of more than fifty thousand acres is today becoming a rarity, even in the panhandle part of Texas. Ranching is still a major industry in the Southwest, however.

And what of the cowboy, where had he come from? What kind of man was he as a general rule? We have heard of his wild antics, his shooting sprees, his drinking and wild times in the tough and raw frontier towns that he frequented on the trail; or at the end of the drives. The truth is there was no "typical" cowboy, just as there's no typical kind of other people. The cowboy, as a general rule, was a hard-working, industrious sort of fellow. Trail-herding was by no means for the lazy, the shiftless, nor for the weakling.

As we know, there was much that the herder had to contend with and he had to be intelligent, and quick to make decisions when the occasion demanded. He knew—or found out—the best and shortest route, and of course, where the water holes were located if he didn't drive them riverside. A man was not just a cattle drover, alone—he was many things. Many of the old-time drovers became owners of the ranches on which they'd previously worked; or bought ranches in other locations. This was through hard work, serious thinking and business acumen.

Pay for the regular cowboy wasn't much by today's standard of salary. He usually started at the rate of $35 a month unless he owned his horse and saddle, or had more than one horse. The trail boss drew better pay, of course, usually getting $150 a month or more, but his responsibility was comparatively greater. He had probably commenced as a cow poke, himself, and through good judgment and trustworthiness had worked his way up.

"The cowboy's character is best revealed by his courage, independence, cheerfulness, and ready acceptance of danger and hardship," one writer expounded. "While reserved and slightly suspicious toward strangers, he is quick to welcome . . . the honest person."

His reserve was bred by the desire and need for survival, and his respect for women was one of his most likable traits.

Cowboys were sometimes marked by specific characteristics of the states from which they hailed. The cowboy from Texas differed from the one from Wyoming or Colorado or Montana. He was unfairly interpreted by some over-zealous writers, who, to add color to their dime-novel characters, made them out to be crude, careless and even brutal.

On the other hand, other over-enthusiastic pen pushers delineated him as a virtual guardian of the plains—the man on horse-back—a knight of the West. His true category fitted in somewhere between these two. For, remember, he was only human after all. And, as we know, none is without some frailties, and so it was with the cowboy.

The earliest cowboys came from pioneer Texas settlements and from farms and ranches. Men from every walk of life were lured to the cattle country in the West. Even one of our presidents, Theodore Roosevelt, once herded cattle, and was one of the best of them. He had come west due to ill health, and found himself liking the out-doors so well, that he ended up as a rancher. He was one of the rough and ready who owned his spread.

Men who had come west to work on the ranches had done so for many reasons. A change of occupation . . . for that was exactly what it was, like any other endeavor . . . recovery of a lost fortune, though this was by no means a way to quick riches . . . love of adventure; ill health, as in Teddy's case; transgression of the law; and, as in the case of the ordinary cowboy, a mere means of a livelihood. For remember, at the end of the Civil War there were few jobs. And that was when cattle driving began.

At the beginning, many ranchers had banded together for the purpose of cattle-herding. This way it was less expensive, provided pooled manpower, and there was less danger of being overpowered by the Jayhawkers, who wanted them kept out of Kansas and Missouri.

The cowman belonged to a peculiar breed. He evolved from circumstances that were born of different civilizations. For years the Mexican had ranged stock over a vast area that spread farther than he actually realized. His methods were crude in comparison to those of the Americans who followed him in the profession, but they suited his purpose. He lived a simple life, not asking for much. Cash was an item not in great demand, and food was plentiful, though beef comprised most of the menu except when salt pork was substituted.

The American took to this way of life, its half-wild freedom, excitement and danger. And he changed the customs to suit himself.

The hardy Longhorns for which Texas has become so famous were here in America long before the Southwest had been homesteaded by men and women from most of the Southern states. Years and years ago the forefathers of our longhorns had grazed on the highlands of Castile, in Spain. They had been brought to this country by Coronado. Not for purposes of propagation, but merely for beef. The longhorns had roamed over parts of New Mexico, eventually traveling over to Texas while it was still under the rule of the Mexican government.

Later, a French explorer, De la Salle, had brought cattle there, and so had a Captain Domingo Ramon. The latter had driven over a thousand head into Texas. He had established missions and built roads. While driving through the Trinity River bottoms, some of his men "had spotted some cattle." (There were others already there, or they erroneously referred to the buffalo as cattle.)

The meat of the longhorns was tough and stringy, but later, after they had become mixed with other brands, their meat was less stringy, more palatable. At first only their hides had been used, then other parts of them were used for tallow, to make candles and soap.

At the close of the Civil War there were about five million head of longhorns roaming the grasslands of Texas. They were considered more of a nuisance than an asset. It was only later, when the hue and cry was raised up North for beef, that cattle driving really got started.

The cowboy, in adopting the Mexican's methods of herding cattle, had also largely acquired his terminology of western usage pertaining to the cattle, and to the mustang, the horse he came to use in round-ups, and herding the unruly cattle to market. Many of the words that we now take for granted originated with the vaquero.

At the peak of the cattle-herding in 1872, after Abilene had become engulfed

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THE TRAIL THAT LED TO KANSAS

(Continued from page 49)

with the large herds from Texas, other towns began vying for the cattle business. Among these was Ellsworth and Wichita, and these towns became rivals. Wichita added rapidly to the small cluster of its cabins that comprised the little town, and at that time could boast of more than a thousand inhabitants. The Munger House was most accommodating to visitors, charging them two dollars a day, while the new three-story Empire House on Main Street was even better. The food was supposed to be excellent at the Empire House, which offered a change of menu each day. Four livery stables had been added, and there was a new billiard hall and even sidewalks, which had been built along Douglas Avenue and along Main Street.

In late April of that year, 1872, Joseph G. McCoy visited there. Looking north from Main Street he could see the railroad construction work. It was extending a spur line South from Newton. With a railroad, Wichita would be able to compete with any of the Kansas cowtowns, including Abilene.

By the middle of May several large herds from Texas had arrived, and were being grazed outside the city's limits. Others were waiting along Cow Skin Creek, while more grazed near the Ninnescah River. The first shipment of longhorns left for Chicago from Wichita. There were eighteen carloads. Twenty carloads left two days later.

Mr. L.B. Harris, from San Antonio was one of the earliest cowmen to arrive in Wichita, but more herders were on their way. Some of the herders held their cattle over to try to improve them or to hold out for better prices.

Two landowners backed into prosperity through the cattle business, selling lots to new arrivals and settlers. One of these was a man called Mead, who had been an associate with Jesse Chisholm in Indian trading.

Ellsworth to the north wasn't asleep; it had already swelled its population to about a thousand people, having made a good start in shipping cattle. It was in preparation for a boom season in 1872, falling heir to over-flow business from Abilene. Here was a three-story hotel, called "The Drover's Cottage," which had been dismantled and moved from Abilene. It had been set up on Main Street, near the stockyards. Other stores had left Abilene to set up in Ellsworth. John W. Norton, who had been a peace officer in Abilene in 1871, moved to Ellsworth. The part of the town (Nauchville) which catered to the cowhands was on the east side, and the saloons, brothels and gambling halls made the larger part of it.

Meanwhile in Texas, Forth Worth was as rough and as bawdy as ever, having prospered greatly from the cattle trade. J.T. Litton kept a count of how many herds had passed through the town that year. Fifty-six herds had gone through, with a count of 62,235 cattle. An average of 1,111 cows to the herd.

Soon Fort Worth was crowded with cowboys who made the rounds of bars and dance halls. One of the famous ones was The Red Light saloon where on April 9th a dozen or more of the trail hands mounted their horses, drew their six-shooters and fired several shots into the air. After which they put spurs to their horses and galloped off toward the railway station, where they fired another round of shots. Three of them were arrested later, at the Waco Tap, and jailed. Six-shooters were being put into nefarious use farther north of Fort Worth in the same year—Sam Bass had returned from Nebraska, where he and his gang had robbed the Union Pacific.

By the end of 1887, cattle trading in the North had dwindled, barbed wire fences had cut up and cut off the Chisholm Trail, and the hoof prints of millions of Longhorns had been obliterated by the elements. Soon grass began to grow over the famed trail, and the face of the West made another dramatic change. Only faint traces of the old trail were left; its exact route would become a subject for frequent debate. But the old cowpuncher would have stories to tell to his grandchildren of the Indians, the cowherds and the stampedes. The memory of all these would be kept green forever. ●

MacARTHUR SLEPT

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to the fort and planted it to vegetables. Two men were detailed to care for the garden, which was irrigated by water diverted from the Rio Grande River by use of acequias, or irrigation ditches.

During the Civil War, Jefferson Davis had imported camels for military use on the Texas and New Mexico deserts. For some reason they did not work out as was expected, and they were turned loose to shift for themselves. For many years these ships of the desert could be seen wandering about from place to place, and it was one of these beasts that scared the pants off young Douglas MacArthur, who had slipped away from his nurse one bright sunny morning and wandered into the area outside the fort.

His absence was rudely brought home to those inside the fort by a blood-curdling screech, punctuated by a loud snort. Before anyone could gather their wits about them young Douglas came bounding through the open gate as fast as his little short legs could carry him, his eyes round as saucers, his face a ghostly white.

Rushing into his mother's arms, he pointed toward the gate and shouted, "Mommy! Mommy! There's a... there's a... there's something out there. It's great big."

Some of the soldiers rushed to the gate, snatching up their rifles as they ran, ready to defend the fort against any ferocious beast that was courageous enough to attack. Imagine their surprise and consternation when they were confronted by a hump-backed monstrosity calmly chewing its cud, brown eyes regarding them intently, and without fear.

Most of the soldiers had never seen a camel in the flesh, and a real live one right in their front yard was a sight they had never expected to see. Of course, having seen pictures of camels, there was no question as to what kind of animal confronted them. Meanwhile, young Douglas was cautiously edging his way toward the gate, pulling his mother along with him. He probably figured that he would be safe with all those soldiers around him.

During Captain MacArthur's tour of duty at Fort Selden, the Indian chieftains Victorio and Geronimo were extremely active, and the fort personnel was continuously on the move, protecting settlers and travelers. Mexican bandits were also of some concern to the military.

Captain MacArthur's wife was a fit mate for this energetic man. She didn't sit around all day knitting. No ma'am! She entertained the ladies of Las Cruces and Dona Ana extensively. It was a welcome relief for the women of these communities, whose daily routine, in most cases, consisted of cooking, cleaning house, washing, ironing and mending clothes.

The post had a baseball team, too. One game played just before Captain MacArthur was transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, August 11, 1886, was between Fort Selden and a team from Las Cruces. It was a free-hitting thriller, with both teams piling up scores like mad, but the fort team won, 27 to 25.

Fort Selden now lies in ruins. It is hard to realize this heap of broken adobe was once a proud military establishment that resounded to the sound of bugles and the tramp of marching feet.

The fort was constructed on the general plan of most military stations, except that the officers' quarters were built in one continuous unit. Each unit opened into the next to facilitate grouping in case of attack. There were no windows on the outside walls, and all doors opened onto the parade grounds. These were the living quarters of the single officers. There were quarters for married officers also, but I'm not sure of their exact location. A map of Fort Selden, drawn by Lieutenant James B. Mackall, Army Corps of Engineers, June 1st, 1870, does not show living facilities for married officers.

The officers' quarters were located

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at the extreme north end of the post, and the enlisted men's quarters were located at the extreme south end. The enlisted men's quarters were oddly constructed, and consisted of one enormous large room. The projections at the east and west corners of this room, as well as the one at the middle section, have not been defined, and are not mentioned in any of the historical annals I have researched. On a hunch, I would guess that these small rooms housed the noncommissioned officers.

The east wall, almost connecting with the enlisted men's quarters, housed the hospital. This consisted of two rooms and boasted ten beds. Directly opposite, the west wall housed carpentry and blacksmith shops. Outside the post, almost bordering the shops, were the corrals and woodyard.

The fort also maintained a bakery which was outside the fort proper. A trader's store was located north of the officers' quarters. One thing that puzzles me is the location of the commanding officer's home, some distance from the main structure in complete isolation, and without apparent protection. The commanding officers of Fort Selden must have been extremely brave men, or exceedingly fast runners.

The parade grounds were, of course, located inside the fort walls, with the entire west wall bordered by trees. There were also a large number of trees inside the fort. These have long since died and disappeared from the scene.

The fort smithies, besides looking after the needs of the army, also catered to the needs of the westward traveler by repairing worn-out wagon wheels, welding chains, repairing harnesses, and likewise fixing many other broken or damaged items. Farmers who did not own forges were accorded the same courtesy.

The women at the fort and nearby towns and ranches were not left out, either. For them, the smithies repaired door locks and baby cribs, and possibly many other items hard to come by on the frontier.

In 1877 the troops were ordered out of Fort Selden, and Lieutenant Cory and two men were left to guard the post. This was a bad mistake, for soon the Indians and the bandits were back, plundering ranches and mining properties. With no military protection, the ranchers were hard put to defend their lands against these raiders. It was worth a man's life just to step outside his cabin door.

Pleas to the federal government went unheeded; despite loud protests the fort was ordered abandoned in 1878.

Newspapers throughout the area protested that the removal of the troops was an invitation to the Indians and bandits to loot and kill. They were so right. The depredations of these bands forced the army to reconsider and troops were sent back to the fort. Thus the year 1881 was one of renewed activity at Fort Selden.

Now the game of hide and seek started all over again. Indian against soldier. Bandit against soldier. It was a losing effort for both factions. The soldiers under Major Rucker, father-in-law to General Phil Sheridan, sought out and destroyed the roving bands of outlaws, but the Apaches were something else again. They were harder to pin down, knowing every hiding place in the desert, knowing every trick of how to subsist in the desert. These past masters in the art of ambush were formidable opponents.

While soldiers had to carry rations to sustain them on the desert, with an occasional rabbit or deer thrown in to supplement their diet, the Indian lived off the land. Anything edible, he ate. Horned toads, prairie dogs, rabbits and deer all supplied them with life's necessities, and woe unto any luckless rattlesnake that happened to slither across their paths. He usually wound up impaled on a sharp stick and dangling over a hot fire.

Though for a short while the Indian had the upper hand, Major Rucker was persistent. He gradually cut their manpower to the point where resistance was almost impossible, thereby forcing them to flee across the Rio Grande River into Old Mexico.

So peace came once again to the Fort Selden area. With the exception of an isolated raid now and then, peace had also generally prevailed throughout Captain MacArthur's tour of duty.

In 1890 the fort and adjoining reservation was transferred from the War Department to the Department of the Interior for the purpose of establishing an Indian school. For some unknown reason this never came to pass. The fort was abandoned in 1891, and the land returned to public domain.

There were a number of large general stores in the area, namely in the towns of Las Cruces, New Mexico, and Dona Ana, New Mexico, at the time the fort was closed. Their businesses had been largely built through sales to the fort, and the closing worked a severe hardship on all of them. Some degenerated to small rural stores, and these managed to stay in business. Not so fortunate were others who were forced to close their doors.

The ranches were hard hit, too. Many of the ranchers were just getting a nice start when the blow fell, and the loss of revenue which had accrued to them from sales to the fort of hay, grain, and beef was keenly felt. However, these people were of hardy pioneer stock and did not give up easily, a fact that can be verified by the numerous farms and ranches that today grace the area.

The post cemetery was located between the present railroad tracks and the fort. When the fort was abandoned, the graves of the deceased soldiers, and of members of their families, were opened and the bodies removed by a contractor. One grave contained the body of a young girl. It wasn't supposed to be there, since no one at the fort knew who she was, or when she had been buried.

She was blond and appeared pretty, with a red ribbon tied in her hair. The body was submerged in some sort of liquid preservative, and seemed quite life-like. All efforts to identify her failed, and she was reburied close to the old entrance gate at the fort where she rests today.

The army also maintained a potters' field. Fifty-nine hardcases who bucked army authority are buried there in unmarked graves. They were not moved, so possibly many who have visited the ruins of the fort have trod across the graves without knowing they were doing so.

During the year 1890, when the army high command was preparing to close Fort Selden, General B.H. Gleason was fighting hard to keep it open. He argued the facility was still badly needed and that its location was of important strategic value. Also, he argued, there were enough natural resources in the area to maintain a large force of men. However, his efforts on behalf of the fort failed, and the decline began.

As soon as all the fort personnel had departed contractors moved in and removed all wood materials from the buildings, leaving the adobe walls and room partitions without support. Then the souvenir hunters moved in. Someone reported that the army had buried $8000 in gold somewhere in the fort grounds. Enter the treasure hunters.

For eighty years the souvenir and treasure hunters have burrowed here, and they have left the place a ruin. The walls have been torn down, while the parade ground has been dug and redug until it resembles a whale with goose pimples. To this day, however, no treasure has been found. The army denies any knowledge of a treasure, but even at this late date tourists armed with Geiger counters can be seen carefully combing the fort grounds.

Some army uniform buttons have been found over the years, and parts of rifles and pieces of sabers have been unearthed. But gold? No! However, as late as 1964, two teenagers reported finding cannon balls.

Recently Fort Selden has been proclaimed a State Monument, but no restoration work has been started to date.

For the present, the old fort crumbles away under the bright sunlight and the hot summers of New Mexico, a memento to a small boy who met a camel, listened to the call of the bugle, and to the tramp of marching feet. ●

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BUCK GARRETT

(Continued from page 21)

drinks and drawing beer for her customers.

"Mrs. Lewis," Buck said forthrightly, "we could close this place. Whiskey became illegal when Oklahoma became a state."

"Marshal, you know my circumstances. This is the only way I have to make a living!"

"Yes," Buck nodded, "I know. Perhaps we can make an arrangement."

By the time the meeting adjourned, Julia had agreed to inform on her outlaw customers. She would keep her ears peeled for information and in return for this, Emmett Dalton would in due time be pardoned.

After his release, Emmett returned to Coffeyville, married the loyal Julia, and placed a tombstone where his brothers "lay silent in their graves." The remainder of his days were spent in peace.

Probably the most elusive of the marshals' quarry was Henry Starr. Remembered by history as the most spectacular of all bank robbers, he posed problems on the frontier for nearly three decades, robbing more banks and trains than Jesse James, eluding railroad detectives, Pinkerton men and sheriffs' posses. Several times Buck set out after the badman, only to find his trail vanishing in the Osage Hills. But while he was successful at escaping the law, Starr died without accumulating any spectacular amounts of wealth to match his risks. There was not even enough loot left to pay for a headstone to mark his last earthly resting place.

Learning of this, Buck Garrett, by then the sheriff of Carter County, Oklahoma, called together a delegation of ex-deputy United States Marshals. Each of them in bygone years had pursued the elusive Starr. Buck suggested they pass the hat and place a gravestone over Starr's tomb.

"Where's Henry buried at?" someone asked.

"In Dewey, Oklahoma. Right near the Osage Hills where he was raised. You 'member the child he had that died? He put a stone over her grave? Well, he's been buried next to it."

The hat was passed and a tombstone ordered. As a result of Buck's initiative Henry Starr does *not* rest in an unmarked grave.

It was also due to Buck Garrett's efforts—and also those of fellow peace officers like Bill Tilghmann, Chris Madsen, Heck Thomas and Bud Ledbetter—that order was restored to Oklahoma. By 1900 organized outlawry was at an end. Bank robberies and train hold-ups seemed to be things of the past. Decent citizens found it safe, now, to walk the streets. At long last, it seemed, law and order had arrived in Oklahoma.

But in 1912 honky tonks, brothels, dance halls and gambling dens were running wide open in Ardmore, Oklahoma! The oil boom was going full swing and the air was awhirl with thousand dollar bills. Border bandits were streaming in by the thousands, along with high jackers, bank robbers, gamblers, whores, and pimps. Oil rights had heaped wealth into the teepees of redskinned chiefs and the flocking vultures intended to get themselves a share. This was the oil boom in full swing, bonanza-land in all its glory.

Indians who yesterday had been poverty stricken suddenly found themselves wearing diamond tie clasps, smoking big cigars, and zooming across the prairies in high powered cars. After garnering enough wealth to buy out the Browning Arms Company—and the Old Crow distillery to boot—they went on a rampage to make both Geronimo and Sitting Bull step back in awe. They came roaring through the streets of Ardmore in their bright red automobiles, running down any and all who might venture into their paths. It was considered a hazard to even try to cross the street.

A grizzled old-timer once told this writer: "The crazy galoots drove them cars like they was on the back of a bucking bronco. They made 'em buck, paw, snort, pitch, and leap. To them a car was just a wild cayuse, an untamed mustang.

"It wasn't unusual to find a shining new automobile abandoned out on some country road. After runnin' out of gas, the rich Indian wouldn't bother with huntin' a service station. He'd just go and buy himself another new car. Leave the old 'un right there where she sat.

"Most everyday somebody was found robbed and killed out in the sage brush. The blackjack timber was full of hi-jackers, all of them busier than bees. You hadda keep on the lookout. They'd get a Stetson hat or a rubber tire and place it in the road and then hide themselves back in the underbrush. Finally somebody would come along and think they were lucky. But after stopping they'd find themselves being swept down on by border bandits. There sure wasn't much law during those early days in the oil fields."

Then suddenly it happened. The first nitroglycerin blast went off and a spew of black murky oil shot skyward. "Oil! Oil! Oil!" went resounding by telegraph across the nation. Oil beneath the red clay soil of Oklahoma, in measures bountiful enough to meet the demand that had been created by the invention of the motor car.

Overnight the wild frontier sprang back to life. Tent cities and shanty villages sprang up everywhere. There came again the gambling tent, the canvas saloon, the roaring six-gun, the painted harlot. In Oklahoma City, in Tulsa, and in Pawhuska, gigantic buildings were pushing skyward. Once again flyers appeared on telegraph poles WANTED—DEAD OR ALIVE. Posters appeared, offering rewards of five, ten, and fifteen thousand dollars for bank and train robbers. Names like Al Spencer, Kelly Nash and Pretty Boy Floyd had replaced those of Jesse James, Bob Dalton, Cherokee Bill, and Will Doolin.

Faced with the problem of finding a lawman with guts enough to hold the lid on Ardmore, Oklahoma, the Carter County Council agreed all around that the best man for sheriff was Buck Garrett. The ex-United States marshal accepted their offer, and wasted no time in showing the people what could be expected of him as sheriff.

On his first day in office he led a party of deputies downtown, raided twenty bagnios, arrested ten bootleggers, confiscated 140 gallons of moonshine liquor, twelve gambling tables and forty-four slot machines. The gambling equipment he piled in front of the Carter County Court House. The kegs of whiskey were broken and their contents poured on top. When night fell Garrett set the whole works ablaze. The sporting crowd stood by and watched their lawless regime go up in flame.

Shortly after Buck became sheriff, Ragtown, a roaring boom camp, sprang up full-to-bursting amid the Oklahoma oil fields. Tents and shanties—rag dwellings from which the community derived it's name—rose like clusters of mushrooms from out of the sun-parched, oil-soaked soil. A few years before there had not been one cabin. Then oil had been discovered and almost overnight the area was swarming with thousands of roughnecks, wildcatters, and fortune hunters.

Ragtown, officially named Wirt, Oklahoma, ran wide open. Dozens of illicit saloons, bordellos, and gambling halls crowded the main street. Every night, boom camp bully boys swaggered up and down the boardwalks. Harlots, their cheeks painted red and hair dyed raven black, beckoned to cowboys from open doorways. Almost every night six-guns roared and men fell dead in the streets. It was like Dodge City, Tombstone, Abilene, and Deadwood all rolled up into one.

The Law and Order League was somewhat less than pleased with Buck's choice for Ragtown marshal, a job made necessary overnight. He brought from out of the Texas badlands a professional gunslinger named Bud Ballew. Bud made no secret of the fact he'd killed men in gunfights. To the contrary, he openly boasted of it—one notch on the oak butts of his Colt revolvers for each life he'd taken. Many said he'd previously killed for self gain; others claimed he'd

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only shot in self defense. However, Buck defended his choice, saying: "Makes no difference to me whether he's a good man or bad. What matters is that he's tough. Ragtown is a tough camp. It's gonna take a tough man to police it."

Ballew encountered violence his first night on duty in Ragtown. Shortly after dusk, when the tempo of the camp sped up and the music from the dancehalls only partially drowned out the tumult of the town, he made an initial round of inspections. He went from one to another of the restaurants, soft drink places (thinly disguised saloons), gambling houses, dancehalls, and bordellos, checking each to see that all was in order—from the Blue Moon to the Silver Spoon, from the Gold Dollar to the Brass Rail, from the Lone Star to the Pink Pony.

Coming through the door of the Pink Pony, Ballew stopped short. A masked gunman stood behind the bar, emptying the cash register. The customer and proprietor were backed against the wall. With lightning swiftness Bud's six-gun was out and roaring, with the bandit's gunshots quickly seconding his own. Bud felt a red hot jet of flame sear its way through his gut. He flinched but kept shooting, and the robber fell forward.

After the fracas was over Sheriff Ballew found he'd shot a good friend, Pete Byrum!

Byrum was one of Ballew's closest friends. They'd ridden the Texas range together, shared many a blanket, woman and bottle. Bud fell back against the wall, staring sadly at the dying man. Suddenly a woman's blood-curdling scream rent the air.

"Where's that comin' from?" Bud demanded quickly.

"From behind the building," someone answered.

Forgetting his own wound, Bud raced through the rear door and out into a pitch black alleyway. From a nearby tar-paper shack he could hear sobbing. Through the door he saw a woman in a flimsy night-gown bent over a bed. The woman looked appealingly into Bud's grey eyes, her own dazed with shock.

"They've killed him!" she cried. "They've killed my son!"

After the lawman calmed her, she continued: "Just a few minutes ago. Shooting broke out in the Pink Pony. My son was sitting by the window. A bullet shattered the glass and struck his head!"

Bud turned and walked out into the night. Had he killed that innocent boy? There was no way of knowing. It could have been his bullet, or Byrum's.

The earth had barely settled over Byrum's grave—and that of the innocent youth—when six-guns roared in Ardmore.

It happened late one evening. Buck Garrett had just completed his inspection tour of the bars and returned to his office, intending to boil himself some coffee, meditate, and relax. Just then, however, a gunshot rang out, and he was on his feet, gun in hand. He waited a minute, hoping against hope that other shots would not be fired. If others didn't follow it would more than likely be some harmless but drunken roughnecker blowing off steam. Immediately what seemed to be a fusillade echoed through the streets. Buck returned his own gun to its holster and walked out into the pitch black night.

He moved slowly through the streets; to be out of breath unsteadied a man's aim. He turned a corner. A hundred yards away he saw a young man swaggering through the streets, holding a gun in his hand. Buck knew that fellow didn't fire those shots, for they had come from down on Main Street. Then he recognized the man. It was Jim Foushee.

"Jim!" he demanded. "Where you think you're goin'?"

"To kill Wobblin' Willie Ballew."

"Wobblin' Willie? That harmless cripple who runs the cigar store? What you wanna kill him for?"

"He ain't so harmless. He just shot and killed my brother!"

In the conversation that followed Buck pieced together what had happened. Erb

(Continued on page 54)

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?
DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST?
Now—At Last—Medical Science Enables You To Be A Real Man!

Yes Now You Can Have That Hairy Chest You Always Wanted! You Can Be The Guy Girls Admire And Other Men Envy Because Of Your Masculine Appearance. Now You May Be Able To Grow Chest Hair Regardless Of Age With This Tested And Proven Formula.

How Does It Work?

Our Revolutionary Technique Will Help Activate The Dormant (InActivate) Hair Follicles. Most Men Have Very Little Or No Hair On Their Chests, Arms, Legs, Etc.

This Totally Amazing Concept Could Help Make You A Hairy And Masculine He-Man!

How Long Does It Take?

Usually From Two To Three Weeks To See Results.

The Hair You Grow Is Permanent Because It Will Be Your Own Hair.

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If You Do Not Attain The Desired Results Your Money Will Be Refunded.

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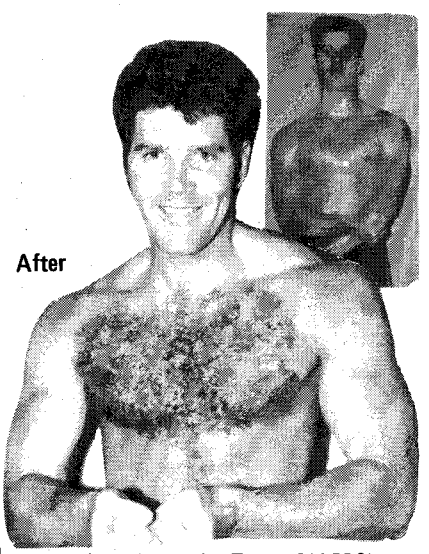

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CAREERS OF SHERIFF BUCK GARRETT

(Continued from page 53)

Foushee, the gunman's brother, had verbally abused Willie for poor service. Crazy mad, Ballew had pulled a pistol and shot his provoker dead. Now holed up in the Dew Drop Inn, a deserted cola parlor, Ballew was crazily firing shots into the street.

"Hell, man!" Buck bellowed, "you ain't gonna kill Willie. Walk out onto Main Street and he'll kill you. He's under cover. You won't get within ten feet of that building. He'll drop you on sight!"

Foushee wasn't listening. "Willie killed my brother," he repeated. "I'm gonna get 'im!"

By now Garrett was but a yard away from the wavering barrel of the Colt 45. His move was so fast that even the spectators were not sure what happened. With his left hand he knocked Foushee's gun straight up into the air, while his right fist struck him squarely on the chin. Soundlessly, Foushee fell into the dust and lay still.

Buck now turned his attention to Willie Ballew. Approaching the Dew Drop, he could see Willie holding his battle station at the front window. The lamed man took a long drink from a whiskey bottle and fired several shots into the street.

"Who's gonna take me?" he cried. "Who thinks he's tough enough to take me?"

Then suddenly Willie saw Garrett approaching. Slowly he lowered the gun, squinting his eyes. "Buck Garrett? What you want?" he cried.

"I want you, Willie."

"You're crazy. You're wantin' me to kill you. You're out in the open—I can drop you in a minute!"

"Why don't you?"

"You're my friend. I don't wanna kill you."

"You'll have to to stop me."

By now Buck was standing in the doorway of the Dew Drop. His steady gray eyes held the cowering gunman. Willie's rifle slipped from his grasp and clattered to the floor. His fingers tightened around the neck of a whiskey bottle.

"Just a minute, Buck," he said meekly. "I need me a drink."

"All right, Willie," Garrett said, quietly. "Help yourself to the bottle. Then we've got business at the county jail."

While awed townfolk looked on, Buck led Willie to the county lockup.

In 1916, when Bud Ballew was promoted to the position of chief deputy sheriff, Buck was faced with the problem of finding a man to replace him in Ragtown. Among the applicants was a tall and haggard man called R.P. Highnote who wore a top hat, black frock coat, white shirt and string tie. The belligerent smirk on his thin lips and the cold defiance in his dark eyes mirrored his icy nature. He had all the characteristics of a professional killer.

Although he was the shadiest applicant in appearance, Highnote had the most impressive record. He claimed to have served with the 7th Cavalry during their campaign against Geronimo, and said he had worked with Tom Horn in Arizona's Tonto Basin range war. He had kept order in Bob Ford's Creede City saloon, and later been a Soapy Smith henchman in that same Colorado camp. Where could Buck hope to find a more logical candidate to replace Bud Ballew?

As it turned out, almost anywhere. Despite the proper background, Highnote was gravely handicapped for a policeman's duties by a close relationship with Ragtown's sporting crowd. He found it impossible to make justified arrests without treading on the toes of his closest friends. He refused to interfere with "jack rolling," (robbing customers), practiced in many of the bawdy houses. Most of the saloon keepers were his friends. Bud Ballew, however, expected him to close down his friends' businesses. Then, after Highnote had ignored several of Buck's orders, Ballew was forced to ride out to pick up his badge and commission. He found the discharged deputy sitting drunk on the office porch, a jug of red-eye liquor by his side.

"You've been fired," he told the gunman. "We've got another man who's supposed to take over the office tomorrow."

Highnote raised his head drunkenly. "Nobody's gonna take my badge!" he insisted. "Nobody!"

Bud had other ideas about that. By now he was on the porch and standing over the drunken officer. Swiftly he brought an arced hand down against Highnote's neck and sent him sprawling to the floor. He then grabbed the deputy by the scruff of the neck and flung him through the door.

"Now," he barked, "get that badge before I hafta get tough!"

Highnote suddenly sobered and did as he was told. While Bud rummaged through the papers in the desk drawer, Highnote began gathering up his belongings. But on his way to the door he paused.

"Ballew?" Highnote said in a flat voice.

"Yeah?" Bud replied without looking up from the desk.

"I'm going to kill you!"

"You are, eh? Well, that's good. Now get on outa here and start plottin' my murder. I ain't got time to fool with you."

"Mister Ballew, you don't understand. I'm going to kill you *now*!"

There was something in the man's voice that made Buck look up. He raised his head—and found Highnote going for his pistol. Quickly he kicked back the chair and went sprawling floorward. By the time he hit, his gun was out and roaring. Teeth clenched, eyes wide, he brought his fist down again and again against the hammer, fanning shot after shot. The last shots were useless, though, for the first one had caught Highnote in the chest, spinning him half way around and dropping him dead on the floor.

Trouble next bubbled in Ardmore. One day Ben Lindsay went on the warpath. Bored with the normal routine of a wildcatter's life, he decided one morning to hurrah the town. He whipped his pony to the end of the street, turned, dug his spurs in deep, and came back at top speed, his six-guns roaring. He shot into stores and business houses, shattering windows and barely missing customers. The town was thrown into a frenzy.

Farmers in the general store leaped for cover. Women in the dress shop began screaming hysterically. Cowboys in the gambling halls leaped under tables. Satisfied he had "everybody's" heart a-quake, Lindsay proceeded to the nearest saloon.

Angry men meantime began collecting in the streets. Everyone agreed that something had to be done to "learn" the wildcatters a lesson. It was agreed that Lindsay should be made an example.

"Tar'n feather 'im," was the cry.

"Yes, let's!" came the echo.

With a roar the mob stormed toward the barroom. They were cursing and shaking their fists in the air. With them they carried a smoldering pot of tar and feathers.

Lindsay, leaving the saloon, saw them coming. He stopped short on the porch, pushed back his Stetson hat and stared in disbelief. He leaped on his horse's back and pulled a rifle from the scabbard. His first shot knocked up dust a few feet from the approaching mob.

"That's far enough," he bellowed. "I don't wanna kill none of you fellows."

The mob came steadily on. "We don't wanna hurt you, Ben," the leader said quietly, "but you boys have to be taught a lesson. Otherwise somebody is gonna get killed. I wouldn't want my little daughter gettin' hit by a stray shot fired by some drunk wildcatter."

Desperately Lindsay looked for a way out. Suddenly he spied a towering construction project, a building frame that reached a height of several stories. Waving his rifle in the air, he struck out for the framed structure. Up one flight and around another he went, until at last he was at the very top. Lindsay leveled his rifle down into the mob and shouted: "You fellows gonna take me? You think you can take me?"

For one terrible second the leader stared up at the threatening gunman. Suddenly he realized the seriousness of the situation. What started out as "a lotta fun" had gotten completely out

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of hand. Lindsay meant business. Were something not done, he might very well kill somebody. Quickly he turned away from the mob.

"Where you goin'?" someone asked.

"Where you think? To get Buck Garrett, of course!"

Arriving on the scene a few minutes later, Buck quickly sized up the situation. Lindsay, still standing on the gridder and filled with liquid courage, was continuing to shout his defiance down into the mob.

"Who's gonna take me?" he repeated. "Who's tough enough to take me?"

Sheriff Garrett and everyone there knew the answer to that. Only thing left was to convince Ben Lindsay. Buck took over immediately.

"Hey, Ben!" he shouted, looking up into the sun.

"Yeah, Buck."

"I'm coming up to arrest you."

"What the hell? You wantin' to die?"

"I'm not gonna die. I'm gonna take you to jail!"

"You'd better not try!"

These words apparently fell on deaf ears. Seemingly unmindful of the fact that a rifle was targeted on his heart, Buck walked across the street and into the shadow of the towering project. He mounted flight after flight, until at last he was on the level occupied by Lindsay. Little by little he inched his way across the gridder. Finally, he was facing the dark and menacing barrel of the .30-.30.

"Careful Ben," he said, pushing the rifle aside. "I don't want one of us falling off."

Lindsay went suddenly sober. "I'm sorry, Buck," he said. "I don't know what's been wrong with me."

"You're drunk, that's all. Let's get down to the ground. You go first, I'll follow."

Buck Garrett had thus once again restored order to the streets of Ardmore.

There now began to build up a feeling in the town that left Buck Garrett believing his vigilance hadn't been appreciated. Many of his old friends were openly hinting that he now went hand in glove with the unsavory element of the town; that he was just a whiskey-sodden tool of the oil field racketeers; that he was making a mockery of the law he had once served so honorably.

They noticed that most of the bordellos in both Ardmore and Ragtown had reopened, flagrantly disregarding the law. Every Saturday night roughnecks and wildcatters went in with a full week's wages; every Sunday morning almost every one of them awoke with a sore head and empty pockets. It was whispered that the operators paid a protection fee for the privilege of staying open.

Also, hi-jackers were operating on a large scale in the oil fields. Many believed the sheriff to be in cahoots with the highwaymen.

Finally in 1921 Buck was brought to task by the Law and Order League. He defended his record with virtuous indignation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've never taken one dishonest dime. Not one dime. I've run this county the best I know how. I can explain to you anything and everything you see in the streets of either Ragtown or Ardmore!"

Doctor Charles Christian Weight, a Presbyterian minister who had long supported Buck in his struggle for law and order, turned hopeful eyes on the sheriff.

"Yes, Buck," he said. "Go ahead."

"Look, Doctor," Buck said, patiently. "Things here ain't like elsewhere. The lines here aren't drawn so sharp and clear. This is an oil town filled with thousands of hell roarin', rough and ready wildcatters. Without their entertainment they're gonna be goin' around cuttin' everybody's guts out. Yeah, just like anywhere else, we've gotta hold the lid on, but not too tight. I'm usin' Ragtown for a safety valve where the roughneckers can blow off steam.

"After a night of drinkin', wenchin', and gamblin' the boys are ready for a day of oil riggin'. That's why I ain't done nothin' about all the bootleg joints and gamblin' dens."

Buck went ahead to describe himself as a public servant. He explained that he had to give the people the kind of service they wanted. Otherwise they would hire another servant. The people wanted their town wide open. So "that's the way she's gonna stay."

Buck Garrett hadn't changed; but times change, and the attitudes of men change with them. The committeemen looked from one to another. What Buck said might very well have been true in a bygone day. But now, in 1921, he just didn't seem to realize the frontier had vanished.

The new Westerner, the modern plainsman, didn't think that way. Even the sheriff's most loyal friends and supporters were suddenly demanding honest law enforcement. They wanted reform—and fast. Finally, a ranchman named Ewing London spoke for the committee.

"Buck, you're past fifty. Don't you think it's time you retired?"

"London! You too?"

"Yes, Buck. Me too!"

"You headed the committee that asked me to take this job."

"We needed you then. Now it's time for reform. Either you provide it or we'll

(Continued on page 66)

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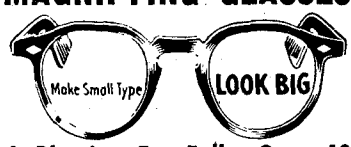

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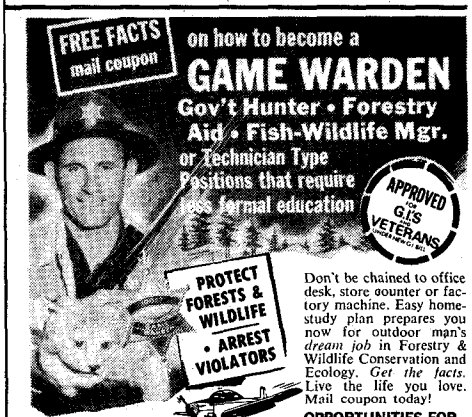

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THE LAST INDIAN WAR

(Continued from page 46)

squaws armed themselves. One snatched up a rifle, another a bow and arrow. The only weapon Snake could find was a spear.

The posse pushed closer. Snake ran into a deep washout where the possemen couldn't see her. One of the young bucks hid there too. After a few moments Snake climbed out of the wash to see where the white men were, then hid again. They were closing in. Again she climbed the bank. The whites saw her, but did not shoot. She shook her spear at them, then ran back to the wash. One of the squaws joined them and started shooting arrows at the advancing men. The buck remained out of sight. Snake climbed the bank again. The line of men was very close now. One of them was less than 50 feet away, a little ahead of the others. He walked toward her; the buck raised and fired at him. He took a few steps more, called to a friend, "Get down, Henry," and fell.

Seeing this, the posse pressed harder and fired faster. The Indians retreated down the canyon. One by one they fell. The white men cornered Snake. She ran at posseman Joe Reeder with her spear. He backed away and raised his rifle, but did not fire. Another posseman grabbed her and wrenched the spear away. The battle was over. Snake, two small boys and a papoose were the only survivors.

Snake wanted to die. Apparently one of her little brothers did too, for when placed on a horse, he tried to dash out his brains on the saddle horn. She was more subtle. At the Golconda jail next day she asked for scissors, explaining that she wanted to cut her hair to show her state of mourning. They would not give them to her.

The posse went back over the battlefield. The fight had covered more than a mile and taken almost three hours. First they went back to where their companion had fallen: Ed Hogle, cowboy turned man hunter; friend of the murdered sheep men. He had been with the posse since its formation in Eagleville, had suffered with the rest of the men the cold of the desert trail and the snows of the Jackson Mountains. He had been in the forefront of the battle. Avenging his friends' lives, he had paid with his own.

The Indians had been well armed. The posse found that Mike's rifle was a model 1866 Winchester of 40-82 caliber. Two rifles were of 38-55 caliber and one of U S 30 caliber. They found the Savage automatic pistol that had belonged to the dead Cambron. Also a "long pistol" was found among their effects, and a shotgun. The posse found the bows and arrows the squaws had used at the height of the battle. One posseman recalled being hit by a steel tipped arrow, but without enough force to hurt him. And then there was Snake's spear.

Among the weapons, the posse found the bodies of the Indians. Here lay the body of a 12 year old boy; and there, that of a 10 year old. Near it a girl of 17. They found the bodies of three young bucks, Disenda, aged about 18, Kinnon, about 23, and Cupena, who was about 25. And there was the body of Jennie, Mike's squaw, and finally Mike himself. With his last breath, he had said to Captain Donnely, "Me Shoshone."

Returning to the free nomadic ways of an Indian's youth had cost the lives of 15 people. The last Indian war had been fought. ●

THE SHOOTING DOWN

(Continued from page 17)

Baker's cattle case came up first. It was a hard fought case and lasted five days. The jury came in with a guilty verdict. They then drew a new jury and started Baker's furniture case.

Fox knew that Baker was already guilty on one charge, so he then went all the way out to get Baker, testifying to things no one knew anything about. The furniture case had been going on for two days and was looking bad for Baker. His attorney thought it best to stop the case and plead guilty, hoping to get a lighter sentence and if possible get the arson charge dropped. So they stopped the trial and recessed the court until 10 o'clock the next day. Baker pleaded guilty, and was sentenced on two counts of grand larceny for a term of three to six years, and was committed to the Montana State Penitentiary on February 19, 1927. He was paroled on August 17, 1930. All charges were dropped against Fox.

After the trial Fox went back home for a short while. He then sold his homestead to the Madador Cattle Company and went up to Zortman, where he bought Mrs. Anna Heath's restaurant. While running it, he did some bootlegging on the side. Fox was a man that had many run-ins with the law all during his life. He would rather move in close to trouble than to try to keep away from it. Zortman was a hot place for him to start up in business, for his friends were few and far between around that part of the country, but Baker was still thought a lot of around Zortman.

Fox had been running his restaurant for a few months, when Buster Hienel met an old friend by the name of Donald Jones who mostly went by the name of Blackie Jones. Buster and Jones wanted to have a few drinks and talk over old times, which they put in most of the day doing. They finally ended up at Fox's joint where love was not very thick at no time, and drank there most of the night.

I don't think there were any arguments up till then, but the next morning they went back and seemed to have gotten into a quarrel. I don't know if Fox put them out or if they went out, but there was a scuffle on the porch, in which Fox shot Jones and killed him dead. He kept right on shooting, but Buster had ducked hot lead many times before and made his escape once more. Some time that day the sheriff came out to bring Fox to jail where he stayed from October to the first part of January when court was set.

He could not get any one to go his bond. His case was tried and the jury found him guilty of second degree murder. He was sentenced to ten years and entered the Montana State Penitentiary in January, 1928. He hired John Tressler, a good attorney, who called in George Hurd from Great Falls to help on the case. It was the first murder case that I knew of that Tressler ever lost, and he had sure defended a lot of men in his time.

A couple of years after Fox was sent up, Buster Hienel was accidentally shot by his own gun on the front step or porch of Kellerman's Store. He was unloading some furniture from his truck. In picking up some of it, he knocked the gun from out of his holster and the gun, falling on the grip with barrel pointing up, went off, killing Buster almost instantly. Of all the shooting scrapes that he had been in, it was unbelievable that Buster had to shoot himself with his own gun. He must have been in his sixties at the time of his death.

Baker served about two years and six months and was then paroled. I don't think anybody ever figured Baker a criminal, for they put him right out on the ranch taking care of and herding the milk cows.

After his conviction and sentencing it was about a week before they took him away. I and others would go up to see him. Sometimes the sheriff would say he will not be here when we want out and would give the keys to Baker, telling him to hang on to them until he (the sheriff) got back, after letting us out of the jail.

So they had trust in him, which didn't surprise me. When he got released, he worked for Phillips for a while. The day before I left that country, I met Baker on the street in Malta. He said that he was in town to fix up some papers on a piece of land out south of Malta, a contract for deed on one piece and a lease on some other land. He said he had made arrangements to buy nineteen hundred ewes and wanted me to go in with him, or else stay and help for a year. He could not believe that I was leaving, and begged me to stay and help him. He said he was getting up in years, but still wanted to build up another ranch.

I knew for sure he could, if time did not take up on him too soon. His credit was always good.

He told me he was hanging up his gun and was not carrying it any more. I can't say if he did or not. We put in a lot of years together and got along well. I will always think he was the wrong man that went to prison. To me he was never very far from the guilty party.

The last time that I saw Baker was when I left Malta. We shook hands and said goodbye. A few years after I last saw him I got word of his death. I never heard for sure what the cause was.

I also heard that Fox got released from prison, but did not live long after he was out. I don't know what caused his death, if any more than old age. ●

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LAST STAND ON A TEXAS PRAIRIE

(Continued from page 13)

range, but Lieutenant West drove them back with a series of charges. By 2 p.m. the train had travelled 12 more miles and was within two miles of the Washita.

Between two grizzled infantrymen marched Tehan, uncomfortable in a new blue uniform.

As the train was emerging from a ravine, the main body of Indians, about 400 strong, appeared on the front and both flanks, poised to charge. Lyman immediately ordered the wagons to corral. The right column, conforming to the terrain, aligned itself almost parallel to it, forming a crescent-shaped enclosure. The infantry guarded the flanks while Lieutenant Granville Lewis organized a defense line at the rear.

Not a second too soon!

The Indians charged with reckless fury from all sides. Sergeant William De Armond, an infantryman of Scottish origin, fell dead. Lieutenant Lewis, expertly directing the defenders, collapsed to the ground, his left knee shattered by an Indian bullet. Veteran Sergeant Frederick S. Hay took over command of Lewis' men.

For a moment it seemed the Indians would overrun the train, but the troopers held. The redskins drew back.

Dismounted firing parties kept the soldiers low while some of the mounted braves started to circle the train. As excitement increased and their ardor warmed to a fever pitch, the Indians put on a fantastic display of horsemanship.

Standing erect on their ponies with shining spears, flaming blankets and lofty, fluttering headgear, the warriors dashed along the ridges, yelling defiant insults. Appearing and swiftly disappearing, the hostiles showed portentous against the sky in the bright sunlight. This wild entertainment, Lyman thought, appeared to be intended to divert attention from the dismounted firing parties.

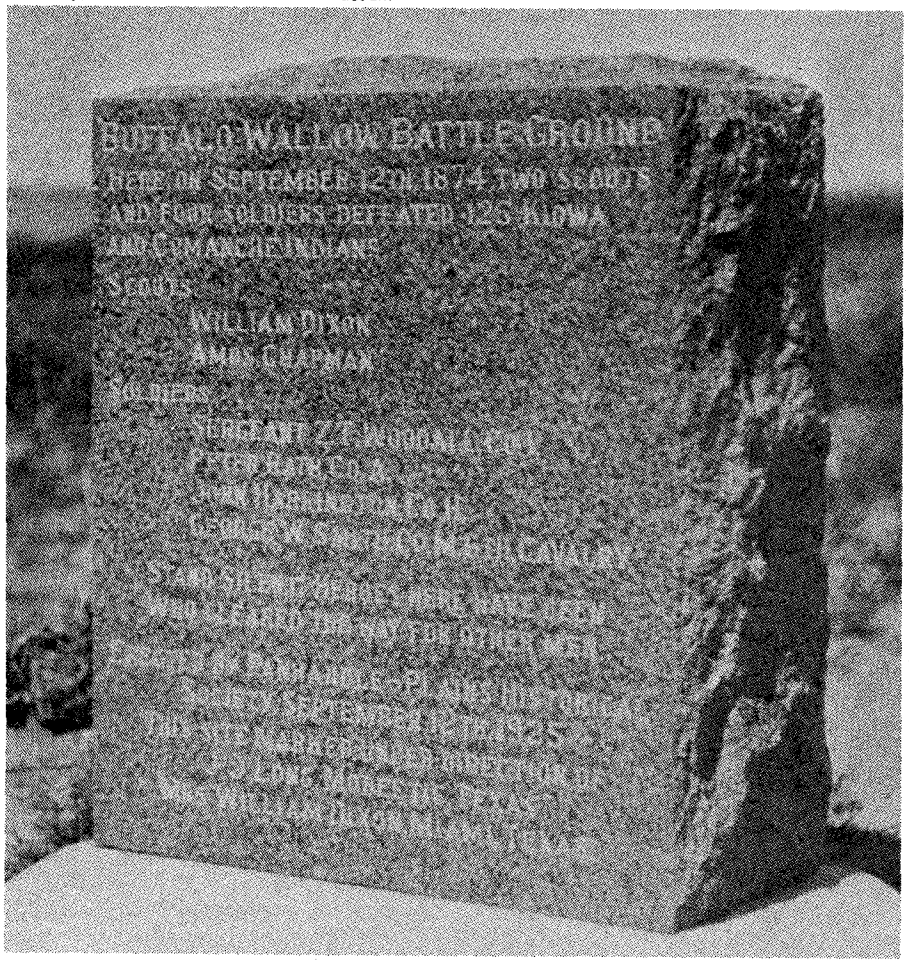
Lyman kept his wits and remained cool. Directing his men from horseback, he organized the soldiers in a loose, broad arrowhead formation around the train.

On the right, accurate fire led by First Sergeant John Mitchell drove the Indians to the left, so Lyman ordered that part of the front strengthened. Assistant Wagonmaster Sandford was wounded in the stomach while distributing ammunition.

When darkness fell, the troopers dug pits around the train and fortified them with forage sacks and boxes of rations. The Indians also dug in for a siege. For them it was a strange departure from their

(Continued on page 58)

Courtesy, Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum



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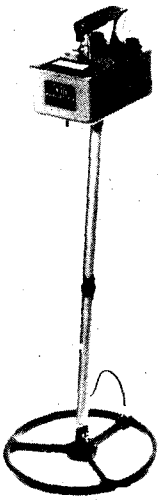

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LAST STAND ON A TEXAS PRAIRIE

(Continued from page 57)

usual tactics of disappearing after an initial attack had been repulsed.

After the Indians ceased firing at dark, Lyman sent parties to fill canteens and kegs from a stagnant pool nearby, the train's only water supply. At dawn the pool came under enemy fire.

Next day, September 10th, the Indians resumed harassing fire at the corralled wagons and kept it up, with only short lulls, until the 12th. Sergeant Frank Singleton, Sixth Cavalry, was wounded in the leg, and Private D.R. Buck, Fifth Infantry, suffered a painful wound in the head.

In the darkness the Indians drew close to the train and taunted the troopers. "Heap Comanches and Kiowas," they chanted in broken English, prompting replies from the blue-coats in the simplest form of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Bravest of the Kiowas was a young warrior named Botalye. Intent on proving his courage, he charged four times through the soldiers' rifle pits to a ridge beyond. Not a bullet touched him as he zigzagged through the pits on the first two charges.

On the third trip, the troopers' aim was more accurate, and Botalye slid out of sight over the side of his horse. Bullets clipped his stirrup and saddle horn, pierced the sheet wrapped around his waist and tore two feathers from his hair. Smoke from the rifles hid him momentarily as he rode clear of the pits. When Botalye charged a fourth time, the soldiers held their fire.

To honor the hitherto obscure young brave, the Indians dubbed him with a new name—Eadle-tau-hain (He Wouldn't Listen!), because he ignored advice of his elders in making the charges.

The troopers' water supply, replenished the first night of the siege before hostile fire cut off the pool, gave out about mid-afternoon of the 10th. But Lyman refused to risk lives at the waterhole until real suffering arose.

Lyman realized that without early relief his wounded men would die. Also, the redskins' enfilading fire already had disabled a dozen mules. About 3 p.m. on the 10th, the captain wrote a note and summoned Baldwin's scout, William F. Schmalsle. After nightfall Schmalsle was to ride through the Indian lines to Camp Supply with a report on the situation.

As dark approached and Lyman was occupied with making arrangements for Schmalsle's mission, a group of men which included Tehan huddled out of sight. Amid the commotion of Schmalsle's departure the men raced for the forbidden waterhole, but hostile fire drove them back with empty canteens. Tehan feigned a wound, crawled into some brush and later rejoined his Indian comrades.

The Indians at first were stunned by Schmalsle's dash but soon picked up pursuit. The chase drove him through a herd of buffalo, where he lost his rifle but stayed on his horse and shook off his pursuers. When his mount gave out near daylight, he abandoned it and hid all day, the 11th, in a clump of trees. At dusk, Schmalsle resumed his journey afoot and stumbled into Camp Supply about 9 a.m. of the 12th.

"I have the honor to report that I am corralled by Comanches, two miles north of the Washita, on Genl. Miles' trail...I consider it injudicious to attempt to proceed further," Lyman's note read. "Communication with Genl. Miles is closed. My scout very properly will not return."

A relief column under Lieutenant H. Kingsbury left Camp Supply at noon. About the same time, the Indians began to tire of siege and small bands started to resume the trek southwest. Though light fire persisted from those that remained, Lyman decided to skirmish for the waterhole. After a short fight, led by Lieutenant West and First Sergeant Mitchell, the pool was carried and the wounded and choking men were relieved of their thirst. Later that afternoon, a drenching rain soaked the troopers.

The Indians continued to drift away from the siege.

At 2:30 a.m. on the 14th Lyman made contact with the relief column and pulled out to join Miles. But the night before, their thirst quenched and their spirits lifted, the troopers sighted what they thought was an Army formation in the mist to the north. The formation was moving "in such order," Lyman said, "that we first took them for cavalry, but we signalled (by firing volleys) in vain." Lyman's scouts reported it was Indians.

Actually, it was Major William R. Price's Eighth Cavalry, which had left Fort Union New Mexico, on August 24th and scouted east along the south bank of the Canadian River. On the 7th Price met and conferred with Miles, who was out of rations and moving back to meet his wagons. Price marched north next morning.

About noon of the 12th, between Sweetwater Creek and the Dry Fork of the Washita, Price collided with a band of hostiles which had just left the siege of Lyman's wagons. The Indians fled after a three-hour fight.

Earlier, Price had detached his wagons under Captain H.J. Farnsworth while following an Indian trail. After his skirmish with the hostiles, he sent Lieutenant H.W. Sprole with 20 men back to Miles' old trail to intercept Farnsworth.

On the 13th Price moved to a pre-selected rendezvous site but found no trace of Sprole. While searching for him, Price found a lone man afoot who told him an almost incredible tale of suffering and valor.

Colonel Miles, camped on McClellan Creek about five miles north of present-day McLean, Texas, had become worried about his wagons. On the 10th he ordered two of his most trusted civilian scouts, William (Billy) Dixon and Amos Chapman, to ride to Camp Supply to report that his supplies still hadn't arrived.

"It's a dangerous trip," Miles warned the scouts. "You can have as many soldiers as you want as an escort." Dixon and Chapman chose four troopers: Sergeant Z.T. Woodall, Company I; Private Peter Rath, Company A; Private John Harrington, Company H; Private George W. Smith, Company M.

Billy Dixon had left his Missouri home in 1864 at the age of 14 with ambitions of being a buffalo-hunter and Indian-fighter. He became a hero of the Battle of Adobe Walls when, near the end of the fight, he drilled an Indian at a distance of almost a mile. Dixon, strong and rugged and capable of great endurance, was characterized by an Adobe Walls comrade, Bat Masterson, as "a typical frontiersman of the highest order." Though some say the distance of his famous shot at Adobe Walls has been exaggerated, none ever questioned his skill with a rifle.

The party left Miles' camp at sundown on the 10th and travelled until sunrise. All day the 11th they hid in a plum thicket, then set out that night for the breaks of the Washita to find cover for the day.

About 6 a.m. of the 12th, Dixon led the group over a low ridge. They found themselves face-to-face with about 125 Comanches and Kiowas, another band which had just left the siege of Lyman's wagons.

The Indians, jubilant and in a truculent mood after corralling the wagons, quickly surrounded the party. There was no cover—Mow-wi and Tabananica earlier had burned off the prairie in an effort to slow Miles' pursuit—and the horses were too tired to make a running fight.

Death seemed certain. But the scouts and troopers were determined to go down fighting.

Private Smith was put in charge of the horses with an admonition: "Whatever you do, don't let those horses get away from you!"

Smith went down in the first volley, a bullet in his breast. The frightened horses disappeared among the Indians, taking with them canteens, haversacks, blankets, and coats.

Within 30 minutes, as the Indians circled and fired on a dead run, all were wounded. Chapman fell with a shattered left knee. Dixon took a bullet in the calf of his leg. Only Smith and Chapman were disabled.

The Indians circled closer.

As the end seemed near, Dixon spotted a depression in the prairie—a buffalo wallow, about 10 feet in diameter, slight in depth—little cover, for sure, but better than nothing.

Those that could made a run for it. As each man reached the hole he started digging furiously with his hands and knife

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to throw up dirt around the sides. Only Dixon's deadly aim saved the party from annihilation while the hole was deepened.

Smith and Chapman, unable to move, still lay on the prairie. After the wallow was deepened enough to afford some cover, Dixon raced from the hole, dodging a hail of bullets, and carried Chapman in.

Smith lay some distance further from the hole. His gun, which flew from his hands when he took the shot in the breast, was out of his reach. One after another of the Indians crept up and tried to claim the gun. Each was cut down.

Every man was thirsty, and none had eaten since the night before. As noon passed, the ammunition supply dwindled. When only a few shots were left, Private Rath volunteered to go after Smith's cartridge belt, which was still full.

Rath returned, panting, with news that Smith was still alive. Dixon and Rath dashed out again and brought him in, bullets kicking up dust all around them on the prairie.

By midafternoon their thirst was almost unbearable. Then, in typical Panhandle fashion, clouds formed. Lightning and thunder pierced the sky. Torrents of rain streamed down, and a sharp wind shrilled from the north, chilling them to the bone.

The sudden change in weather was their salvation.

South Plains Indians, outdoorsmen though they were, disliked rain and cold. They drew back from the fight and huddled together on their ponies, blankets wrapped tightly about them. The superstitious hostiles also may have been frightened by the awesome electrical storm.

The scouts, who all had lost their coats with the horses, faced the cold and damp night in a forlorn and disheartening situation: no food, ammunition low, no relief in sight.

As darkness approached Dixon and Rath gathered tumbleweeds, crushed them and covered the bottom of the wallow to shield the men from the damp ground.

By nightfall the Indians had disappeared, flushed by the approach of Major Price's command. But the desperate party of six, all wounded and afoot, could only wait.

Soon after dark Smith fell asleep. In a few hours he was dead. His body was lifted outside the hole and his face covered with a handkerchief.

Next morning, the 13th, the sun rose clear and warm. Dixon left the hole to search for help and was found by Price. Dr. McLain and a few men were sent to aid the wounded.

As the relief party approached, Price said, the men in the pit, thinking the Indians were returning, opened fire. One horse was killed, but no men were hit.

Price refused to leave any men or ammunition with the party but gave them some hardtack and dried beef. (Price said he gave them buffalo meat, which they "were glad to eat raw.") Lieutenant Rogers with Company C was sent to inform Miles and bring back an ambulance. About midnight of the 13th the scouts heard a bugle, heralding the approach of the ambulance, and fired a shot to guide it to the hole.

The body of Private Smith was wrapped in an Army blanket and buried in the wallow where he died. It still lies there. The five wounded were taken to Camp Supply for treatment, where Chapman's leg was amputated above the knee.

All but Chapman remained in the Army. Dixon was attached to the newly established Fort Elliott in the spring of 1875 and continued as a scout until 1883, when he homesteaded a claim that included Adobe Walls. He was postmaster there for 20 years and was the first sheriff of Hutchinson County.

The off-reservation Indians, in besieging Lyman's wagon train, delayed Miles' drive. But it was a brief respite—less than a month later they met devasting defeat in Palo Duro Canyon. Colonel Ranald Mackenzie surprised them in their canyon refuge, captured almost 1,500 horses, which he killed, and destroyed large stocks of supplies laid up for winter.

As a result of the Battle of Lyman's Wagon Train and the Battle of Buffalo Wallow, 19 men were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Thirteen of the medals went to men who fought in the wagon train battle, among them Sergeant De Armond, who was killed, and Sergeant Singleton, who suffered a wound. Ironically, Singleton later was listed as a deserter and it was discovered his real name was Frederick S. Neilson.

All six participants in the Battle of Buffalo Wallow were honored for what Colonel Miles called "an instance of indomitable courage, skill, and true heroism." But in 1916, three years after Dixon's death on March 9, 1913, Congress passed a law which forced the names of Dixon and Shapman to be stricken from the official Medal of Honor list. Stripping them of their rewards, wrote an anonymous government official in 1916, was a "flagrant act of injustice...unworthy of the Government in whose defense these men risked their lives."

Neither did fate deal kindly with Captain Lyman. Though he continued as commander of Company I, Fifth Infantry, he didn't gain the rank of major until 1892, when he retired. Two years before he had been brevetted lieutenant colonel for his action against the Indians.

On the site of the Battle of Buffalo Wallow—22 miles southwest of the town of Canadian in Hemphill County, Texas—a 10-foot monument was erected in 1925. On it were inscribed the names of the six heroes and the following:

"Here on September 12, 1874, two scouts and four soldiers defeated 125 Kiowa and Comanche Indians.

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THE LAW AND DUTCH HENRY

(Continued from page 11)

and irritated and rankled him. He felt he had been unjustly treated and threatened to clean out the entire Walnut Valley in Russell County. Before the year was over, with the aid of his men, he had just about lived up to that threat.

It was about the same all over the Great Plains as Dutch Henry became the leader of approximately three hundred horse-thieves, divided into several smaller aggregations and each gang given a separate territory in which to operate the odious profession. When each group had put together a large enough herd, they would trail them to another zone and swap herds with an allied gang, giving each band an alien herd to sell in their respective region. This type of operation made it plenty tough on law officers trying to catch up with them and obtain a conviction. Dutch Henry was soon the most wanted man in the west, with a gold-plated reputation as an escape artist. He broke jail and escaped officers no less than three times in one year!

At last, however, the authorities got their bellies full and started an all-out campaign against the industrious outlaws. A hard-riding posse led by Sheriff Bardsley of Ellis County in Western Kansas swooped down upon one segment of Dutch's gang which had in its possession thirty-six horses that they had stolen over in Ness County. Picking out one of the weaker members of the group, some of the posse members persuaded him to reveal the fact that there was another band waiting with stolen horses on the north fork of the Solomon River, and that the Dutchman himself might be there.

Quickly the sheriff left several men to guard the prisoners, while he took the rest of the posse and rode on to Prairie Dog on the Solomon. Sure enough, they spotted the camp of the waiting gang and their mixed herd of horses and mules. Their approach had evidently been signalled to the hideout because Dutch and several others managed to escape before the posse hit the camp. But some of the outlaws and their women weren't fast enough; they were rounded up and placed in custody.

In 1877, several of the Dutchman's lieutenants who were working through Colorado and Wyoming were arrested and taken to Cheyenne, where they were brought to trial and quickly found guilty.

Later that same year, in July, Dutch was run down near Red Cloud, Nebraska, and was held for awhile on horse stealing charges. But again, Dutch Henry proved his astuteness in winning an acquittal. One of the main blocks in the wheels of justice in his case consisted of not being caught with the goods; they couldn't convict on hearsay.

Finally, with most of his gangs scattered or in various penitentiaries, Dutch began to ride alone like a lobo wolf, making his lair in a canyon close to what is now Ashland, Kansas. The precipitious rock walls of the canyon were in the form of a huge horseshoe, enclosing a grassy meadow of eight acres. At the mouth of the canyon he built a dugout, roofed it over with cottonwood logs and plastered it with mud. He operated out of this canyon for almost a year.

In January of 1878, youthful William Barclay Masterson was elected and sworn into office as Ford County sheriff, whose authority at that time covered an area of approximately 9,500 square miles. Clark County and all territory lying south of the fourth standard parallel and west of the counties of Hodgeman, Ford and Clark had been attached to Ford County jurisdiction. Even with all this unholy ground to cover, Masterson made it hot on most lawbreakers.

However, one lawbreaker made it hot on the young sheriff. During that spring and summer Dutch depleted the remudas of a number of ranches and hid the stolen stock in the meadow behind the dugout until he sold them. Masterson did his best to snare the foxy outlaw, but without success.

Then suddenly, the horse-stealing activities of the Dutchman, in Kansas, came to an abrupt halt, and no one saw any more of him.

Before another winter had rolled around Dutch had developed an itch for distant places—he knew he had been pushing his luck with Masterson. He headed for Colorado, thinking seriously of recruiting another large gang to carry on the work of transferring ownership of more stock.

There was one thing that he hadn't counted on — his notorious reputation. He was quietly watching a pool game in a saloon in Trinidad, Colorado when he was quickly disarmed and placed under arrest by the local badge toters. He reposed in the city jail while they decided which law enforcement officials to notify since "Deutcher Heinrich" was wanted in several states and territories for a variety of crimes including horsestealing, mail robbery, and even murder.

One day in December Sheriff Masterson received a wire from the Trinidad authorities informing him they had Dutch in the pokey. Masterson mulled the news around in his mind, stumped at first. Sure he wanted him He'd matched wits with that two legged coyote too long not to at least try to get a conviction. As far as getting the evidence on him, the sheriff had never gotten that close. One of his deputies reminded him of Emerson, the small rancher Sheriff Bassett had tried to talk out of dropping the horse-stealing charges against the outlaw. Emerson was the only one who could even closely link Dutch Henry with stolen horses.

After a man-to-man discussion with Emerson, Sheriff Masterson wired the Colorado lawmen to hold the Dutchman until he arrived to take him into custody. He never even tried to get requisition papers from the Governor of Kansas, but went on to Trinidad without them. A few days later, Ford County attorney Sutton received the following telegram: "Sheriff won't deliver up Dutch Henry unless I pay him $500. He says he can get that for him in Nevada. So Mr. Dutch Henry is high priced and the silver state can take him."

However, the Trinidad sheriff relented and decided to turn him over to Masterson. Then the Kansas sheriff ran into a wall in the person of the local judge, who evidently considered himself a purist on the subject of law and order. The judge promptly pointed out to Masterson that since he had not obtained extradition papers signed by the Kansas governor, he could not release the prisoner to him. Legally, that is.

On January 5, 1879, the Trinidad Enterprise carried this item:

> "Considerable merriment was created in Justice Walker's court on Saturday, during the hearing of Dutch Henry's case, by Sheriff Masterson of Dodge City, Kansas, insinuating that the attorney for the defense, Mr. Salisbury, had left Kansas under a cloud.
>
> "Dutch Henry has left Colorado and returned to Kansas. He agreed to waive his rights and to save trouble and delay of having a requisition made upon the governor by the governor of Kansas. Accordingly, he went east with Sheriff Masterson on Sunday morning. Of course, he was not ironed, and was not really a prisoner."

The two men arrived at the Dodge City depot on New Year's Day and the news flashed through the railhead settlement faster than flames through dry prairie grass. One man stuck his head through the bat-wing doors of the Western House and bellowed: "The sheriff just brought Dutch Henry in on the train!"

The announcement spread pure joy among the many ranchers who had stood guard on their stock many a night when they heard rumors that Dutch had been in their vicinity. So, on this day, the bars of Dodge City filled to overflowing as local ranchers and hoemen forgot their mutual animosities and joined together in drinking to the bad health of the infamous owlhoot, all being most jubilant

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at the thought of this master collector of horse flesh cooling his heels in the receptive Dodge jail.

On the following day, Dutch was paid a visit by a Ford County Globe representative and the ensuing write-up appeared in the paper:

"Dutch Henry did not seem uneasy this morning in the county jail as he laid on his mattress discussing his coming trial. Said he thought the officers arrested him more to make capital for election purposes than anything else.

"He says he had been at Trinidad several weeks and was well acquainted with everybody there, including the sheriff and officers, and never had any suspicions of any intent to arrest him.

"He says he was thinking of going into business at Las Vegas, N.M.

"He spent last summer catching wild horses, and last fall, killed and dried a load of buffalo meat which he sold in N.M. Says his character as a horse-thief is greatly overestimated, and it has become the custom of all the thieves in the country to saddle their crimes upon him. Says he never stole a white man's horse in his life."

The county authorities didn't hold him in suspense—he was placed on trial within the very week; he was charged with stealing Emerson's stock back in '76.

Pointing out that the statute of limitations on this crime had legally expired, the defense lawyer argued that the prisoner could not be properly sentenced. However, the jury, since it was made up mostly of irate farmers and ranchers, refused to heed the plea. Screaming that the jurors were biased, the defense requested that a special venire be empaneled. So the first jury quickly found themselves discharged and a new group sworn in, composed chiefly of town citizens who had suffered no losses in the daring but dastardly enterprises of the Dutchman.

During the trial, the defense brought out testimony showing that the genteel Dutch Henry Born had only followed Emerson's orders and had simply located the poor, hard-working farmer's stock for him. This was the gratitude he received, accused of mule stealing!

Then the wily Dutchman took the stand and with tongue in cheek plus a benign expression on his ravaged but still handsome features, he related his sad history in a way that provoked much sympathy among the jurors. Finally, the jury went out. In a few moments they returned and the foreman stood facing the judge.

"Gentlemen, have you reached your verdict?"

"Yes, your honor. We find the defendant—not guilty!"

The Dutchman bubbled over with gleeful excitement; he bowed to the jury, "Thank you, gentlemen!" and grinned at the judge: "Yah, and you too, judge." But when he glanced over at the grim features of the young sheriff who had been determined to nail his hide to the wall, Dutch lost no time in shaking the dust of Dodge from his boots. He had no desire to give Masterson a second chance at him.

The polished good luck of Dutch Henry continued to run high until one midnight in 1879, when he was asleep in a room at the Commercial Hotel in Pueblo, Colorado. Deputy United States Marshal C.B. Jones and Marshal Wilcox of Colorado let themselves carefully into his room with a pass key and quietly moved to his bed. Wilcox reached out and shook him awake while Jones lit the lamp on the table.

"Vot th' hell?" Dutch raised up, having a hard time getting his eyes open. He blinked at the two men and made a lightning stab for his gun, which was supposed to be reposing on a chair beside the bed. But it wasn't there. It was in the hand of Jones, who had it aimed between the blinking eyes of the horizontal occupant of the bed.

"Forget it, fella!" Jones warned. We got you cold."

"Who are you? Vat you want?"

Wilcox answered, "We're federal marshals. We're takin' you back to Arkansas to finish out that federal sentence. Remember? They say you disappeared off that road gang right under the guards' noses. It's been a long time, but that judge at Fort Smith is kind of stubborn fellow, he's determined you're gonna finish your sentence."

Dutch swung around to the side of the bed and almost got shot for his trouble, but he was only reaching for his clothes.

Indignantly he grumbled, "By gott, that's not right. They sent me after a shovel and I'm still lookin' for one."

Such was the Dutchman, cracking a joke even at a time like this. But his humor was wasted, for Jones just waved the gun muzzle at the clothes piled on the back of the chair.

"Hurry up and get dressed!"

This time, under heavy irons, the king of the horsethieves was brought before a federal judge in Denver and ordered to be taken back to Fort Smith, Arkansas, to finish his sentence at hard labor.

Despite his former precarious profession, Dutch died at the turn of the century with his boots off and in an old man's natural way. This was a most outstanding feat in itself, especially following a period when most horsethieves were quickly and wholeheartedly invited to a solo necktie party—with all the entertainment being furnished by the guest of honor. ●

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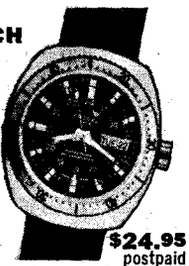

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THE CAMERA TOLD IT LIKE IT WAS

(Continued from page 45)

picture made.

Prettyman took several pictures that day and more the next. And even more the next—until a footworn path appeared between his camp and the Sacs. One day the chieftain of the tribe, Pa-Ship-Pa-Ho, summoned the photographer to his quarters.

Even though the weather was warm, the chief was wrapped in a Hudson Bay blanket. An otter-skin crown sat well down on his forehead, falling in the back down to his ankles. A great bear-claw necklace encircled Pa-Ship-Pa-Ho's neck. When he saw Prettyman striding into the camp, he picked up a peace pipe and cradled it in folded arms while he waited to greet the photographer.

Prettyman understood. The chieftain was ready to have his picture made. After Pa-Ship-Pa-Ho posed several times, he called together all the full-blood members of the tribe.

Prettyman photographed all 87 selected members of the Sacs lined up in front of the chief's teepee, and he considered it one of his best pictures. Having accomplished what he set out to do, the photographer hunted a few more days and then set out for home.

It wasn't to be the last of his ventures into Indian Territory. Prettyman was to know the cowboys who leased land from the Indians, or grazed their cattle in the Unassigned Lands in the center of what is now Oklahoma.

He was to photograph and participate in every run that took place into the territory. He was even to claim land for himself. He watched the prairie turn into farmland, and the Territory turn into a state. He made innumerable photographs of the staked-out town of Guthrie as it sprang into being as the capital of the state. He recorded the boggy, muddy streets of Oklahoma City, which later would steal the "capital" designation from her neighbor and keep it for her own.

Prettyman's photography business flourished, and his farmlands flourished. But there were no more runs, and now most of the old Indians were dead, and Oklahoma was sedately adopting the ways of a civilized state. Adventure and the unknown were left back there in the past somewhere, with his youth.

Later the photographer sold his land and his photography studios—moving hopefully farther west. And stacked in the corners of the buildings he left were the records of a fast-moving, expanding era where red and white civilizations sparred and blended, all in the span of a lifetime. The lifetime of William S. Prettyman, frontier photographer. ●

FROM SNAKEBITE TO COLIC

(Continued from page 7)

necessary to examine the spiritual and religious creeds which governed every aspect of his daily activities. Special attention was given to a patient's thoughts as well as observing outward physical manifestations of illness. Evil spirits, of course, were blamed for most ailments, and a cure was usually brought about by presenting gifts or making extreme sacrifices to the offended deity. Many European races believed in this theory, too.

Several articles, such as bits of wood, a spear, a pipe, a finger from a powerful foe, and so on, were also used by various tribes to arrest a disease. Once such an article was used successfully it was considered a sacred, supernatural symbol and revered for that reason, but an animal was used as a symbol only for religious services. Water drums often used in treatment of the sick produced a hypnotic effect. Medical staffs called "calumets" gaily decorated with symbolic colors, designs, and feathers were waved over the sick person as part of a curing ritual.

Other important items of a medicine man's repertoire were medicine pipes and rattles made from various materials. In no tribe did medicine men wear a distinct form of dress except when carrying out a particular ritual, although some wore medicine masks or hats.

A potent medical necklace strung on a buckskin collar, was fashioned from human fingers, with its major symbolism depending on eight forefingers from the left hand of enemy warriors killed in battle. Between each finger were strung arrowheads which had attained supernatural powers from having been shot into the body of the owner during a bloody skirmish. Izze cloths or medicine cords made from three or four strands of different colored cord, and used by many tribes only on solemn occasions, were considered so sacred that no white man has ever been able to investigate their use. Indians have simply refused to discuss them. The only information divulged was the belief that bullets would not harm the wearer and that the sick were cured by wearing such a necklace. If it were placed on the head of an individual suffering from a headache, the pain would immediately stop.

Often when a medicine man was in a trance or performing supernatural rites at an important tribal clan meeting, squaws would practice simple remedies on their children. When a child complained of a sore throat the mother would produce a lump of crude salt from a dry lake. This salt would be held in the youngster's mouth until it dissolved. Apaches often placed small sticks from the woody part of a spiny cactus, the cholla, on the neck of children to protect them from sickness. Bruised fingers were held over a fire of dry corncobs in the heat and smoke as long as possible. This would stop the hurt and keep the finger from turning black.

When a medicine man understood an ailment his patient was treated with herbs or by physiotherapy. In the majority of cases this was sufficient. It was only when a disease failed to respond that more desperate measures, and complicated rituals, were practiced. Larkspur and common lupine when collected at the right time and administered correctly, were such potent stimulants that the shaman could almost call his patient back from the edge of death.

Just as a magician has a bag of tricks, Indians, too, had their medicine bag, without which they were disgraced or would lose face. This bag, usually made of animal skin or willows, was decorated with many symbolic signs and ornaments. If the skin of an animal were selected it indicated this was the owner's guiding spirit and the number and variety of contents in the bag determined its value. It contained a very large assortment of desert plants, dried leaves, roots or pulverized berries. It also contained many objects considered sacred. Each bag had its own individual chant or prayer, and every article in the bag rated one. An important bag belonging to a Menomini chief was known as a sixty-song bag, and therefore considered extremely valuable.

Before a medicine man could use his great healing powers he first had to cleanse himself by dancing to get rid of evil spirits within him. Other dancers assisted him by shaking rattles and singing in a loud voice to frighten away the evil ones. Such a treatment was administered to the accompaniment of chants and prayers, usually continued for four days and four nights. Strangely enough many patients recovered.

In most areas, it is evident that a medicine man had his hands full, but if he were successful his tipi was always filled with food and gifts. If, on the other hand, he was unfortunate enough to lose four patients he was doomed. Tribal council of the Paiutes decreed death by stoning. Other tribes used methods more horrible and brutal, including beating out the victim's teeth, plucking out his eyes, or crushing his skull. Such harsh treatment caused no feeling of guilt or shame because an entire tribe believed he practiced poor medicine and did not deserve to live if he could do not better.

Most diseases, which are common today, were unknown to the semi-nomadic Indian tribes. The white man can be blamed for transmitting many contagious and bacterial diseases over which the Indian had no control, especially tuberculosis and venereal diseases. Other diseases, however, common to the whites

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were also quite prevalent among the Indians, with certain diseases more general in particular regions. Pleurisy and pneumonia were common in the Great Lakes area, and numerous cases of neuralgia and rheumatism were caused by a life of continual exposure and insufficient clothing. Various types of bronchitis, lung infection, and pleurisy were not recognized as separate diseases. The same medication was used for any condition causing a cough, and sweat baths were a general remedy.

Sauk and Fox groups were far ahead of their time, for as early as 1750 they were treating pleurisy with effusion by incision and drainage.

Rickets was another common ailment because of an unbalanced diet. Cupping was widely used for relief of chest pains. Indians in the Carolinas buried affected members in holes filled with hot mud to relieve rheumatism.

The active Indian life caused many wounds, fractures and dislocations. In some instances, bits of wood from trees struck by lighting were laid on a fractured limb, but not used as a splint. It was rare to find an Indian with a deformity following a healed fracture. Although counter traction was not used, they were quite skillful in preparing adequate immobilization. Broken bones were set and splints applied by using slats of wood. Near each end of the slats, thongs fastened them together a couple of inches apart. Then the thongs were tied around the broken limb fixing it into position yet allowing ample room for care of lacerated parts. Shoshone Indians made a splint from fresh rawhide. They soaked the leather in water until it was soft, then molded it onto the limb. Surplus hide was trimmed away and the leather bound in place with thongs. When dry, the hide became an immovable cast. Some New England tribes used strips of bark for the same purpose.

For open wounds many types of dressings, washes, powders and poultices which promoted free drainage were used. Large wounds were sutured with threads of sinew, which were removed in about eight days. Inasmuch as this was not antiseptic, wounds had to heal the bottom by granulation. This was accomplished by placing a thin membrane of bark between the cut surfaces before placing the sutures.

Some Indians knew the action of cauterizing bleeding vessels. Mescaleros packed oozing wounds with eagle's down or scrapings from the inside of fresh tanned hides. This can be compared to the use of muscle tissue in modern brain surgery. They had no knowledge of how to control hemorrhages.

A strong, black powder made from the following ingredients was used, too, for open wounds; also for sore shoulders and backs of horses and mules: bark from living oak tree; section of deer horn thoroughly burned in a wood fire; *Yerbo del Manzo* or Swamproot; deer manure pellets.

All ingredients were ground into a fine powder on a metate or in a hand-operated corn mill. Equal portions of powdered Yerbo del Manzo, powdered deer horn, and powdered deer manure were added to live oak bark. All this was mixed together and placed on the surface of an open wound.

A powerful astringent, and good for cauterizing bullet wounds, was the red sap from the *sangre de dragon* desert bush. Spaniards who encountered Indians in Mexico were astonished at the stock of rational medicial experience they employed. No other early culture possessed such a variety of drugs for producing intoxication, analgesia or both. They found medical, surgical, herbical, and magical powers well advanced.

In some tribes, Indian boys had to retire to a secluded spot and "make his medicine" before achieving manhood, by fasting, praying and indulging in allied spiritual aids until he worked himself into a religious fervor. This state usually resulted in visions; he would receive a "message" from the gods, which revealed to him the supernatural agent guarding and directing his future life. This would become his "medicine," which he would believe in and use the rest of his life.

Hopi and Navajo young men were often dedicated to medical clans. At an early age selected ones went to live with elders of medical societies and received about a year's training in dances, mysticism, and ritualistic ceremonies, as well as how to use healing herbs and plants. Young men served an apprenticeship to an established shaman who charged exorbitant fees in game, blankets, rugs, or silver.

Indians recognized fevers for which they prescribed rest, sweating, purgation diuresis, and a diet restricted to liquids. Sometimes a patient refused all food and occasionally died of starvation. Bloodletting for fevers was practiced, too, with a sharp piece of flint as a lancet. Although many plants were used as drugs, the specific action of any certain drug was not understood. Only by trial and error were effective ones discovered.

Emetics were used for any form of gastric disorder. In many tribes every one took an emetic daily as casually as whites take laxatives. Digestive disorders were quite common because many times a tribe suffered from semi-starvation through long periods of food scarcity. When they did obtain abundant food, they over-ate. Also, it was usually the custom to fast while on hunting and war parties. When their missions were accomplished, again they over-ate. In some religious ceremonies emetics were used as a symbolic purification. All tribes used feathers to produce the desired result, and many drank large quantities of warm

(Continued on page 64)

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SNAKEBITE TO COLIC

(Continued from page 63)

water and emptied the stomach several times.

Magnesia salts found in mineral springs were used as purges. For relief of abdominal pain, the Indian used massage, hot stones, and hot poultices made of ashes mixed with water with the fleece of rabbits or feathers as binders.

Very little was known about the circulatory system, although most tribes distinguished between arteries and veins and knew the heart caused the flow of arterial blood.

Of necessity, Indians had considerable skill in treatment of snake bites. They first applied suction at the site of the bite, and many tribes cut the area. Mescalero had a root which they used to neutralize the venom. In the Snake Dance ceremony participants allowed themselves to be bitten by young snakes having weak virus, gradually increasing the age of snakes until they could receive a bite from an adult snake without ill effects.

Nomadic tribes paid little attention to pregnant women, but Pueblo Indians allowed their women no exertion, prescribed hot baths, and had the abdomen kneaded from time to time to keep the fetus in a normal position. In most tribes labor was conducted in a squatting position, although the Utes, Navajos, Apaches, and Nez Perces assumed a semi-recumbent position. Nez Perces alone used vaginal manipulation in prolonged labor. The Coyote Apache bound a pregnant woman to a tree as soon as labor began with her hands tied to a branch above her head, and there she remained until labor was over. Midwives were adept in body manipulations to correct the fetal position.

In a civilized society, abortion seems wrong, but it was practiced among tribes, especially when widows who were pregnant did not remarry. Abortion was considered proper, too, to prevent half-breed babies from being born. In some tribes friends of the unfortunate woman, who was tied down, stamped and trod on her abdomen. In other tribes a board was placed across her abdomen and squaws seated on either end bounced up and down. Slipper elm sticks were inserted in the cervical canal to produce the desired ejection.

To speed normal births a mixture of powdered rattlesnake, and scrapings from bear's claws was given.

No one can question the scientific advantage today's doctors possess with their x-ray machines, valuable synthetic drugs and antibiotics. Indians could turn to none of these for assistance; they did the best they could with what nature provided. In their own way they often accomplished miracles. Their practice of medicine can only be evaluated by comparing it with medical practices and treatments of other cultures during the same period. ●

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BUCK GARRETT

(Continued from page 55)

get somebody who will."

"You know better than to ask me for reform."

"That's why I didn't ask you. I asked you to retire."

"Yes. And I'm tellin you to go to hell. Every one of you. I'm not quittin'. . . ."

During the weeks that followed events happened fast in Ardmore. First the Ku Klux Klan moved into action. Wearing black hoods and white capes, they swept down on the saloons. Huge quantities of moonshine liquor were seized, poured into the streets and set aflame. They dynamited houses of prostitution and shot real bullets into the homes of bootleggers. They threatened the lives of men they considered corrupt officials.

Finally Doctor Weight appealed to Governor Robertson, and the sheriff was ousted from office. Ewing London was named to replace him. The career of the man who brought law and order to the oil fields thus ended in disgrace, and Buck Garrett never fully recovered from the shock.

He died a victim of paralysis in 1929.

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ROUND-UP • • TIME • •

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Can you tell me something of C.E. (XIT Buck) MacConnell? A.O.P., Granada, Colorado.

A. Buck has written his own memoirs of his interesting life under the title, *XIT Buck*. The autobiography was published by the University of Arizona Press, Tucson. The book is $4.95, and has a good foreword by John D. Gilchriese, the Field Historian of the University of Arizona. It makes fine reading. In it Buck relates his story from his boyhood in Kansas to his life as a puncher for XIT and other ranches in the southwest.

Q. What brought about the Meeker Massacre by the Utes? B.V., Cushman, Mont.

A. Nute Craig, telegrapher at Rawlins, Wyoming, at the time attributed the Utes' anger to the slowness of the Federal Government to provide supplies when the Indians were hungry, and to their dislike of Meeker, who sought to teach them how to farm. Farming, they thought, would ruin the ground for hunting. Craig sent many messages from Colorow and Douglas to Washington, asking the Great White Father to speed supplies.

Q. When the cholera epidemic hit travelers on the Oregon Trail route west, did St. Louis also have cholera cases? G.D., Max, N.D.

A. Yes, cholera in epidemic proportions hit St. Louis in 1832, 1848, 1853 and as late as 1873. It was called "Asiatic Cholera."

Q. What happened to "Bloody Bill" Anderson of Quantrill's Guerrillas? V.H., Gunlock, Ky.

A. Anderson was killed by Union soldiers in October 1864 near Orrick, Missouri. One writer says Anderson's body was taken by wagon to Richmond, Missouri, where the head was severed from the body and placed on top of a pole as a warning to others to stop aiding the guerrillas.

Q. Did drunken cowboys often actually ride in and "take a town over" for many hours or days, as movies and TV suggest? F.A., Baltimore, Md.

A. No. As shown by C.P. Westermeier in his excellent work, *Trailing the Cowboy*, the visitations were nearly always the result of cowboy exuberance—spiced up with whiskey—and after a few shots into the air or into the buildings, the punchers were satisfied. However, these crazy pranks often did result in the killing and wounding of innocent citizens. This is not to say that outright gun battles, fought between lawmen and outlaws, did not occur in western towns, for some goodly number did happen.

Q. What was a "sad-iron" in the pioneer times? K.H.D., Encampment, Wyo.

A. It was a flat-iron pointed at both ends, with a removeable handle. Several of these irons at a time could heat on the stove, while the handle was used on the hottest one, for good ironing.

Q. What is known of "Spotted Jack," one-time scout and guide for General Mackenzie in the Indian Wars? F.K., Boys Ranch, Texas.

A. He was a tall, dark-skinned, black-eyed man, of Indian-Negro-White heritage, who had lived with the Comanches as a boy. He was rated a top scout and a good rifle shot. He was killed leading the ill-fated "Battle at Yellow House Draw," when a group of badly led and drunken buffalo hunters attempted to raid an Indian camp in the Texas panhandle in March, 1877. "Spotted Jack's" body was hauled back and buried at the Lee Reynolds and Charles Rath Trading Post near Fort Griffin. One old-timer said he got his name because of the smallpox scars on his face and body.

Q. Is there any good book, written by a person who has followed the old Oregon Trail in recent years, which we might use next summer as a reference when we re-trace the old trail from Kearney to Oregon? V.T., Kearney, Nebr.

A. The writer recommends Irene D. Paden's *Wake of the Prairie Schooner*, published by Macmillan in 1953—if you can find a copy. Also check with Historical Societies along the route, and with local Chambers of Commerce, etc., for their pamphlets and maps.

Q. Were there any revolts on the part of the Pueblo Indians or others against Spanish rule after de Cruzate reduced the pueblo of Zia in 1688 and re-established Spanish authority? V.F., Tucumcari, New Mex.

A. Yes, history records an outbreak in 1837 in which the Indians were joined by Mexican insurgents. The hatred of their conquerors had never eased, and the immense revolutionary rabble met north of Santa Fe at La Canada. This insurrection was put down with terrible ferocity by an army numbering about 400 dragoons and others commanded by Colonel Justiniana, and by Captain Munoz' Vera Cruz Dragoons from Mexico.

Q. Has Montana produced any other great painters working on Western Americana subjects since the late C.M. Russell? E.J., North Bonneville, Wash.

A. Yes, a current favorite—and a man still living—is J.K. Ralston of Billings. His 18-foot long canvas, "After the Battle of the Little Big Horn" is a splendid work, accurately reflecting the great Indian victory over Custer, and the first work of this kind done. He has painted many other fine pictures.

Q. What was the value of common table salt in the old southwest in the pre-pioneer days—1825-1835? G.H.W., Belmont, Calif.

A. A dollar a bushel was the retail price around Santa Fe and Taos for the salt freighted northward from the Salt Flats between the Rio del Norte and the Pecos.

Q. How long were Indian bows, and made from what substance? A.I., Alum Ridge, Va.

A. About three to four feet. Pliable wood was used, also elk horn.

Q. What was that leather strap called, the one leading from the top of bridle to the backband to hold up horse's head? R.R., Iron Springs, Ariz.

A. The check rein.

Q. Why were so many "pow-wows" held by early-day travelers with the Plains Indians? H.W., Baranof, Alaska.

A. The hunters and trappers who were the first to meet the Indians claimed that they were obliged to make a "treaty" of sorts with almost every tribe they met, and this called for the "pow-wow," or "big talk." Only by holding such councils, stating their business and agreeing to certain trade, could they maintain friendly relations with the Indians. Even the pow-wow was no assurance of complete peace, for as soon as the presents had been given to them, the Indian often forgot, as did the whites. ●

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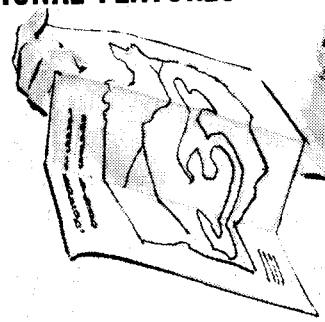

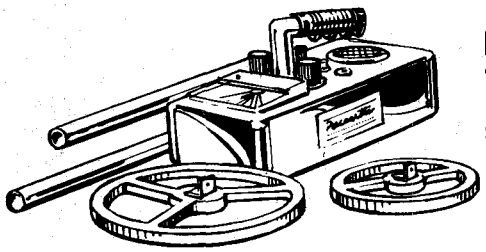

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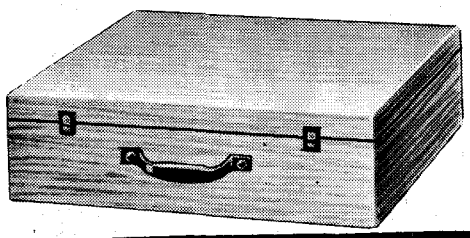

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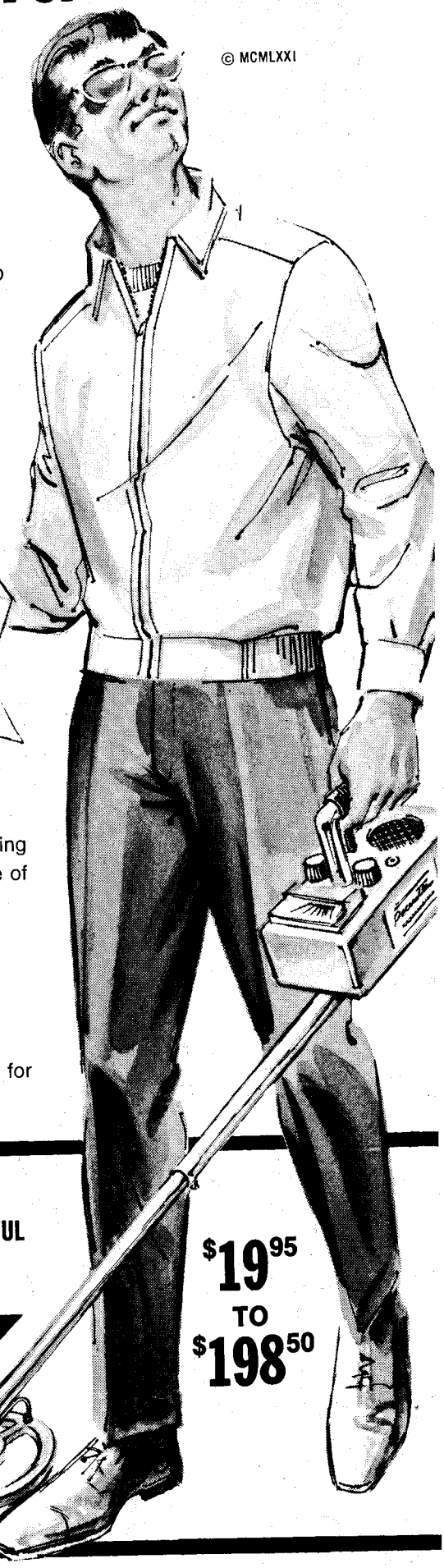

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